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June 2, 1928

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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"The Black White Way"

an *Emperor of America* S

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JUNE 2, 1928

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You get both Ice Cream and Cake for a Nickel in this Real Cake Cone

What more delightful, healthful treat than luscious ice cream with its nourishing ingredients—rich milk, cream and choice flavoring—in a cone that is *real cake*? And that is exactly what you get for a nickel if the cone is a McLaren.

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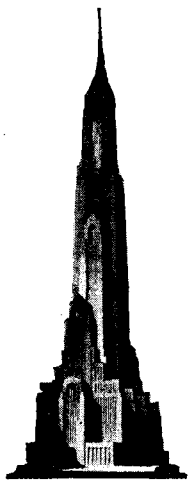

FOR MEN who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the spring of 1938 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1928," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me* . . ."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

* * *

TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, business men are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I have got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 358,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

This book costs you nothing—and for a good reason. It is worth only what you make it worth. It explains how for more than nineteen years it has been the privilege of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power; to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business.

"FORGING AHEAD IN BUSINESS" is yours for the asking. Send for it. Measure yourself by it. Look clearly, for a few moments, into *your* next few years. Whether or not you will follow the path it points is a matter that you alone must decide.

THE SECRET OF BUSINESS PROGRESS IS SO SIMPLE MOST MEN MISS IT

Here it is:

Has the man who makes $10,000 a year five times as much brains as the man who makes only $2,000? No. The $10,000 man simply has a little extra training. In the matter of salary a little training makes a world of difference.

WHY do some men become independent while others stay poor all their lives? Why do some men rise easily to highly paid positions while others slave and get nowhere?

The secret of business progress is so simple most men miss it. That secret can be compressed into a few words. Here it is: You need to know only a *little more* than the average man in order to make a *lot more* out of your life.

This may surprise you, but it's perfectly true. You need to be only a few inches taller than the average man in order to stand out in the crowd.

The man who makes twice as much money as you has nowhere near twice as much brains as you have. The man who makes $10,000 a year hasn't five times the brain power of the man who makes only $2,000.

Thousands of intelligent, hard-working men never get into executive positions. Why? Because they are just average. Because there are so many, many men just like them. These men miss success by inches.

Why some men never get promoted

Put yourself in the shoes of the President of your company. Look at the promotion question from *his* point of view for a minute.

You have hundreds of men working for you. A vacancy higher up occurs. Which man will you promote?

All your employes seem to be average men—intelligent, hard-working. Perhaps any one of them could fill the vacancy. Yet you are anxious to pick the best man.

You study your men closely. Finally you make your choice. You announce the name of the new executive. Whom did you choose? The man who was always asking for a raise? The man who had been with the company longest? No. You chose the man who, in your opinion, knew most.

Good news for salaried men

This should be encouraging news to you if you are a salaried man. You should realize that this is *your* opportunity. You should say over and over to yourself—"I need to know only a *little more* than the average man in order to *make* a *lot more.*"

For 19 years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been helping earnest, ambitious men to gain the little extra knowledge that brings such big returns. The Institute has put 358,000 men on the road to more rapid progress. 45,000 corporation presidents have taken the Institute's Modern Business Course and Service.

This Course gives you the necessary fundamental facts of *all departments* of business. The Institute gives you ideas which you can exchange for a larger income. They are gathered from successful men in business everywhere.

Only a training which is authoritative and practical could have the endorsement of these men who constitute the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute:

T. COLEMAN DU PONT, the well-known business executive; PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean, College of Engineering, Cornell University; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent consulting engineer; FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; DR. JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the statistician and economist.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

The famous booklet "Forging Ahead in Business," tells all about the Modern Business Course and Service. It tells what the Institute has done for other men. It tells what the Institute can do for you. It is a helpful book—a worthwhile addition to any business man's library. Send for it.

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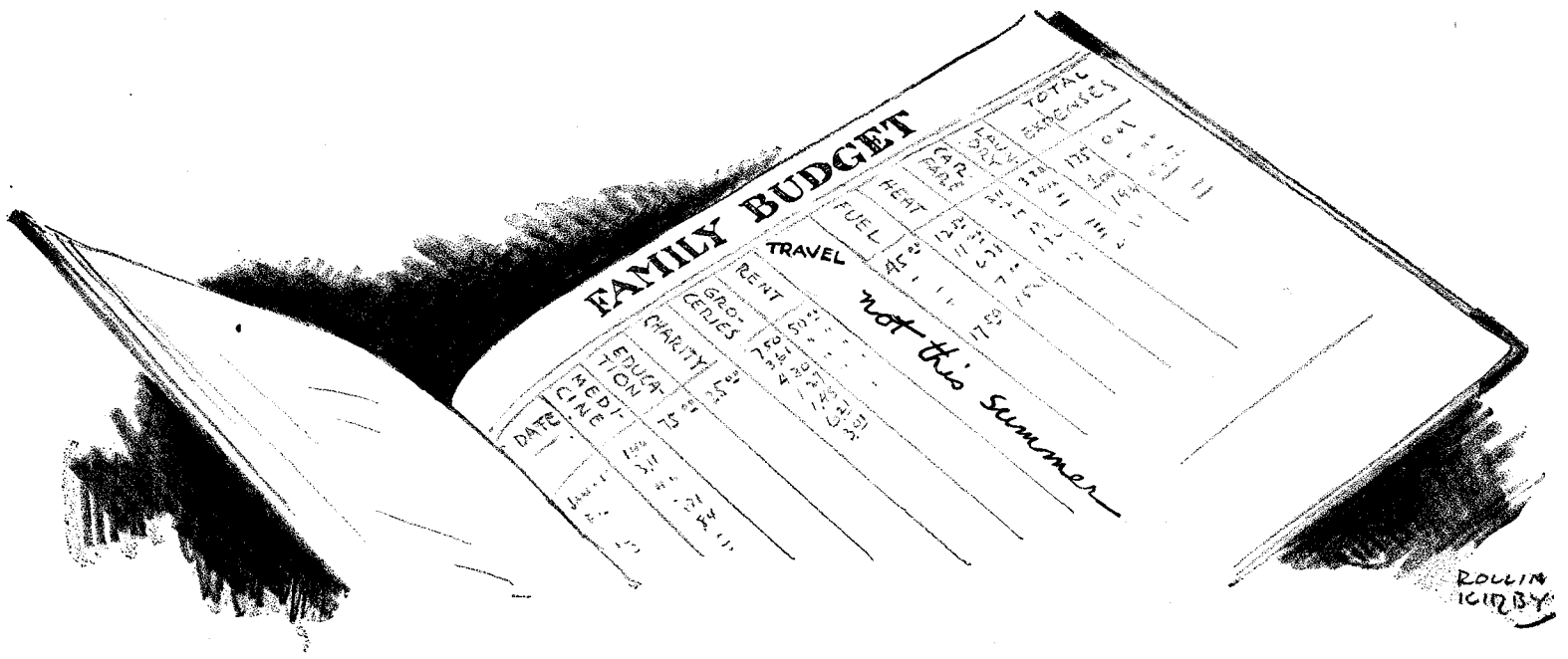

The budget said, "DON'T GO

From the day they started their budget it was evident that some of those columns would have to be left blank.

So when they came to the item headed "TRAVEL" they ruefully wrote alongside, "Not this summer."

But that was before the postman handed them a booklet illustrated with pictures of clear and bubbling brooks, wood-shadowed valleys, rolling mountain golf courses.

For a month or so that booklet lay at the bottom of a pile of letters. Then, as the weather turned warmish, they looked at it again. This time they laid it aside with a little less determination.

The warmer the weather grew, the cooler those printed trout streams bubbled. The more the city sun beat upon their slate roof, the more temptingly did those wooded valleys beckon upon the booklet page. Even the photograph of the mountain golf course began to lift father's mind from the overpiled desk in front of him. . . .

What do you sell? Vacations that must be pictured? Merchandise that must be shown? Whether you want to interest trade in the Rocky Mountains or in goods from the factory, printing will help.

Call in a good printer. Let him use good paper to carry the story to the folks who have been building budgets all winter—just to have money now. Just as surely as money was made to be spent, budgets were built to be broken. Good printing will set them tottering.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PRINTERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company. Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or, if you prefer, write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

This mark is used by many good printers to identify productions on Warren's papers. These papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding and binding

But the booklet said, "COME ON"

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

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Don't Be Vulgar

"Lay a little money on Kid Blotto. It's a cinch, Judge," said the Neanderthalic Bum

"Not arrow!" said Mr. Wigstaffe in a horrified voice. "We archers always refer to it as the shaft"

By LYNN MONTROSS

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

Right here I want to tell you, Judge, what a swell girl Katie is

IT WAS like this, Your Honor: I wouldn't of dreamed of committing assault and battery on him if he hadn't been trying to take the girl away from me. I wouldn't of been there to do any committing if it wasn't for tea and archery and bad influences like that. They're what brung me before you this morning. Honest, Judge, tea is worse for a fighting man than whisky! I remember back in the days when I was truck driving, before I ever heard of a prize fight, Clancy said to me, "Jackson, he said, "I want to warn you—"

All right, Your Honor. I see what you mean, and I'll try hard to tell in my own words what happened. Only—it was kind of a wisecrack Clancy made, and it's too bad you haven't time to listen.

It all begun, I guess, the afternoon I first walked into Rourke's gymnasium. I was out of a job. Somebody told me you could pull five dollars a day for being a sparring partner. That sounded good to me—getting paid for fighting—because ever since I was a kid down by the gas house I always fought just for the fun of seeing 'em drop.

There was a fat man with a tan derby that looked like he was boss. He was Slick Snyder, the manager. You'll hear more about him before I get through.

He was in a nasty mood. One of his stumble bums had taken the small end of a purse the night before, and the world knows how Slick loves purses.

HE GIVE me a heavy once-over when I asked for a job, and said, "I'd vote for a new amendment to the Constitution to prohibit you. Close the door on your way out."

"Yeh?" I said, soft and sarcastic.

You can see for yourself, Judge, that I don't look like I come out of Tiffany's window, this left ear being bent and my beak broken twice. And that day my suit showed that it had been pressed on a park bench for a couple nights. But I spoke up confident like anybody would when they ask for a position.

"Better insure those ballet dancers," I said, "if you put 'em in a ring with me."

Slick grinned. That crack of mine tickled him because he was mad at his whole stable of fighters that afternoon.

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"All right," he said. "I'll give you a try. They need something to put scrap into 'em, and anybody would want to commit mayhem after a look at you."

"Oh," I said, "is that so?"

That one shut him up, and he didn't try any more jokes at my expense. He just told one of the trainers, "Give the gorilla a pair of gloves and let him go three with Nicky the Wop. Sparring partners are cheaper than punching bags, and these nine-minute eggs are best—while they last."

"Huh!" I said in a dignified manner.

But I'll admit, Judge, that I felt a little nervous when I got in the ring. I'd never put any sofa pillows on my hands before, and, besides, this Wop looked pretty big. I'd read about him in the sporting page. He was an Armenian heavy who had won his last couple bouts with a K. O. Around the ring were a lot of suckers who pay fifty cents a head to see gym workouts and then lose five-dollar bets to gamblers who never watched a fight in their lives. They were yelling, "Plaster him, Nicky!"

Big Nick walked toward me with a grin. I swung and missed. Next thing I knew I landed on the back of my head, and my jaw felt like a pile driver had hit it. I knew then that gloves aren't sofa pillows—they're brickbats if they're handled right. When I got up and stood there with my mouth open the Wop landed one on the solar plexus that made me do a jackknife. On the way back I heard something coming that sounded like a train. It was a right which almost took my ear off. Judge, he knocked me down six times in a row! One, two, three, four, five, six. Like that. The ring was raining boxing gloves, and I didn't have any umbrella.

I could see Nicky standing in the fog about a mile away, turning his head to grin at the customers. I could hear them laughing. That made me mad. I had just one punch left in me, and I started that going from my shoe tops.

It was ten minutes before they brought the Wop to. You can find him any time, Judge, in his fruit store down on Centre Street. That cuff took all the heart out of him, and he's never been in a ring since.

AFTER I got patched up Slick Snyder come into the dressing-room. Slick likes his purses, and it didn't make any diff to him whether it was me or the Wop that earned them. He said, "I'm going to try you in Nicky's place in the stable, and I hope you have better luck than he did. Prelims and third-rate bouts for a while, see, and then if you can learn your stuff—"

I couldn't wait to hear the rest of it. I grabbed the five-dollar bill he handed me and took the first street car for Katie Dugan's house down on Railroad Avenue.

She was just home from her work in the five-and-ten, getting dinner in the kitchen. For about a year I'd been going to see her, but I hadn't called since I lost my job on the oil truck. You know how a fellow feels when he's broke. The minute I come in Katie give one look and dropped the frying pan. Her face turned all kinds of colors.

"I—I thought you'd left town," she said.

Then I explained to her about being broke, and for the first time she was really mad at me. "You needn't come to see me at all," she said, "if you think *that's* all I care about you!"

And right here I want to tell you, Judge, what a swell girl Katie is. She's got a heart as big as a bushel basket. Dark-blue eyes and the cutest freckles around her nose—

All right, Your Honor. I see what you mean, and I'll try to stick to the facts in the case.

What I started to say was that Katie and I got engaged that night. I couldn't stand to see her crying, mad because I hadn't come to see her, so I put my arms around her and—anyhow, I asked her to marry me, and she said she would.

"I'm not going to miss this," said Katie: "my boy is going to win and marry me tomorrow"

When her pa come in—he's a brakeman on the Pennsy—we all sat around the kitchen stove till midnight eating hot dogs and talking about my new job.

"Keep on going," he said, "and you might be licking Biff Moore some day."

"Biff Moore may be the next champ, and all that," I said, "but he's as good as licked this minute."

Katie only smiled, but she looked proud.

It wasn't any wonder that I won my first few scraps with a knockout. I was about the clumsiest box fighter that ever stepped on canvas, but the other bird simply didn't have a chance when I thought of Katie. I just followed 'em around the ring, taking everything they had to give, until I could put one over that meant good night.

The first time I got a hundred dollars for a prelim I thought it was the U. S. Treasury. I took it and bought Katie and her pa a radio, so they could listen in, because Katie didn't have the heart to see me fighting.

"Gosh," I used to say to Slick, "think of getting *paid* for all this fun!"

"You don't know the color of real money yet," he told me. "Wait till you get a little more speed and experience—"

"Now about this Biff Moore?" I asked. "When do I get a shot at him?"

HE LAUGHED until his tan derby fell off. "Biff Moore! Why, he's a runner-up for the championship. Fast and dangerous. He wouldn't look at you right now."

Slick didn't laugh so much the night I flattened out Slugging Ryan twenty seconds after the bell rung. He was beginning to think a little. A couple days later he called me in his office.

"Know what I done?" he asked. "No? Well, I went and made a fool out of myself. I signed you up for your first real go. Twelve rounds and a purse of a thousand to the winner. It's a shame because I'm afraid you're going to get K. O.'d and spoiled forever, and you're such a promising boy—"

You can see why they called him Slick, can't you, Judge? But I took him serious and told him to quit crying, I'd win sure. And I never trained in my life like I trained for that bout.

Probably you read about it. It was in all the papers how I had a count of nine in the second and then got up and put Young O'Toole out in the third. The reporters fastened a new name on me—Kid Blotto. "He doesn't knock them *out*," it said in the sporting page of the Press: "he knocks them blotto." And people forget that my birthday name was Jackson.

The next day I bought a lot of clothes I always wanted—a straw hat with an orange-and-black band, nifty suit with pointed lapels, shoes with pretty holes punched in the leather and some lavender shirts. It was a swell outfit. Katie and I went to the Railroad Men's Annual Ball, and she was dressed in my favorite color, which is red. People everywhere stared at us, and you could tell they were admiring the way we looked together. They could hardly take their eyes off us. On the way home I slipped a diamond ring on Katie's hand—third finger, left, like the jewelry clerk said.

Maybe you're wondering, Judge, what all this has got to do with my committing assault and battery? Well, I'm coming to that as quick as I can.

What I'm trying to tell you is that things went on this way for a year or two. I won all my fights, most of them by a knockout. I drew bigger men all the time.

FINALLY there wasn't anybody left but the first-raters, and even Slick admitted it was time I got a crack at Biff Moore.

"I'm going to hop a rattler and go down to New York to see Biff's next bout," he said. "I want to study his style and talk to his manager. And I'd like to see how they run things in the big show."

The next time I saw Katie I told her: "Let's get married, honey, the day after I beat Biff Moore and we're famous, that's how scared I am of him."

"Wonderful!" she said. She was just as confident as I was.

When Slick come back from New York he called at my new apartment. Your Honor, I never saw nobody so changed in my life! The old tan derby was gone. So was the elk's tooth he wore on his vest and the purple silk handkerchief that used to decorate his pocket.

He wore fawn-colored spats and carried a stick. Instead of the old checkered suit he had a new outfit that looked like he had become a undertaker.

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I let out a yell and started a haymaker and it exploded under Biff's jaw

Everything quiet and dignified. The first thing he did was to start criticizing my clothes.

"Why don't you buy a fire truck to ride around in?" he said. "That's the only thing you need. Or maybe you'd like a steam calliope just so's people would notice you on the street."

"Aw, what's it to you what I wear as long as I knock 'em dead in the ring?" I come back at him.

"A whole hell of a lot. I been learning things at Madison Square Garden. We're pikers, kid. We don't know how to pull a real fight here in this state.

"You got to be a gentleman.. See, kid? You got to be a gentleman."

"Gentleman!" I snorted. "I guess you didn't see me and Katie leading the grand march at the Railroad Men's Annual Ball—"

Slick didn't pay any attention. "You got to read a book once in a while."

"I've read two or three books," I said, "clear through. And I can show 'em to you."

"When I was in New York," said Slick, "I found all the stumble bums talking about bridge and going to teas and art galleries. Some of 'em was quite high up in society. No fooling. They won't give us a match unless—"

He stopped. He almost had tears in his eyes. "Look at your cuffs, kid! No gentleman wears his cuffs that way."

"Aw," I said, "who told you what a gentleman wears? I can't hand that graveyard layout of yours so much, if you want to know."

"You can't be vulgar in the fight racket any more," said Slick, "and expect to make money. I saw two bouts in New York, and the ring-side seats was lousy with governors and senators. I met the governor of one state, I forget which. There was a lot of ladies and Pekingese dogs too. Everything was so nice and refined and the seats went from five to fifty smacks."

"How'd that fight come out?" I asked.

"Oh, I forget," said Slick, "I was so busy watching the governors and things like that. It was a draw, I think. But that don't make any difference. Just gives the promoter a chance for a couple more elimination bouts with big gates, and the customers eat it up. You can always ring in a Spaniard or a Russian or somebody for a change. That's why I say, kid, it don't pay to be rough."

I'll admit, Judge, that he had me scared. "Maybe you're right, Slick," I said. "Whatever you say goes."

HE LOOKED a little more cheerful. "Now," he said, "I got a little good news for you. Biff Moore is coming to town, and we're going to see if we can sign him with you. And we'll pull the biggest show that's ever been seen in this part of the country. Governors and senators and dogs and ladies—everything! We'll have 'em all, kid. Only you got to learn to be a gentleman, see?"

The next day Slick and I went shopping.

"I been reading what the well-dressed man will wear," said Slick, "and according to the dope you aren't even a bantamweight."

We stopped at a high-hat tailor's, and I got measured for a couple of suits, not forgetting a dinner jacket. By the time I took on all the trimmings I had dropped eight hundred.

"Now," said Slick, "you got a start."

"Start!" I yelled. "It's going to be my finish."

"There, there!" croaked Slick in a soothing way. "It won't hurt much longer. We're just going to the book store and get a work on etiquette. You'll meet Biff at a tea next week, and you can't be drinking outen your saucer, see? He won't give you a match if you act like a roughneck."

We didn't do any more sparring at the gym for a while. Slick said there wasn't any use. He had me reading that book about manners until I would have said "Thank you" if somebody poked me in the eye.

The first time I went to see Katie I begun practicing all I'd learned. I held her chair for her while she sat down. I put on an interested expression like the book said a good listener always should. Every time she got up to put a little coal in the kitchen stove I stood by my chair in a polite way.

"Say!" she said. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm a gentleman," I said.

Katie looked over my new clothes.

"OH, Pa! Come and see. We're going to have a deacon in the family."

"Don't you like 'em?" I asked.

"Well," said Pa, "they don't speak up for themselves the way your others used to."

"No snap to them," Katie said. "Nothing nifty like your old suit. Only your finger nails glitter enough to give a person the sunburn."

"If you don't appreciate 'em," I started to say, "you can just go and—"

Katie put her arms around me. I told you, Judge, she had a heart like a bass drum. "That's all right, big bambino!" she said. "You wear a barrel if you want to."

All the rest of the week Slick and I went in training for the tea. First I studied the rules as if the Marquis of Queensberry wrote them. Then I begun to wrestle catch-as-catch-can with the conversation stuff. There was a chapter called What to Talk About that said:

"Always begin the conversation with some topic that is sure to interest the gathering. For instance, 'Are not the villas quaint and fascinating along the French Riviera during the season?' This suggests interesting memories, and one of the company is certain to reply, 'Yes, and I shall never forget the orange groves in full bloom.'"

You see how it goes, don't you, Judge?

After I got all this down pat and practiced entering and leaving a room, Slick said I was ready. On the way to the tea he told me not to be nervous, I was doing fine. "But you don't want to forget that Biff Moore is an aristocratic bimbo," he said. "He was brought up in this town and went away to some finishing school, or something. Knows all these society people we're going to meet today. Brought up with 'em. That's why they're interested in putting on a big charity show at the ball park if we can sign Biff. It's going to mean lots of money for us, and even some left over for widows and orphans and people like that."

We stopped in front of a house as big as a museum. A butler dressed up like George Washington let us in. On the way to the drawing-room Slick whispered in a hoarse voice: "Don't say, 'Pleased to meet you,' or 'Put 'er here, brother,' or anything like that when you're introduced."

"Shut up!" I said. "I guess I read that book."

AND I got away big when I met Miss Miriam Venable, who was chairman of the committee planning the charity show. She was class, Your Honor, and no mistake. Tall and pretty and distinguished-looking, and she could talk better than most people sing! The rest of the committee was mostly middle-aged dames getting ready to have their faces lifted again and take another reduction treatment. But Miss Venable!

"It is such pleasure, Mr. Blotto," she cooed. "Pardon me, I mean Mr. Jackson, of course! May I present Mr. Moore?"

Biff and I couldn't help it. There was a queer look come over our faces. For a minute we just stood and looked at each other.

"Possibly you have met before in a professional way?" said Miss Venable.

Biff come to first. "Oh, no, ma'am," he said. "But Mr. Jackson bears a striking resemblance to an old prep-school friend of mine, that's all."

For a while Miss Venable and the two managers talked over the charity show. It (*Continued on page 55*)

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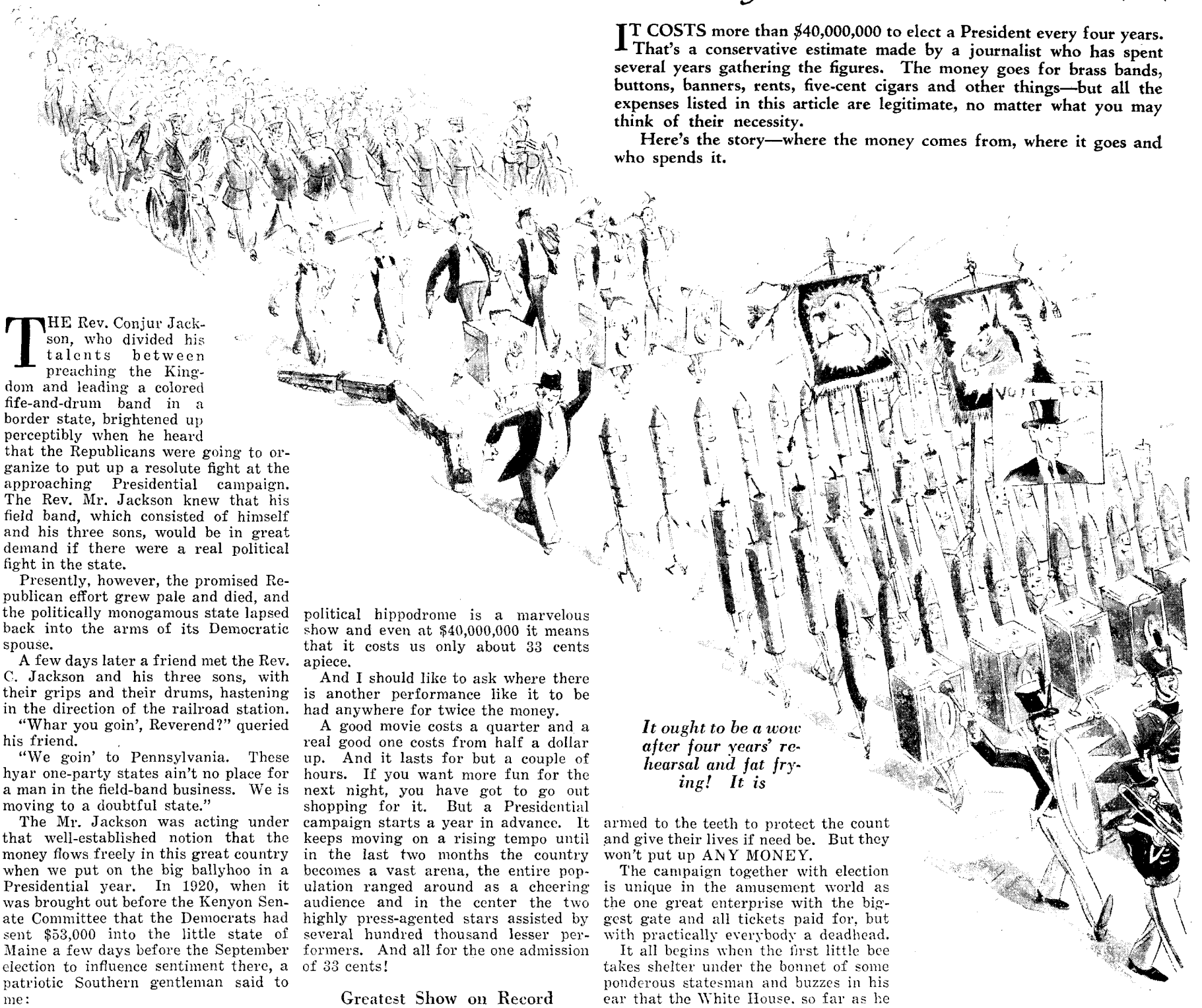
Kale, Columbia! By JOHN T. FLYNN

IT COSTS more than $40,000,000 to elect a President every four years. That's a conservative estimate made by a journalist who has spent several years gathering the figures. The money goes for brass bands, buttons, banners, rents, five-cent cigars and other things—but all the expenses listed in this article are legitimate, no matter what you may think of their necessity.

Here's the story—where the money comes from, where it goes and who spends it.



It ought to be a wow after four years' rehearsal and fat frying! It is

THE Rev. Conjur Jackson, who divided his talents between preaching the Kingdom and leading a colored fife-and-drum band in a border state, brightened up perceptibly when he heard that the Republicans were going to organize to put up a resolute fight at the approaching Presidential campaign. The Rev. Mr. Jackson knew that his field band, which consisted of himself and his three sons, would be in great demand if there were a real political fight in the state.

Presently, however, the promised Republican effort grew pale and died, and the politically monogamous state lapsed back into the arms of its Democratic spouse.

A few days later a friend met the Rev. C. Jackson and his three sons, with their grips and their drums, hastening in the direction of the railroad station.

"Whar you goin', Reverend?" queried his friend.

"We goin' to Pennsylvania. These hyar one-party states ain't no place for a man in the field-band business. We is moving to a doubtful state."

The Mr. Jackson was acting under that well-established notion that the money flows freely in this great country when we put on the big ballyhoo in a Presidential year. In 1920, when it was brought out before the Kenyon Senate Committee that the Democrats had sent $53,000 into the little state of Maine a few days before the September election to influence sentiment there, a patriotic Southern gentleman said to me:

"Don't it beat everything the way the Southern states stick to the Democratic party? Wouldn't you suppose, sir, that there would be enough civic virtue in some of our people to turn Republican and get some of this campaign money down here in the South?"

Later, when it came out that the Republicans had spent $5,500,000 to elect Harding and the Democrats $1,300,000 to swamp Cox, the Colonel puckered up his lips and whistled.

As a matter of fact, those sums, great as they seem, form only a fraction of the cost to this country to stage this big Presidential circus. I have tried to make an estimate of all the costs.

A Bargain-Counter Hippodrome

IT IS impossible to include everything. But it is possible to find enough election and campaign expenses to make up the huge total of more than FORTY MILLION DOLLARS.

Of course that seems like a lot of money, and a good many people think when it is all over and they survey the result that it is by no means a bargain. But, after all, this great quadrennial political hippodrome is a marvelous show and even at $40,000,000 it means that it costs us only about 33 cents apiece.

And I should like to ask where there is another performance like it to be had anywhere for twice the money.

A good movie costs a quarter and a real good one costs from half a dollar up. And it lasts for but a couple of hours. If you want more fun for the next night, you have got to go out shopping for it. But a Presidential campaign starts a year in advance. It keeps moving on a rising tempo until in the last two months the country becomes a vast arena, the entire population ranged around as a cheering audience and in the center the two highly press-agented stars assisted by several hundred thousand lesser performers. And all for the one admission of 33 cents!

Greatest Show on Record

WHY, the Democratic convention alone is always worth that. The mistake people make is in supposing we go to all this trouble and expense just to elect a President. The President is merely a by-product of a Presidential election. Its real purpose is to amuse and entertain our people.

As such it is the greatest amusement enterprise in this or any other country. A lot of people get all worked up over it, of course, and think the life of the Republic and the destiny of the peepul is at stake. But in reality it is in the same class with our big championship fights, our world-series games and our murder trials.

I know I get my 33 cents' worth out of it, and the best part of it is that I never put up the 33 cents.

It costs 33 cents apiece, but do the peepul pay this? They do not. They take their politics very seriously. They will let orators harangue them until their ears ache. They will march around until their feet bleed. They will cheer and argue. They will fall out with their lifelong friends. They will finally go out on Election Day armed to the teeth to protect the count and give their lives if need be. But they won't put up ANY MONEY.

The campaign together with election is unique in the amusement world as the one great enterprise with the biggest gate and all tickets paid for, but with practically everybody a deadhead.

It all begins when the first little bee takes shelter under the bonnet of some ponderous statesman and buzzes in his ear that the White House, so far as he is concerned, is just around the corner.

That pestiferous insect loosens up the change in that gentleman's pocket, or in the pockets of his friends, well-wishers, allies and retainers. The first expenditures could never be ear-marked. They come under the head of lightning-rod raising and fence fixing.

All this may be a year or two or even more before the first of the great party conventions. The plan to nominate Van Buren was hatched, it is said, eight years in advance as part of the larger plan to nominate General Andrew Jackson. In fact, the story goes that Jackson laid out an ambitious scheme which involved his own nomination, eight years later the nomination of Van Buren and eight years after that the naming of Benton of Missouri. Thus it would have taken twenty-four years to play out fully the whole grand design of Old Hickory.

Friends of Governor Smith certainly began operations shortly after the last national election, and a good deal of railroad fare and telegraph tolls and radio broadcasting was expended to keep that candidacy warm and kicking until the proper time.

However, the real spending begins about the year before the election. That means the fall preceding the nominating conventions. Then candidacies are coming into the open.

Four Years' Rehearsal

SHY little ambitions are breaking their shells and peeping about. Favorite sons are beginning to have new photographs taken, and things are shaping up for the first state primaries.

All this part of the show centers around the selection of delegates. Of course the thing needed for a Presidential nomination is delegates. One can get nowhere without them.

The selection of delegates begins in the early part of the year. In some states delegates to the national conventions are elected in what are called Presidential primaries. In other states they are selected at state or state and congressional district conventions. And the delegates to these conventions are in turn selected at primaries.

Therefore the first battle is the one which is waged to capture delegates

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to the national conventions. And as the struggle in some states is very acute, these primary elections are frequently as heated and almost as expensive as the election itself.

In 1924 President Coolidge's renomination was a foregone conclusion, so there was not much of a fight. But in 1920 the battle which was staged for delegates to the Cleveland convention was a memorable and very expensive one.

The friends of General Leonard Wood, for instance, headed by Colonel Procter, spent $1,773,000 in his contest for the Republican nomination. This sum was twice as much as the whole amount spent by the Democratic National Committee in the last General Election.

Former Governor Lowden's friends spent $414,984, while Senator Harding's friends put out $114,000, a sum which proved sufficient to land for him the nomination.

All aspirants for the Presidential nominations of both parties spent between them a grand total of practically $3,000,000 ($2,980,000—to be exact).

But certainly this did not constitute the whole expense. There were many states in which nothing was laid out by the candidates. But in every state a large sum must be expended to put in motion and sustain the machinery of selecting delegates to the nominating conventions even when there is no contest. It is impossible to compute precisely what this whole sum is, but it is certainly not under $500,000.

The campaign really begins when the last convention is over. All this money I have been talking about is spent, therefore, before the battle really gets under way. But this is by no means a complete statement of all that is spent in the primaries.

An immense sum is spent by the states or counties. The cost of conducting the primary elections, paying election officials, renting polling places, printing ballots, advertising the primary dates and places, etc.—all these expenses must be paid by the local authorities.

For instance, in New York City the cost of the primary is not less than $175,000. In a city like Baltimore it will be $75,000. Throughout the country a modest estimate of these expenses gives us another $2,000,000 to be added to the cost of producing a President before the national conventions have done their work.

In states where local conventions are held to name delegates there are large amounts to be paid—the rent of halls, the expenses of delegates to the conventions—paid by the delegates themselves.

I have seen this sum aggregated at from $750,000 to $1,500,000. So I adopt the smaller estimate.

The Scandals of 1800-1928

THEN, when the national conventions meet, delegates flock to them from all over the country. They pay their own expenses in most cases. Officials of the parties estimate that their state delegations pay out in railroad fare, hotel bills, entertainment, etc., $200,000 for each party.

The city which enjoys the honor of holding the convention will spend another $250,000—which sum must be doubled, as there are two major party conventions. Of course these cities are supposed to get their money back in the big trade done by hotels, restaurants, theatres, and shops, and they are also supposed to enjoy a large return in the way of advertising. I recall the Democratic convention which nominated Bryan in 1900 and which was held in Kansas City. It was around the Fourth of July, and the sun bore down upon that city sitting upon its hills and almost baked the visitors to a turn. It took Kansas City some time to get over the advertising it got as the nation's hottest town.

And so, up to the time of nominating the two principal candidates, we have the following bill of expenses for that part of the show:

Primary candidates	$3,000,000
Government primaries	2,000,000
State and local conventions	750,000
Delegates to Democratic convention	200,000
Delegates to G. O. P. convention	200,000
Cost of two conventions	500,000
Total	$6,650,000

Mind you, it is about this time that the two national committees are formed. And yet the show has already cost—just for its prologue—more than is generally charged up as the cost of a Presidential campaign.

Now, with the candidates named begins the big job of selling these two distinguished gentlemen to the American voters. Also about this time the "pernicious campaign lie" makes its appearance. And it usually has to do with that ancient game of "frying the fat" out of the rich partisans. There has always been a campaign scandal in every contest since 1800, when the first scandal made its appearance. And usually it has to do with the business of money.

Long before Mark Hanna was cartooned with the big plaid suit and the dollar marks, cartoonists had had their fling at Tilden and his "campaign barrels."

In the old days, however, there was no way of learning anything about it. I have seen an old cartoon in which Uncle Sam was asking a candidate how much his election had cost him, and the candidate, got up like a minstrel, with a banjo, had his mouth open very wide in the act of singing the old song: It's Nobody's Business But Mine.

In these days, however, just about the time things get going good, the Senate gets interested and starts an investigation. In the Harding-Cox campaign Senator Kenyon made with his committee the most comprehensive examination ever attempted of the money spent on the elections. That was in 1920. And while the manner of spending the money may be a little different there is no reason to suppose the amount spent will be less in the coming fight.

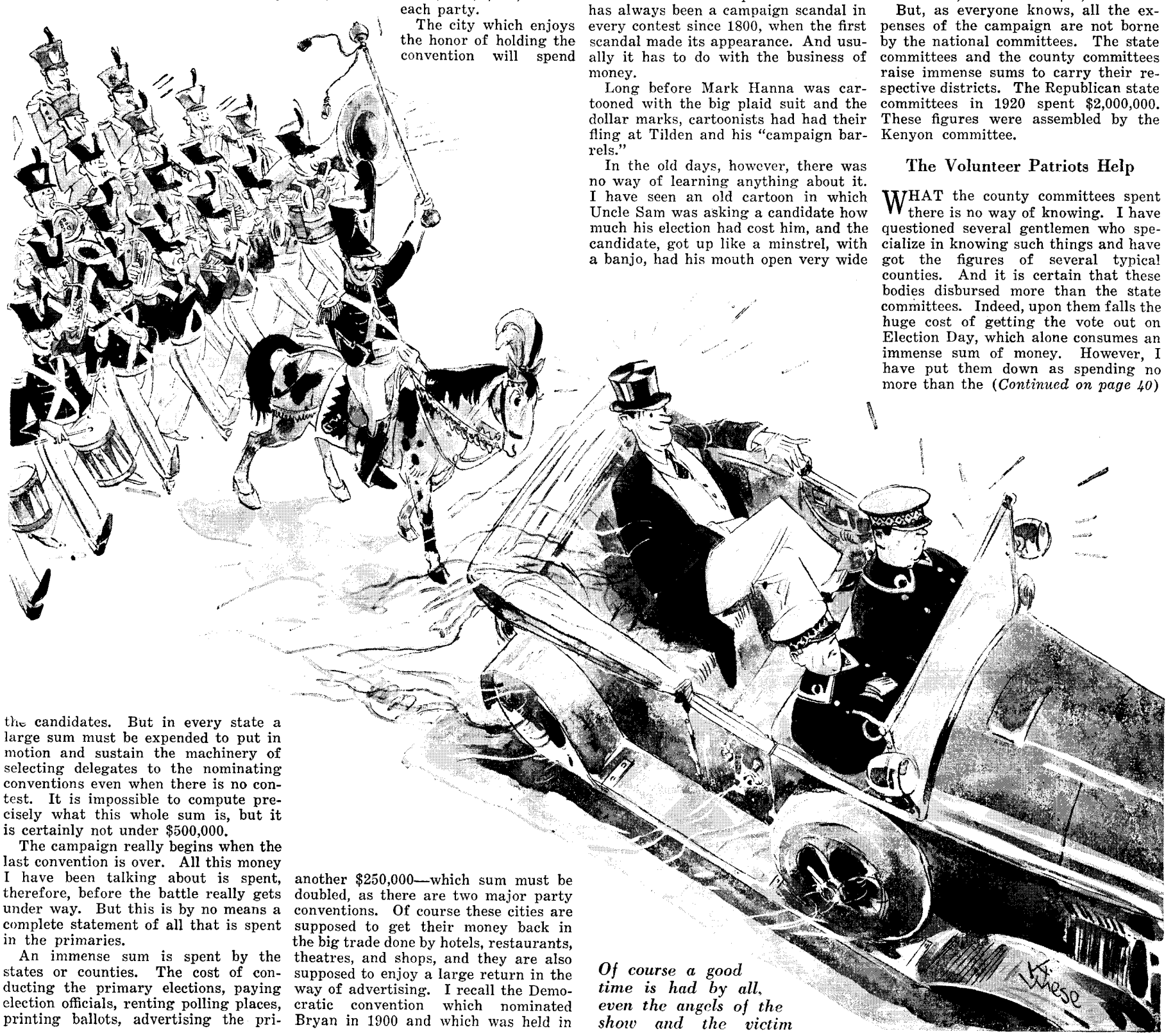
The Republican National Committee spent $4,022,580 in 1920. The Democratic National Committee disbursed $1,318,274. So the committees got rid of, between them, $5,340,854. This is something over a million dollars more than was spent in the Coolidge-Davis fight. But I am using the 1920 figures because for that year it is possible to get the state figures and thus make a more complete account.

To this must be added the expenses of the Republican congressional and senatorial committees, which were $748,010, and of the Democratic congressional committees, which were $18,886.

But, as everyone knows, all the expenses of the campaign are not borne by the national committees. The state committees and the county committees raise immense sums to carry their respective districts. The Republican state committees in 1920 spent $2,000,000. These figures were assembled by the Kenyon committee.

The Volunteer Patriots Help

WHAT the county committees spent there is no way of knowing. I have questioned several gentlemen who specialize in knowing such things and have got the figures of several typical counties. And it is certain that these bodies disbursed more than the state committees. Indeed, upon them falls the huge cost of getting the vote out on Election Day, which alone consumes an immense sum of money. However, I have put them down as spending no more than the (*Continued on page 40*)



Of course a good time is had by all, even the angels of the show and the victim

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The Black White Way

"Divisional chiefs," said the musical voice of the mummylike creature: "Number." They obeyed in varied tones

Illustrated by R. L. LAMBDIN

The Emperor of America, heading a stupendous plot, is foiled only in part

THE door of a dreary-looking house on an east-side street opened in response to ringing of the bell. A man entered and the door was closed quickly. There was no light in the lobby as the car in which he had arrived drove off westward.

"H. Q.," said the new arrival. "Anything to report?"

"No."

The second voice speaking out of the stuffy darkness might have been that of an Italian.

"Stand by," the first directed.

There was a sound of movement. A door was opened and closed. Then, the man who had just arrived switched up a light in the room which he had entered. It was a truly filthy living-room. It reeked of that oily uncleanliness which characterizes certain streets in Naples and other Italian cities. The newcomer looked about him briefly. He wore evening kit covered by a light overcoat, and a soft black hat. His pale features had a Napoleonic contour. Finding the room empty, he quitted it by a door at the further end and descended a dark staircase with which he seemed to be familiar. As he depressed a switch another room, semisubterranean, was revealed. It was indescribably stuffy. He crossed it, went out and descended yet lower, coming now to a dilapidated cellar containing a furnace, coal bins, rubbish and other impedimenta.

AT THIS point he changed his procedure. He locked and bolted the cellar door. Then he examined the place in detail, not as one searching for someone hidden, but as a detective looking for clues. Apparently satisfied at last, he crossed to the northeast corner of the place, and an odd thing happened. Some rapid manipulation resulted in a section of board littered with all sorts of débris sliding noiselessly away, revealing below a flight of wooden steps. Throwing the light of a torch upon these, the man in evening dress descended. The flight of steps was short and at the bottom he paused. Some other mechanism was manipulated and the trap above his head closed as noiselessly as it had opened. A passage revealed itself ahead of him. Its course was due west. It was roughly hewn and timbered in the manner of a mine cutting. He pursued it for perhaps twenty yards until it terminated at the head of another flight of steps. He descended these. They were twenty in number. A short southeasterly passage of similar character led to a natural opening, V-shaped, a fissure in the rock, apparently dark gray gneiss upon which this section of New York rested.

HE WAS now in a natural tunnel which at places seemed to have been artificially enlarged. It was at no point more than five feet in height and sometimes lower, but it was always wide enough to allow of the passage of a man. Sometimes streaks of granite and felspar glittered in the ray of the torch, or ribbons of quartz threw out sparkling scintillations suggesting hidden treasure. The passage descended. It wound serpentine fashion and finally came to an end before a massively constructed steel door. Of this door the man held a key. He unlocked it; entered; locked it behind him.

Fully half an hour had elapsed, however, before a figure wearing a black robe took his seat in a high-backed Spanish chair, ornamented with stamped leather, behind a long, narrow table set before the western wall of a green-black vault having a central column which seemingly upheld the roof, gleaming serpentine walls, and an uneven, uncarpeted, polished floor. A ghastly yellow mask and rubber gloves of the same smooth substance effectually disguised his identity. One of the flexible yellow hands manipulated a keyboard. A man wearing a black half mask entered through an arched doorway on the right, bowed, and stood still. A further manipulation, and a similar figure entered from the left. A third entered behind the first and a fourth behind the second. Then:

"Divisional chiefs," said the musical voice of the mummylike creature: "Number."

They obeyed in oddly varied tones:

"A."

"B."

"C."

"D."

"Division B," continued the uncanny president, "you are newly appointed, and your first divisional duty will be an important one. Tomorrow night all divisions will be concentrated upon the Broadway area. It is because of the importance of this operation that you are here in person. The zones require new capital. Tomorrow night we shall acquire it."

DR. STOPFORD paced the room restlessly. One well acquainted with the ex-surgeon of the Ruritania might have noted an unfamiliar tension in a man usually so composed.

Drake Roscoe, from a chair at the table in which he was seated, watched him, and:

"I asked you to come back, Stoppy," he said, almost apologetically, "and to bring Madame Czerna, because I feel that her knowledge of the zones is really invaluable."

"Splendid! But I want to marry her an' settle down, an' all that domestic stuff. I've got a nice little practice in view in Norfolk, England, and you've lugged me back into the middle of all this murder piffle. Oh! I'm not grousin', Roscoe. I know the thing's too big for a man to grouse about. But you know how I feel about her."

"I know every time," Roscoe replied warmly. "It was fine of you to come. She is safe enough at the moment, but I admit—"

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By SAX ROHMER

Stopford finished the sentence for him:

"That her future prospects are pretty bloodsome," said he.

Roscoe nodded, smiling grimly.

"We thought," he went on, "that the New York zones, at any rate, had been cleaned up. We raided their headquarters, with its maze of secret passages, elevators, laboratories, and so forth. It was only then, Stoppy, that we learned the truth. The zones are not confined to New York City. There are zones in *every* city! We smashed one head center. There are heaven knows how many other head centers. And there's a *great head center* controlling the lot of 'em! They have been quiet for a while. But now they are active again."

"So it seems," said Stopford dryly, holding up his monocle and gazing through it, prior to burnishing.

"We are on the eve of a Presidential election," Roscoe continued, "and I think the zones will be taking a hand."

"Cheerio!" Stopford murmured; and having successfully burnished his monocle replaced it with skill. "What about me sailin' in the mornin'?"

Roscoe stood up and rested his hand upon the speaker's shoulder. "You know you won't go," he said quietly. "I am asking a hell of a lot, old man, because of Fée—I know that. But I know something else. You won't refuse and you won't go."

They confronted each other for a moment, and: "No!" Stopford murmured. "It's funny—but I suppose I won't!"

"They have established new headquarters," said Roscoe. "Heaven knows where! But it's my job to find out. The thing I thought was dead is alive again, and buzzing. The zones are active. Head Center is back, the spider in the center of the web. Meanwhile, look at this." He tossed a note upon the table. Stopford bent over it, read, and then: "An invitation from the Duchess de Guise," he murmured, "to join her in her box at the Roxane Theatre on Sunday for the gala performance in honor of the King of Turkestan. Charmin' woman! I take it you'll go?"

"I SHALL certainly go," Roscoe returned grimly. "And I admit she's a charming woman. But—" he paused, and stared significantly at Stopford.

"But what?" the latter demanded.

"Nothing!" Roscoe returned to his seat at the table. "Except, that I don't trust a soul in my own country, Stoppy, now that the size of this organization is beginning to dawn upon me."

"Thousands of cheers," said Stopford. "How good it is to be alive! How mornin' by mornin' we leap from our beds with a glad cry! Indeed the gods smile on the United States of America, and I rejoice to find myself in so peaceful a spot. Re Sunday night, what are your brainy suggestions?"

"I'm groping in the dark," Roscoe confessed. "To put it bluntly: I don't trust the Duchess de Guise. But the zones have never hitherto attempted open assassination. They have always covered themselves. I mean, I don't think I'm in any danger of being shot in a box at the Roxane Theatre. But I have an uneasy notion that there's something afoot regarding the King of Turkestan."

"What on earth d' you mean?" Stopford inquired.

"Well, I mean this," was the reply: "Apart from the fact that his wife carries on her person a small fortune in jewelry, this gala performance will bring to the theatre other displays by ladies on the Social Register scarcely less noteworthy. The ultimate aims of the zones we don't know, but that they are pirates we do know. They have to get money. You and I have seen them getting it."

"Somewhat. In a small way."

"We know something of their methods. The performance on Sunday is a tempting opportunity. I'm scared. His majesty of Turkestan is in charge of police headquarters. His every movement is covered by a fleet of detectives. The arrangements for Sunday are elaborate. Burke has shown them to me. It will be impossible to move in the Roxane Theatre without jostling a detective. Nevertheless, I'm uneasy."

"My pearls! Hide them. I am afraid. . . ." "Right!" said he. "I'll do my best"

"It occurs to me, also," said Stopford, "that you're a bit crazy. You're rather anticipatin' things."

"Perhaps I am," Roscoe conceded.

"But," Stopford went on, "rememberin' that the zones are primarily a predatory organization, I can see the danger. But I don't admit that it's any part of your young troubles."

"It isn't," said Roscoe, jumping up excitedly. "I might have overlooked it! But for . . ." he pointed to the letter of invitation lying upon the table.

"Deeper and deeper!" Stopford murmured. "'Like lead the quicksand clung to his sinkin' limbs.' I'm defeated, Roscoe. I can't follow you. Let's tabulate your suspicions. You believe the Duchess de Guise—absurd idea—to be associated with the zones. Don't answer me. Let me purge myself in spoken thought. She invites you to join her in her box at a certain entertainment. If there was any funny business contemplated at this entertainment, you're about the last bloke in New York one of the gang would invite. I trust I make myself intelligible?"

"You do," said Roscoe, laughing, and, in laughter, his grim face became the face of a schoolboy. "But the zones never do the obvious thing, Stoppy!"

"I don't suppose you'll see eye to eye with me in this," said Stopford, "because you are not in love. But the first point that occurs to me is Fée. All the time you're talkin'—although I'm tryin' to be with you and meanin' to be helpful—I'm thinkin' of her."

Roscoe turned to him impulsively. "Don't be too sure, old man," he said. "Perhaps I do understand. And all you do in the circumstances I appreciate more highly."

"Good!" Stopford murmured. "That's reasonable. In short, if you think there's goin' to be dirty work at the gala performance, Fée is out. Is that a bet?"

"No!" said Roscoe. "I'm sorry. But it isn't!"

THE red light in the serpentine pillar glowed fiercely. The masked man remained motionless in his chair. In the dim, green light, he looked utterly inhuman.

"H. Q.," said a nasal voice. "Report of divisional chief D. Plans complete for concentrating all units upon sector 2 D 1 tonight. Sector captain 1 D 3 detailed for special duty has established touch with other sector captains. His report is expected at any moment. Everything in order. Report ends."

"Report to hand," came the prompt reply. "Arrangements not yet fully completed. No addition to list of seatholders other than those notified earlier this morning. All box parties accounted for except that of the Duchess de Guise. Report ends. Timed 3:15 P. M."

"Report of zone officer covering the Duchess de Guise."

"No report to hand."

"Report of group master covering Ambassador Hotel."

"To hand. The Duchess is in her apartment, as last notified. Report ends. Timed 3:10."

"Stand by for a general emergency order," the commanding voice directed. "Disconnect. Connect the chief chemist."

The red light went out. But almost immediately a blue one sprang into life beside the spot where it had been, and:

"Laboratory," someone announced. "Report to me here, personally, at once."

"I DISAPPROVE entirely," said Stopford. His mask of facetiousness was discarded; he was grimly earnest. "Fée and I came back to New York at her request, but contrary to my own wishes. She feels that she owes your country a debt. Perhaps she's right. She knows quite a lot about this zone gang. Agreed. She's open to help—up to a point—"

"Please!" Madame Czerna laid her hand upon the speaker's arm, checking him. Stopford paused, looking at her.

She was worth looking at in these days. Happiness makes women radiant. And a woman's happiness is to be loved—by the right man.

"I could never be happy," she went on, clasping his hand, "and no more could you, if I left anything not done that I could do to defeat these murderers."

Drake Roscoe stood up, glancing doubtfully out of the window. The apartment was on the fourteenth floor, with all of a big city square in front of it, yet he was dubious. He distrusted the very air of New York. More than once he thought he had detected a suspicious glitter in a distant window.

"Let's review the facts," said he, facing the seated (*Continued on page 48*)

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Greener Pastures

By ROARK

OCTOBER. November. December. January. February. And here it was March!

Five indolent months had slipped past so restfully that Henry Hellum found it hard to realize the immediate presence of plowing time. Yet here it was! Time to start the cotton crop; time to pull the cotton rope lines up and down some old jug-headed mule's side; time to see the sun rise and set from the furrows; time to work.

"Ah-h-h, Lawd," he said sorrowfully. Sparrows were busy among the chinaberry leaves. Young jimsons that had sprouted yellow and timid in February had taken on a bold, verdant green. Big Maizie sat on the cabin steps sewing a patch on a pair of faded blue overalls that had been left behind by a former husband and were destined to do service for Henry. Back of the tenant houses a half-grown, half-asleep boy was singing:

Caught ole Blue and I caught ole Belle,
Captain!

Henry listened resignedly. There was a new note of inevitableness in his voice:

Caught ole Blue and I caught ole Belle,
Captain!
Caught ole Blue and I caught ole Belle—
Couldn't fine no mule wid his shoulder well,
Captain.

"Ah-h-h, Lawd," Henry repeated. "Singin' 'bout his mule already. Ah-h-h, Lawd."

Big Maizie suddenly ceased her stitches and looked into the door.

"What you sayin', Henry?" she asked.

"I ain't sayin' nothin', darlin'," he replied. "I just settin'."

"Well, you jest better onset and git out and bust me up some stove wood," Big Maizie declared. "You got to hit de field at daylight tomorrow, and I ain't aimin' to git out and bust no wood to cook yo' breakfus' dat soon in de mawnin'."

"Aw, darlin', I—"

"Don't darlin' me, you scrumpy runt," Maizie interrupted. "You been settin' round hyar all de winter on my commissary credik—" She flung the overalls at him with a gesture that was more eloquent than words. Henry correctly interpreted it to mean that this wife—his bride of scarcely five months—had made up her mind that he should start working.

"Dese ole overhalls is kinder wored out, baby," he suggested. He intended to add that, since overalls were inevitable, perhaps a new pair might be in order, considering that he was a new husband. But he did not get that far along with the suggestion.

"Hit was a better man den you wored dem overhalls," Maizie declared. It probably was the truth. Henry instinctively admitted it was the truth rather than argue about it.

HENRY did not like to argue—not with Big Maizie. Argument with her was futile. So he slipped out of a pair of too large black broadcloth trousers and donned the overalls while his wife watched from the corner of her eye.

"Shed dem shoes too," she ordered. "I ain't buyin' you paten' leather shoes to dog out workin' in 'em. De ground ain't too good for yo' b'ar footses."

Henry shed the shoes and, clad only in heavy undershirt and the overalls, he went to a pile of wood near the house and began splitting and chopping it into convenient lengths for the cook-stove. In a few minutes perspiration dampened his skin, and his whole body was in tune with the lazy, deliberate swing of his arms. He sang, punctuating each break in the song with a blow of his ax:

Couldn't find no mule—Wham!
Wid his shoulder well—Wham!
Captain-n-n-n-n-n-n-n—Wham!

The idea of making a cotton crop did not please Henry any more than it displeased him. He never had made one in its entirety. He had started a number of them, had filled in during the intermediate tilling and hoeing period, and had picked considerably. But to start at the very beginning—running a shovel plow through the middle of last year's fields, listing and bedding with turning plow, planting and tilling, on until the last white boll was picked—it amounted to a long-drawn-out routine that always had proved too tiresome for him. Being in the furrow ready to holler "Git up!" to a mule the instant the sun cracked the eastern horizon, and staying there until the last red beam in the west faded into blue darkness, was steadier work than he deliberately sought.

"Would a bear git off'n this boat?" he taunted

HENRY could do it, all right. He had done it for brief stretches when the immediate circumstances demanded it. But never as a regular all-summer job.

But Henry had never been married to Big Maizie before either. Last October, when he walked from an Arkansas chain-gang tent to Haley's plantation, just across the line in Louisiana, the idea of being Big Maizie's husband and sharing her cozy cabin and commissary credit for the winter appealed to him, and he accepted it. He even encouraged it. Maizie herself was not altogether without her good points. It was true that she was twice his size and more Indian than Negro. And more than one husband had found life with her too exacting and overvigorous. But it similarly was true that she enjoyed a splendid reputation among both the field hands and the white folks, and never once did the commissary clerk have to stop and check up on her accounts before filling her order for rations.

Her husbands came and went, but each fall the eleven-acre patch known as the river-bend field yielded seven or

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BRADFORD

Henry didn't mind working a little between naps—but when it came to napping a little between work

"Git off'n dat boat, you crow-colored baboon," shouted Big Maizie

Illustrated by HARRY BURNE

eight bales of cotton, half of which was Maizie's own. And all because Big Maizie was the kind of woman who never let the itching heels of her husbands interfere with that crop. If a husband remained, he worked it faithfully. If he left, Big Maizie herself harnessed a mule and plowed like a man.

Last fall all of that had looked extremely promising to Henry, and he felt lucky when his first advances at courtship were received with literally opened arms. In less than a week after he arrived at Haley's, Big Maizie guided him to the commissary and introduced him to the clerk.

"Dis is Henry Hellum," she announced. "He gonter be my husbin' now."

WITHOUT a word the clerk drew out two printed forms and handed them to Maizie.

"Take and make your mark right hyar," Maizie instructed Henry. "Dat de paper which say you gonter make de crap on de river-bend field." She looked at the clerk for confirmation.

"That's right," he said.

"And what de yuther paper?" Henry asked.

"Ain't no paper," Maizie replied. "Hit's a pair er licenses. Us got to git married up. Us can't live in shame, Henry."

Henry followed her meekly—half haltingly, half enthusiastically—to the preacher's cabin and heard the charmed words pronounced. Then he trailed her to her own cabin, where he sat and waited patiently for the first real square meal he had eaten since leaving the convict camp.

The winter had been one long glorious rest. Big Maizie's great strength and energy found an outlet in her motherly interest in seeing that her little husband was comfortable. And if there was anything that Henry liked to be it was comfortable.

Now, all of that glorious idleness had passed. Here it was plowing time. Big Maizie changed completely. She had worked all winter for Henry. Now it was Henry's turn to work all summer for her. Well, the only thing he could do about it was to start working.

It was with a sense of accepting the inevitable that he harnessed his mule before daylight, hitched him to a rickety old shovel plow, stuck a battered tin can on the plow point and headed his mule toward the field. Since he must plow, he had hoped to get a new, red plow. But the new plows went to the older field hands. He had hoped also for one of the big shiny black mules that had been imported from up the river during the winter, but he drew a bluish gray, jack-striped veteran of the furrow that answered to the name of Lamplighter—

Couldn't find no mule wid his shoulder well.

The old mule stepped placidly into the furrow between the last year's dead cotton stalks, and Henry kicked the tin can from the plow point. The colter sank deep into the black soil, and the plow blade followed, throwing streams of crumbly dirt to the right and left. The cotton crop was started.

"Ah-h-h, Lawd," Henry said sadly as his bare feet buried themselves in the freshly plowed dirt. "Ah-h-h, Lawd!"

The month of March wasn't so terribly bad on Henry. Rains were frequent, and there were many days when it was too wet to plow. April was rather steady, and, while Henry stayed doggedly between the plow handles, there were times when his negatively unhappy attitude toward his crop was tainted with positive boredom. The sun was getting hotter every day, and it seemed to Henry that all of the breezes came from the river. And, further, the twenty-foot levee which curved with the river around three sides of the field stopped every one of those breezes before they got to Henry.

May, frankly, was hot. The young cotton grew rapidly—and so did the crab grass. A man had to keep his mind strictly on his work or the plow would clog up with the tough grass roots and scoot right under the cotton and destroy it. And in addition to his other troubles, Big Maizie was in the field every day with her gooseneck hoe. Before hoeing time Henry had found plenty of excuses to "shade" himself. Lamplighter got tired of pulling the plow and needed frequent rests, and while Lamplighter rested Henry slept. But when cotton-chopping time came and Big Maizie brought her hoe to the field, all of that stopped.

"Git dat hardtail on down de row," Maizie ordered the first time Henry concluded that the mule—and incidentally himself—needed a little rest. "I always said dat ole jug-haided mule would make any good man lazy. But, now! Dat mule is smart alongside er you. You kin take and learn him more laziness den he kin sleep off in a month er Sundays. Now, cluck him on down de row before I gits mad and clucks you on de haid wid dis gooseneck."

"Git up, Lamplighter!" Henry responded, and Lamplighter got.

Round after round Henry plowed. The sun beat down with vengeance, and the field sizzled like a broiling plate.

"Ah-h-h, Lawd!" Henry said sadly, "hit seem like de mo' I plows dis cotton, well, de faster de crab grass grow." And although it was just May, with the crop scarcely begun, Henry was ready to call it off.

"She sho' is hot," he told himself bitterly. "Ain't no wind, and de levee cuts all er dat off, ef'n hit was some. Ah-h-h, Lawd!"

THE idea worked upon him slowly, but finally he decided to quit his plow for a moment and walk to the top of the levee, where he could see the knee-high grass waving slightly in a breeze that was passing twenty feet above his head. And, quite forgetful of the presence of Maizie, he halted his mule, dropped the lines over the plow handles, and made his way up the embankment.

Sure enough, a cooling breeze fanned his face as he poked his head above the levee crown. The sun reflecting on the water dazzled him for a moment, but soon he was looking hungrily at the broad, muddy surface of the Mississippi River, which stretched a mile wide in a sweeping semicircle around him.

The peaceful quiet was broken by a noise that was exciting to Henry. The chug-chugging of a paddle wheel. Soon the nose of a steamboat, churning her way down the river, poked out from behind the willows.

"Great day, looky yonder!" he exclaimed as the boat swung into full view with the channel. "Struttin' down de river like a turkey gobbler on a frosty board. Great day! Shakin' her tail in de water like she don't keer who knows hit! Go (*Continued on page 38*)

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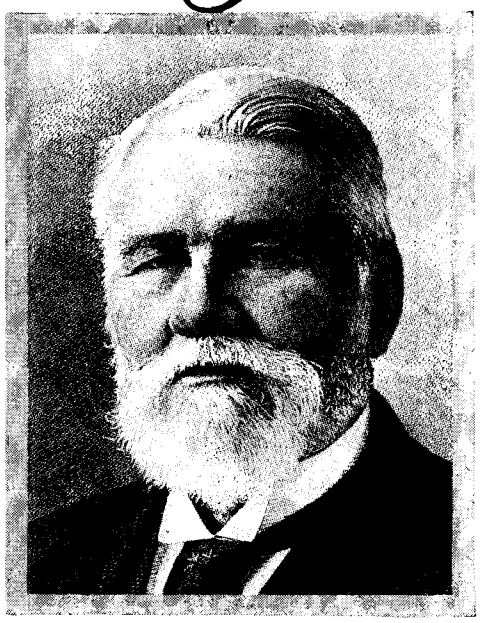
"And, departing, leave"

The name is familiar but—you can't recall the face, can you? Well, it's not surprising

Culver Service

Above: The son of a tanner was Louis Pasteur, who is most widely remembered through his cure for hydrophobia and rabies. He was responsible for many other important achievements in biology too



Left: Would you ever have thought that this benign gentleman was the inventor of a rapid-fire gun? Richard Jordan Gatling perfected his 350-shots-a-minute device just too late for the Civil War but lived to see it adopted by almost every, so-to-speak, civilized nation

They call them bloomers still although many historians hold that it wasn't the worthy Amelia Jenks Bloomer (right), temperance worker and equal suffrage advocate, who first introduced them, but Elizabeth Miller

Above: Prince Albert is remembered every bit as much because of his unique taste in coatings as because he was the consort of the strait-laced Victoria. At that, the coat is handsomer than his monument in London

Culver Service

Left: To a style of haircut once affected by both sexes but in these bobbing days limited to the male, Mme. Pompadour lent her name—and it's kept it ever since. Well, there are worse things she might be remembered by

Right: They call it the Morse code—and why not, when you consider that if it hadn't been for Samuel F. B. and his what-wonders-God-hath-wrought ticker there wouldn't be any use for it?

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behind us—"

Above: The unthinking might set George M. Pullman down as one who had never traveled ten miles beyond his own bailiwick. But that impression is speedily dissipated when you're told that he devised the railroad conveyance that bears his name

Above: Every time they speak of a Bunsen burner—which is quite frequently in laboratories and such like—they pay honor to the memory of Robert Wilhelm von Bunsen, who devised it

D. Appleton

Above: Just so's you'd know who started it all, La Vallière posed with one of those gadgets that bear her name, coming apart right in her hand. But it wasn't all vanity, judging from her devout expression

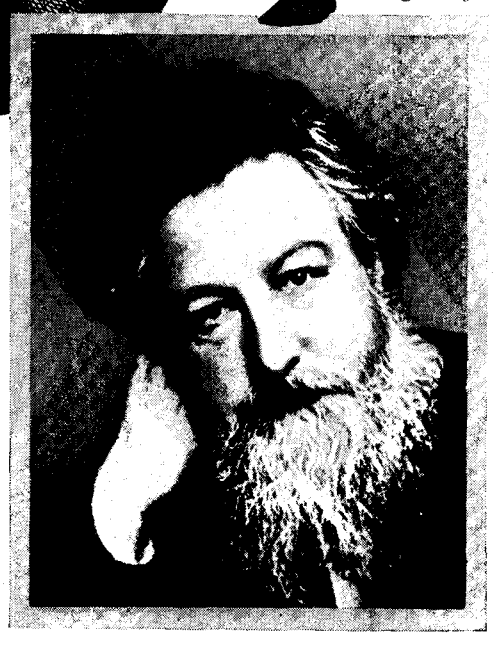
© Keystone

Above: This is how Charles Dana Gibson looked when he made the Gibson girl a national figure. How they've changed!

Below: Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre invented the daguerreotype and if you want to see how it worked out for him personally, gaze upon this one of himself

Culver Service

Above: Though he doubtless never foresaw the double-decker on toast with Russian dressing, John, Earl of Sandwich, was the father of the—you guessed it



© Hollyer

Right: And here we have William Morris, the inventor of the chair that bears his name. Never a more comfortable chair was there—and if that be interior decorating treason, make the most of it

Above: Appropriately enough, under the hoofs of the horse is Macadam — John L. — who worked out the smooth-topped, rutless road

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The Blue Lamp

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Stealthy footfalls. . . . Violence. . . . A sleeping beauty—is she Mary Harmon?

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

Not six feet from the girl Jimmy Battles stood, his jaw sagging as he watched

The Story Thus Far:

MARY HARMON, engaged to Count Briskow, a Hungarian, mysteriously disappears without trace after her father's death. She had inherited $5,000,000. In Boston she goes with her fiancé to a dinner in the apartment of Dr. Euclid Hawkins, his protégé. Twenty-four hours later she complains of nausea and lethargy. She sends for Dr. Hawkins, and he and the count have a violent quarrel.

The count's theory is that the doctor abducted Mary, and later he testifies that he saw him commit suicide at sea.

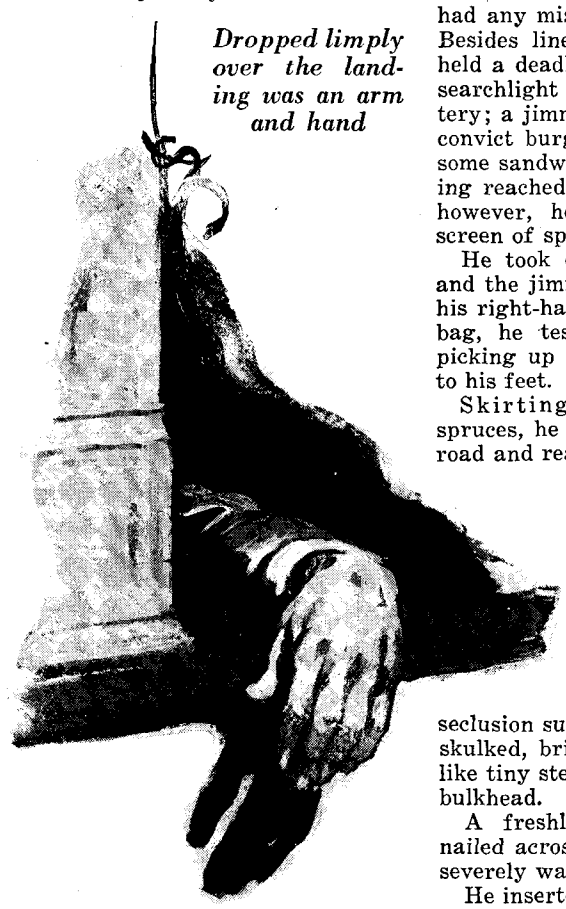
The sheriff finds a queer humpback in charge of the Harmons' Vermont residence, and then a reporter finds a letter from Mary predicting her early death.

Twenty years later Jacob Gleason and his horse are scared by a cloaked figure making for the abandoned mansion. She says she is after the body of her child. After she enters a blue light shows and a weird voice calls, "Mary, it's Mother: Where are you?"

Frank and Seba Fowler also see the light and a queer figure arising from the cellar. They notify the sheriff and the squire. Then Jimmy Battles, son of the reporter who found Mary's letter, undertakes, on behalf of his paper, to solve the mystery.

THE afterglow of the autumn day had given way to the first stars of evening when Jimmy Battles trod finally down into the Fork.

He saw the lugubrious silhouette of the Harmon campanile before he realized that his journey was ended. Descending the road, occasionally slipping on loose stones and gravel, he suddenly halted and stepped into the spruces.



Dropped limply over the landing was an arm and hand

Two men sat on the gate stone, their backs against posts. Enough light remained to disclose twin shotguns standing upright against the pickets.

"Watchmen, probably," the boy thought at once, "to keep the property from being torn to pieces. I'll have to gain entrance without either of them knowing. I hope there's no guard around in the rear."

The contents of Jimmy's bag might have caused him some embarrassment had any mishap detained him en route. Besides linen and toilet accessories, it held a deadly automatic; an adjustable searchlight with extra bulbs and battery; a jimmy, once presented him by a convict burglar; a flask of water, and some sandwiches in tissue paper. Having reached the Fork without incident, however, he opened the bag in the screen of spruce.

He took out the gun, the flashlight and the jimmy. The first he shoved in his right-hand coat pocket. Hiding the bag, he tested the flashlight. Then, picking up the jimmy, he straightened to his feet.

Skirting northerly through the spruces, he crossed the Wickford highroad and reached a stone wall. Beyond this wall lay the yard behind the house. Vaulting over it, expecting every moment to be hailed or seized, he discerned the tool house built into the embankment, the wreckage of the arbor, the roof above the well. Through the seclusion supplied by the hoary trees he skulked, briers ripping at his clothing like tiny steel fingers, till he gained the bulkhead.

A freshly painted sign had been nailed across the obliquely lying doors, severely warning trespassers.

He inserted the tip of his bar beneath the sign. His heart thumped raggedly as the few nails pulled out. Presenting the flash beam, ready in one hand, he raised one door and looked into the pit.

A smell compounded of gravel, mortar, stonework and mold assailed his nostrils and almost made him reel. But he poked the flash beam down and followed it. It was a long, cylindrical flash with funnel-shaped lens; it threw a sharp ray for a full hundred feet.

PULLING the door close over his head as he descended, he found himself in a rotted void of black. The steps of the bulkhead—square billets of stone—were so thick with débris he could scarcely get a heel hold. On the cellar-floor level more of this débris wedged the basement door open. Battles stood listening. . . .

Water dripped somewhere. A rising night wind blew sear dead shrubs against the outer masonry. No other sounds.

Around the cellar he turned the light beam, taking good care to keep it from the windows.

All that basement was a catacomb of cobwebs; it must have contained an army of spiders—gigantic in size to spin webs so heavy. Never had Jimmy beheld spiders so thick or so hideous. They seemed to snarl, to interlace with one another, weaving ghastly screens before exhibits too inexpressibly gruesome for human eye to see.

It was a rank, foul, noxious place, and the boy edged through it as quickly as he dared.

Halfway up the kitchen stairs he paused. It took courage to continue.

At the top of the flight a door stood ajar. But first, before reaching it, Jimmy had to smear cobwebs from wrists,

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face and head. Some of them tore audibly, like unspeakably rotted gauze, that clung to his clothing as though it had been glued.

"I wish I'd brought someone with me," he admitted.

A rusted sink with a copper pump was illumined by the flashlight. Its handle thrust out like the arm of a gallows. Other things he saw: a senile brick oven built out from the wall; a rusted range; a long yellow table. A shelf above the sink held lamps without chimneys. Two or three wooden chairs showed huge cracks in their seats.

BUT over everything was *dust*—dust and more cobwebs. It was hard to describe, that dust. It gave flat surfaces a feathery aspect.

The kitchen smelled sickishly of creosote.

He had entered it from stairs that came up in the southeast corner. From a battery of doors leading into the body of the house, only one stood open. The apartment beyond had a cryptlike appearance.

As Battles moved toward it, and stood on the threshold of a cavernous dining-room, he felt that if occult phenomena were revealed too abruptly he would bolt, even if he took a window with him. The sallow windows were tall; twisted inner blinds were closed on most of them. Some held shades that had curled like wall paper.

He crept across the dining-room.

A vast spread of bilious linen had been draped over tables and chairs. A hanging lamp above had discolored this with droppings. An old-fashioned sideboard was barren of crockery; the dust on its top held a labyrinth of mice tracks. More chairs, and a china closet revealing empty shelves, were set back against the walls. Cobwebs spanned all corners. In another corner an open door yawned.

This led into the side sitting-room. Presently he gained the central hall. Before him on the floors he saw footprints plainly.

He paused to listen.

So quiet it was that during a lull in the night wind he could hear the ticking of his wrist watch. Then the wind came anew, stronger, fitfully, leaves scudding before it, driven blindly in the dark. The veranda woodbine rattled like a rack of sleazy bones. Occasionally the house gave off queer noises. Night after night—spring, summer, autumn, winter—it had doubtless done the same.

Jimmy dared not point the flash directly toward the front. Assuredly those men by the gate would perceive it. Yet step by step he advanced down the hall. He wanted to learn if those watchers still kept vigil. He traveled a wide, high aisle bordered by sheeted divans and chairs.

THEY resembled crouching phantoms. Framing the front door beyond the arched vestibule were narrow, vertical windows. Shutting off the flash, Jimmy rubbed a spot clean. He could see through the ribs of the woodbine outside.

The gate space was empty. Either those men had not been watchmen or they had seen his flash beam and might now be investigating. Perhaps they were hunters who had paused there to rest. If they were watchmen, he would soon hear them entering. They would find the sign on the bulkhead pried off. Doubtless that would bring them up through the house. He waited to see . . . three, four, five minutes. He heard no sounds as of watchmen coming in by the cellar or elsewhere. They must have been hunters.

And yet their presence had subconsciously supplied him with the surety of human assistance if Unspeakable Things came floating through those rooms. A horrible *abandonment* struck to Jimmy's marrow. Acutely he realized that he was alone—gruesomely alone—with spiders and ghouls in a house shut in by mountains. He knew that, with the long night before him, he must continue to search upstairs. Yet how could he do it? At last he was honest with himself.

He was TERRIFIED!

The light seemed to confuse her. "Please don't!" she cried faintly. "Turn the light away"

The wind continued to blow in gusts. It swirled more leaves in the crannies of the broad veranda. Once an automobile hurtled past out front, swiftly, in the direction of Paris, as though its driver were running a gantlet. For an instant the boy felt the solace of his kind near at hand, and when that was gone the reaction was calamitous.

And then, as he sat there striving to scrape courage to move about once more—possibly climb upstairs—supersensitive auditory nerves caught a noise not made by the wind, the scurry of rats or the squeaking of mice. At first it confused him; then it sickened him.

Creakings he heard—a series of them—accompanied intermittently by hollow bumpings—and the house wasn't old enough to produce them normally.

Somebody—or Something—was in that house with him!

As waves of horror swept over him he tried to decipher the exact type of the noises, the specific direction from which they were coming. Overhead, he thought them, and yet they did not drift down the stairs. The stairs were at the back. Too far away.

The boy strained every sense he possessed. Gradually he discerned that whatever was making the noises was engaged *in climbing the opposite wall and moving across the ceiling!*

But no illumination. The Stygian blackness persisted.

When the next bump came it sounded farther down the ceiling toward the stairs and kitchen.

Ten minutes ticked away. And Jimmy Battles moved not a muscle. The wind lifted and died. It moaned. It cavorted, carrying sear leaves with it. Jimmy's underclothing was moist—a horrible dankness that must have come from horror. He tried to move, but his biceps were flaccid.

So a half-paralyzed boy in an empty world at that mountain fork sat counting his heart thumps and awaiting more phenomena.

Presently they came.

Stealthy, scuffling footfalls!

They sounded faintly; became louder; stopped for a time; died away altogether. . . . An interval of silence. Then they were repeated. Knocking thumps! —one-two-three—one-two-three-four—one-two—one-two-three!

Then something like a human voice sounded. A sort of exclamation!

Sixty seconds more ticked away.

Then Jimmy seemed to hear a soft, steady squeaking as of rusted wheels turning, axles needing oil.

After that the climax came swiftly.

A heavy thud—a wild cry—an oath—all plainly from the stairs. Then down those stairs he heard Something coming.

Bolt Jimmy could not. He held his breath till his head grew giddy.

Bump!

The boy heard a frantic scraping—another bump—a wail—a series of bumps. Then a queer, sharp slap that was followed by a moan!

After that, quiet! Oceans of quiet. It shrieked at the eardrums.

STEELING his nerves the boy fumbled at the flash. It required both thumbs to thrust on the screw.

Then its beam came brashly. It cared nothing for ghosts. Still nothing happened. Jimmy moved the beam. It traveled eastward over toward the stairs.

But the curve of them hid what lay on the landing. For Jimmy knew that Something, human or demon, had stumbled in its footing and plunged down that flight.

The boy got his legs to bear him at last. He walked with a shamble. Forward—forward—foot by foot—he crept back toward the newel. He reached it—gripped it. He turned the light beam upward.

Dropped limply out over the landing was an arm and hand!

Stair by stair, using the banisters, Jimmy pulled himself up. On the fifth he stopped. The supine body was visible. He played the beam from its feet to its head.

The fascination of terror galvanized him into continuing upward till he gained the landing. From this location the length of the upper hall was discernible.

What the lad saw staggered him more than the body at his feet. With his eyes barely on a level with the upper hall's flooring, he perceived something that not three living persons had known until that moment.

A man had (*Continued on page 50*)

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From a Penny Up

FIRST he cut furs for actress' coats. Then he saw pictures of the actresses wearing them. Next he started a penny arcade wherein the masses might see, at one cent a look, what he saw. Came the dawn. Moving pictures. And it occurred to Adolph Zukor that people would rather pay five cents to sit down than a penny to stand. The Nickelodeon. Remember? Too young? It doesn't matter. Today he plays golf on his own private course and is more amazed than anybody else.

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

Adolph Zukor, who founded the largest photoplay producing organization in the world

© U. & U.

"Chaplin cannot work for me," says Zukor

RUDOLPH VALENTINO had ten days to live, but how was he to know that? He sat in a golden room filled with fair women and music. Across the table was a little man sipping milk and munching crackers, gazing with mild, studious brown eyes into the face worshiped by legions of flappers.

The meal was a peace offering from Valentino to the man with the brown eyes, a man he had flouted.

"I appreciate all you have done for me in the past," said Valentino—and he could have said no less, for the little man had plucked him from nowhere and sent him soaring. "I was only a dancer when you made me an actor. Now I'm ready to act for you again—if you'll take me."

The little man's face creased in a slow smile. Scores of heads turned toward them, but both men were intent on each other.

"One year, two years, whatever contract you care to make, Mr. Zukor," said Valentino.

"We'll get down to details next week," said Mr. Zukor. "In the meantime, cigars."

When Adolph Zukor next saw Valentino it was as principal in a morbid drama that thousands struggled to see. To Zukor came business loss and personal grief in that final scene, both tinged, however, with the triumph of reasonableness.

Years before the swart Italian youth—unknown as Valentino and hardly known by his proper name of Guglielmo—had begged for a chance. Blasco Ibañez strutted out to Hollywood for the making of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. This gave Valentino his opportunity. Success warranted another, and a snorting romance by an Englishwoman brought The Sheik splurging to glory.

Then Valentino got into domestic entanglements, and his second wife, Natacha Rambova, saw wealth and acclaim exceeding the $1,000-a-week and electric lights of the Famous Players. So Valentino tore up his contract with Adolph Zukor, to discover that this was not to be done without penalties. He remained idle for two or three years, returning under a new arrangement whereby he was ostensibly engaged—to "save face"—by a third party.

Mary Pickford Wanted More

THE fatted calf was sacrificed in the form of hundreds of thousands of dollars on Monsieur Beaucaire. Valentino learned the lesson that his "art" could be elaborately exploited by the little man who had discovered it. He was ready and willing to sign up for life—just when life, always ironic, was slipping from him.

"I am glad," Mr. Zukor told me, "to carry away as my final memory of Valentino his talk of reconciliation. It has been my fortune in life to deal with varying talents and temperaments. The only satisfactory relationship is to be friends even when we can't be partners."

Twenty years ago he took up a comparatively obscure young actress named Mary Pickford. He had heard her lisp her way through two or three Belasco plays and decided that she was a reliable item among others in which he could invest a moderate fortune derived from manufacturing fur novelties and a brave excursion into popular entertainment. He offered Miss Pickford $500 a week, and managers of the legitimate theatre chuckled at a visionary who could set so high a price on talent for the passing fad of motion pictures. Tess of the Storm Country took the country by storm. Mary Pickford's compensation was stepped up until it reached the unprecedented guaranty of $10,000 a week. And Mary Pickford asked for more.

"I can't do it," Adolph Zukor told Miss Pickford. "But no doubt you can get more by accepting risks and making your own pictures."

She proved that she could, but neither she nor her former manager is sorry that the parting occurred. They were, and are, the best of friends.

"One day," says Mr. Zukor, "I was on location in California chatting with Charlie Chaplin." Reporters buzzed around, speculating that some big deal was incipient whereby the screen's biggest individual money-maker would pull up stakes and march or prance thereafter under the Zukor banner.

"No," the magnate told them. "I admire Mr. Chaplin as an artist. He is incomparable. But he cannot work for me. I value his friendship too much to make him any offer."

Which puzzling dictum remained unexplained until Mr. Zukor told me that his system of discipline, even for super-stars, would probably be more than Charlie Chaplin would willingly bear.

Zukor talked of old times and new conditions as we sat in the rose-bowered pergola of Adolph Zukor's Hudson Valley estate—hundreds of rolling acres with main buildings and outbuildings, cypress-bordered Roman swimming pool, model theatre and a small army of groundsmen plus a small fleet of cars. Under the shadow of the green-walled Palisades guests plodded over an eighteen-hole golf course guided by a wrinkled and tolerantly smiling pro.

He tapped his memories for a name, and found it.

"It was Bird," said Mr. Zukor, after swiftly telescoping his early career as immigrant lad, twelve years in the fur business as cutter and trimmer. "He was a partner with Marcus Loew and me in penny arcades. We operated the largest in the world at Broadway and Fourteenth Street, New York. The walls were lined with mutoscopes—penny peep shows—that lasted about ten seconds a shot.

Bird Happy with Penny

"BIRD was a firm believer in the future of the business. When Marcus Loew and I went to Pittsburgh to look over locations for extending the business we found a man there getting five cents an admission to see a moving picture that didn't last more than ten minutes."

They argued that if men and women and children were willing to pay a penny and stand up, they'd be willing to pay a nickel and sit down to a longer entertainment. So they went into the motion-picture-theatre business—Loew to develop into an owner of a huge chain, Zukor to found the largest (*Continued on page 51*)

United Artists

"Tess of the Storm Country" made Mary Pickford worth $10,000 a week

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Songs for the Stump

To lighten our program and give us a laugh I'm now introducing some comedy chaff

An almost silent opera

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by KURT WIESE

Scene: Very mustical, up in the air. A portable Cave, which can float here and there. It's useful to Somebody. Nobody knows who pays for the upkeep, who puts on the shows. It's chock-full of shadows and dim silhouettes of forms that go sneaking, half breathing, half squeaking, afraid of the daylight, afraid of loud speaking. This is the home of the Rumorous Lispers, Dire Implications and Poisonous Whispers. The Cave is obscured in a sulphurous cloud, drawn from the brains of the Whispering Crowd, screened by their slogan "Don't Say It Aloud."

WHISPERING CHORUS OF FEMININE VOTERS *(most of them married to Sinclair promotors):*

Sure, sure,
We must keep the Party pure.
Darling, have you heard of it—
Don't repeat a word of it—
We listened at the telephone,
We got it in the mail—
Buzz-buzz, buzz-buzz—
Humanity is frail.
It's very hard to think on
The prospect blue—
We thought we had a Lin-coln . . .
And phew! ! !

(Sound of a typewriter hid in the nave of a glim-blighted, dim-lighted, far-distant cave. Then, echoing softly his tenuous slander, the voice of a plausible Hired Propagander.)

HIRED PROPAGANDER

Beware, beware, the Bug o' Bear
Who wants to be elected!
He mustn't be selected. . .

WHISPERING SHADOWS *(affright and ashiver like Mulligan's goat at the sight of a flivver):*

Who speaks?
Who stirred?
We're overheard!
Oh, scat!
What's that?

The light turns green and on the scene appears a Chinaman serene

HIRED PROPAGANDER *(wearing a mask, neatly designed for his difficult task. He sidles along with the manner refined of one who expects to be shot from behind):*

I'm the man who starts the rumors.
I can make the pimples grow
Into wicked-looking tumors
Upon anyone I know.
At the art of implication,
Fountain-pen assassination,
Or a simple illustration,
Done in slime—
Give me time—
I can scandalize the nation.
And at fancy misquotation
I'm sublime.
For I'm the man—

ALL

He's the man.

PROPAGANDER

. . . Who can circulate a story,
Declaring Smith or Hoover this or that.
And I'm the guy. . . .

ALL

He's the guy—

PROPAGANDER

. . . Deserving all the glory
For teaching 'em to broadcast through a hat.
If you've anything fantastic that you cannot verify,
Don't hesitate to send it round to me.
A little crippled rumor, a good old-fashioned lie,
I welcome with a journalistic glee.
I'm a poisonous popgunman, and my boss I cannot mention;
But my orders are to kill
Any candidate who will
Give a major-league performance in convention.

CHORUS OF SCARED CATS *(feebly pattering, huddled together, their teeth a-chattering):*

We heard a conductor today
Stop a dairyman's daughter and swear
That Alfred E. Smith
Has been horseracing with
That terrible Harry Sinclair.
Oh, tell us to easure our despair;
Has the governorship
Been taking a tip
From the liberal Harry Sinclair?

PROPAGANDER

We did what we could in our way
To dump the old Teapot on Al,
But the mud wouldn't stick.
He moves rather quick
This practical statesman called Al.

SCARED CATS

Now tell us of Hoover, kind sir—
Oh, was there a shady transaction
Involved in the lore
Of some far, foreign shore
Where engineers go into action?
And when he gave Belgium the feed
And stuck by a nation in need
Was he just the adviser
Of William the Kaiser,
A monster, concealing his greed?
(As hinted by Senator Reed
Or some other gent
Of the noblest intent.)
For true information we bleed.

PROPAGANDER *(gathers them near him, whispers softly so they scarcely can hear him):*

Listen, my children, and I shall prove
The midnight deeds of Herbert Hoove....
'Twas back in 1901.
The Boxer War was scarcely done
When Hoover, with intent malign,
Sneaked in and stole a Chinese mine.
He stole it from a Chink named Chang
And cleared a million for his gang. . . .

(His tale's interrupted. An Old-Fashioned Dame with old-fashioned hair

(*Continued on page 54*)

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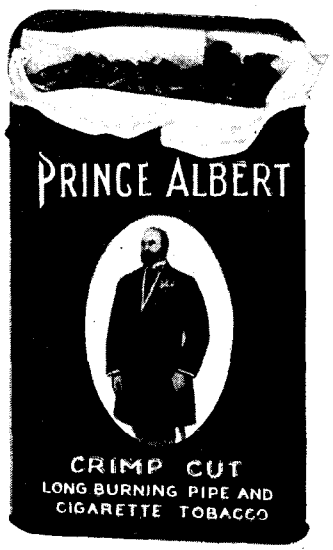
I'll make a prediction

FROM the first pipe-load, you'll be boosting P. A. like a small boy bragging about his dad. That's my prediction. I started smoking and talking P. A. about the time pet dogs were being named for Admiral Peary. Good old Prince Albert and I have been pulling in double harness ever since.

I like to turn back the lid on a tidy red tin and whet my smoke-appetite with that P. A. aroma. Gently I pack a load into my pipe. Then a match sets that P. A. flavor to work. Cool as a wind-blown derby rolling down the street. Sweet as retrieving it without a dent.

A pipe and P. A. keep the smile-works running like a clock. And I have mine going from early a. m. till the end of the day. Mellow, mild, long-burning tobacco with a rich, tasty body that never wears off on the edge. That's what you want in a pipe. That's what you *get* with P. A. Try it!



Here you are, Men, TWO full ounces of top-notch pipe-joy.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Stallings' signal system was ruined, and no wonder. The Braves were hypnotized by the fair

Aided by a fan, McGraw dodges testimonials in the City of Brotherly Love

Grand-Stand Girls

By AL DEMAREE

Illustrated by the Author

Women and baseball don't mix well—and here are some stories to prove it. It's big-league stuff served up by a former pitcher of the Giants

ONE evening, after a game in St. Louis, ten years or so ago, George Stallings and eight or ten of his Boston Braves were seated in front of their hotel talking "serious baseball."

"I can't understand why we're not winning," fumed George. "We haven't got a great ball club, but we've got good pitching and good defensive players. It's a smart ball club too, and we're hitting the ball. Why can't we win. What's the answer?"

Just then a bell hop came along bawling: "A call for Mr. Maranville! Calling Mr. Maranville!"

"Rabbit" Maranville got up and left.

Baseball Daisies vs. Dick Smiths

STALLINGS was silent a while, musing. Presently another bell hop came along shouting, "Calling Mr. Smith! Calling Mr. Smith!"

Mr. Smith got up and left too.

A few minutes later again, "A call for Mr. Wilson! Calling Mr. Wilson!"

Mr. Wilson got up and left.

The performance continued until all of the players had left except Jack Slattery. Turning to him, Stallings remarked, "There's the answer, women!"

Women have been making big inroads into sport, but baseball always has been and always will be a man's game—more or less! It is not a woman's sport, and for that reason wherever the ladies intrude they usually cause trouble.

More than one ball club has been ruined by cliques started by wives of ball players talking in the stands. One wife says to another, "Who was that swell-lookin' doll I saw your husband out with last night?" That sort of thing starts trouble. Jealousies over salaries start more. A pitcher's wife raps the wife of an infielder who fumbles and loses a game for her husband, and then the fun begins.

Players' wives often overhear scandalous talk about their husbands among the fans during the game, and, true or untrue, these bits of gossip often start domestic complications which ruin the effectiveness of a player. Sometimes this talk is true, but usually it isn't.

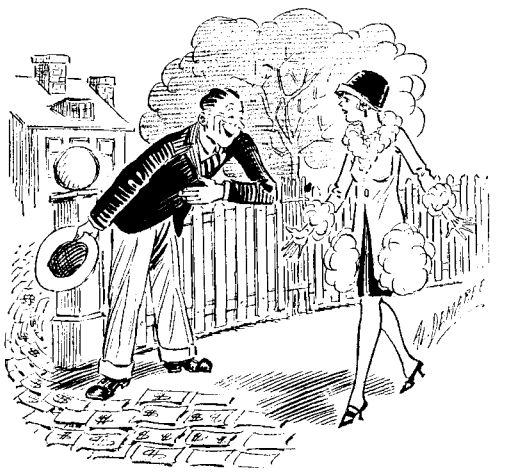
The wife of Otie ("Doc") Crandall, the old New York Giant pitcher, was sitting in the stand one day during a game in which "Doc" was being hit hard, when she overheard a fan say, "How can Doc expect to pitch today? He was out with me all night. We were in a saloon together until four o'clock this morning. How can you expect him to pitch today?"

Now, "Doc" had been at home with his wife that evening, and Mrs. Crandall became so infuriated that she promptly smashed the fan over the head with her umbrella!

There always will be female nuts who follow ball clubs. There is a schoolteacher in the Coast League who spends her vacation following the home-town ball club on its road trips. The "Two Little Girls in Blue" used to follow the Giants year after year around the circuit. Nobody knew who they were, but they were so loyal that "Chief" Meyers once suggested, sarcastically, that they be voted a share of the Giants' world-series split.

Sadie Isaacs I'll never forget. She was one of these girls who are nuts about ball players. She was always coming down to talk to the boys by the dugout. Once, when the Giants were mobbed in Philadelphia, she escorted John McGraw to the depot under her umbrella, which protected him from a hail of sticks and stones. "I'm here," said Sadie, to McGraw's deep embarrassment as tin cans and tomatoes crashed against her umbrella, "and I'm going to take care of you!"

Sometimes a girl who has an eye for the bright lights is known as the "fifth pitcher" of the club, because she takes the hurlers of the visiting club out for a round of the cabarets at night, and they are not as effective as usual in the game the next day.



"See, dear, you're walking on velvet"

Certain pitchers never win in certain towns because of these "baseball daisies," as Wilbert Robinson used to call them. "There's always a baseball daisy," he maintained. "Every town has one."

These baseball daisies are most effective against the "Dick Smiths" of the club. Every ball club has a Dick Smith; some of them have more than one. A Dick Smith is a fellow whose social life is a mystery. Most of the players go out two or three together, but the Dick Smiths, or "loners," work by themselves. Nobody ever gets anything on them.

There probably was a fellow named Dick Smith once who was like that and he started the name.

Wifely Spys are Useful

AT NIGHT, in the hotel, some ball player will say, "Where're you going?"

"Oh," the Dick Smith will say, "I'm just going out to the movies. I'll be back in a minute." Or maybe he'll say, "Going out to some relatives. Won't be back to the hotel tonight. Muss up my bed, will you?"

Ball players planning to be out all night usually ask their pals to muss up their beds so the trainer and manager will think they have been in.

George Stallings once remarked when a fellow kept telling him about "relatives," "I never knew a guy with so many big-league relatives as you got. None of 'em live in the minors, do they?"

Women, of course, are not always entirely a hindrance in baseball. Occasionally they are useful at the ball park as well as ornamental.

In some parks the wives of the players can sit near enough the visitors' bench to overhear the talk of the players. A man will come in from bat and remark, "He's puttin' the first one over," or, "He's usin' nothin' but fast ones." Then the wives will fix up a note and send it by a boy, who will crawl under the stand and slip it to the manager of their team.

Ball players think that when a player gets married in the playing season he has bad luck. Erskine Mayer of the Phillies started out one year with eight or nine (*Continued on page 36*)

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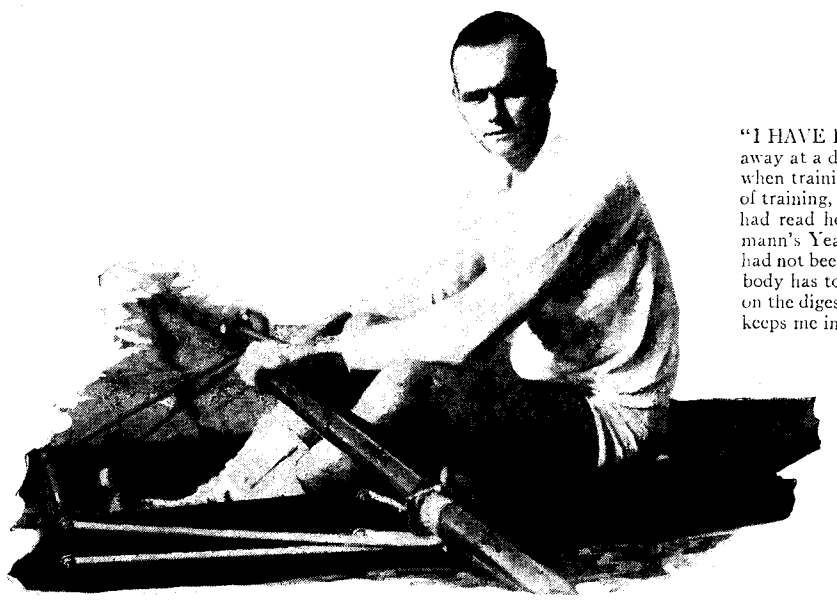


Berkeley, Calif.

"I HAVE ROWED on the Varsity crew here for three years. Plugging away at a difficult engineering course all year, I was never in good shape when training began. And for several seasons, particularly at the height of training, I had a tendency towards indigestion and skin disorders . . . I had read how members of other university teams were eating Fleischmann's Yeast, so I gave it a try. Skeptical at first, I soon saw its value had not been over-rated . . . When in training for any strenuous sport, the body has to take in large quantities of food, which throws a great strain on the digestive system. I have found that a few cakes of Yeast each day keeps me in shape for a hard day's grind and clears up my skin."

C. PETER DE JONGE, JR.

"My friend's spectacular recovery convinced me"

Cleveland, Ohio

"My proficiency in sports would reach the point where I was becoming interested in a game —when something would happen. An attack of indigestion. A cold. Or a spell of headaches . . . Naturally I was discouraged.

"The remarkable experience of a friend of mine converted me to Fleischmann's Yeast. Given up as a hopeless case, my friend gained almost complete recovery through eating Yeast.

"So I began eating it. In a few months my indigestion had vanished and my complexion—formerly marred with pimples—had become remarkably clear.

"No longer delicate, I am now playing tennis with real enthusiasm." LAURETTA BUEHNER

MISS LAURETTA BUEHNER, *of Cleveland, Ohio.*
Read her letter at left

(LEFT) *New York City*

"I AM ENGAGED IN WRITING a biography of the divine Sarah Bernhardt. All my life I had admired her. Finally in 1913 I met her, and later was asked to serve as her press representative, in which capacity I continued for a time.

"My seemingly endless task is a terrific drain on my vitality. I find that eating several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day fortifies me and gives me the needed stamina for my writing. I first learned of this valuable health practice from a young lady of the cast when I was on the road, acting in Shakespearian rôles in other strenuous days.

"I now eat Yeast regularly—I wouldn't be without it for a single day!"

ARTHUR W. ROW

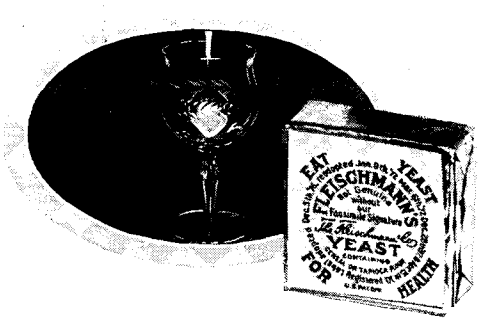
DRUGS and cathartics bring but temporary relief at best. That is why doctors are urging the natural corrective *food*—fresh yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast is as fresh as any garden vegetable.

Gently, naturally, it rouses the muscles of your intestine, softens accumulated food wastes, speeds up elimination. The poisons of constipation no longer flood your system. As a result, your digestion improves, your old appetite returns. Your complexion, too—now clear, fresh —reflects your new-found vigor and health.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in any cool, dry place. Also, write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. E-56, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

Health you admire—*this simple way*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit. As you are benefited by eating Yeast you can gradually discontinue dangerous, habit-forming cathartics.



Denver, Colo.

"HAVING A LITTLE DAUGHTER with such a happy, sunny disposition is a genuine joy. My only worry was that for a while she suffered from constipation.

"At the suggestion of a friend I started giving her Fleischmann's Yeast every day, dissolved in warm milk. The Yeast entirely overcame her trouble and she has since known nothing but perfect health. This year she entered school with a high average for her physical condition. But I still give her Yeast daily, as insurance for future years of health and happiness.

"My husband and I, too, have a reputation among our friends as examples of excellent health. We attribute something of this —our freedom from colds, for example—to the fact that we follow my doctor's advice and eat Fleischmann's Yeast as a preventive measure." MRS. YALE L. WRIGHT

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Patience

A Short Short Story

Said the condescending Miss Simmons to the seedy one, "Mr. Heminway will see you now"

By FREDERICK SKERRY

Illustrated by SAM BROWN

WANTED—A man for a lucrative position on staff of nationally known corporation. Must be persevering and resourceful. Apply in person no later than 8 A. M. Tuesday, at 1732 Arcade Building.

WHEN, in reply to this advertisement which appeared in two metropolitan dailies of large circulation, the man with the greasy derby entered the office of the Pactolus Development Company it was a few minutes after eight, and ten men all but filled the two heavy oak benches and the half dozen oak chairs which stood against the walls of the room. At his entrance the blond stenographer looked up from her desk by the window and nodded indifferently to one of the benches on which there was still room for another sitter. The newcomer glanced around at the silent, staring ten and took the seat, his faded, greasy derby in his lap.

Of them all he seemed least interested, least expectant. His clothing and his spirit might have been worn by countless hours of such waiting as this.

But he sat at ease, his legs crossed with a carelessness which drew up one trousers leg in wrinkles and showed a dingy sock corrugated to his shoe top; he seemed to be inured to waiting, to know the futility of unwarranted expectancy. There was in his eyes, which he kept fixedly on nothing, a certain expression of boredom, a cynical unbelief in the signs and omens which animated hope in the human breast.

At nine o'clock a young sheik, with black hair marcelled into glistening ridges, rose from his chair and strolled over to the blond stenographer.

"Say, kid," he drawled, bestowing upon her a languishing gaze, "how long we gotta wait here?"

The girl's contemptuous glance raked him from top to toe. "Mr. Heminway's not in yet," she condescended to reply.

"Yeah? But the ad said eight o'clock."

The girl lifted a thin shoulder. "Well, nobody'll stop you if you try to leave. I wouldn't keep Mr. Morgan waiting, if I was you."

At 9:30 Mr. T. Dexter Heminway emerged from an elevator and strode ponderously along the corridor. Stopping at a door the glass panel of which contained only the number 1733, he glanced swiftly up and down the corridor. There was no one in sight, and he unlocked the door and went in.

Hanging an expensive Panama hat on a brass-fitted mahogany pole, he looked around at the costly hired scenery, and touched a button on his desk.

The blond stenographer left a suddenly electrical gathering in the next room and appeared smiling.

"Good morning, Miss Simmons!" he said in a thick oily voice, as he ran through a pile of unopened letters. "Any applicants outside?"

"Yes, sir. Eleven of them."

"Good!" T. Dexter Heminway's ruddy visage spread in a wide smile, as he let an expert eye rove over Miss Simmons' trim figure. "Now," he went on, "I'll be very busy for a while. I'll ring when I'm ready."

The Pactolus Development Company was the latest of T. Dexter Heminway's ingenious schemes for keeping his corpulent person in the greatest luxury at the cost of the least exertion. It was a brand-new company, and, as usual, its employees would be new; Mr. Heminway believed that what people did not know of they could not talk about; hence, former employment by Mr. Heminway was the greatest possible bar to repeated services.

HE LIKED to engage men who needed money, so that his generous salaries were in the nature of a godsend, not to be jeopardized by finicky ideas or scruples. And T. Dexter Heminway paid generously for services. In the nature of things, he could afford to pay well: he never had to pay for long. Always, sooner or later, there came a time when his employees, having gone home secure in a job the night before, discovered themselves jobless in the morning—and almost anybody in the office, except T. Dexter Heminway.

At eleven o'clock, having read the paper through and smoked two excellent cigars, Mr. Heminway rang the buzzer.

"Are they all there still?" he inquired of the immediately responsive Miss Simmons.

"Three left about fifteen minutes ago." Miss Simmons smiled reminiscently at the sheik, who had been the first to leave.

T. Dexter Heminway sorrowfully shook his head. "Patience, Miss Simmons," he said unctuously, his hands folded on an unwrinkled curve of waistcoat, "is really a virtue." He sighed. "Well, I can't see anyone yet. If any of them ask, just say that I'm extremely busy—if they ask, you understand."

Miss Simmons nodded understandingly and left T. Dexter Heminway busily opening his neglected mail.

THE twelve-o'clock whistles were signals for the disgruntled departure of four more applicants from the other office. Besides the man with the greasy derby, there remained but three young men who, with their chances increased by a reduction in number, still persisted, lulled almost to somnolence by monotonous clacking of Miss Simmons' machine.

At one o'clock they too left.

They did not dream that the large and immaculate gentleman who descended in the elevator with them was he to whom they had made a gift of some five hours of their time. But it was the Pactolus Development Company himself. T. Dexter Heminway's capacious stomach was synchronized with one o'clock.

When, an hour later, flushed and contented from an elaborate luncheon, he quietly slipped into his private office the man with the greasy derby still waited on his bench.

T. Dexter Heminway, a fragrant blue cloud from his cigar enveloping his imposing person, rang for Miss Simmons.

"Any left out there?" he asked when she stood before his desk.

"Only one," she replied, with a smile which was meant to be alluring.

"There! You see, Miss Simmons? Patience! That man *needs* a job, and his patience has accomplished something. The others—pah! Well, send him in."

Holding open the communicating door, Miss Simmons said, "Mr. Heminway will see you now."

The man rose wearily, stretched himself, and sloughed into the private office. T. Dexter Heminway's observant eyes narrowed slightly at his untidy dress. A little older than he liked them too. But he would do—and clothes might be bought.

"Mr. Heminway?" the man hesitated, one swift glance taking in the imposing proprietor.

"Yes," replied Mr. Heminway in his most businesslike tone as he drew a gold pencil from a pocket of his bulging waistcoat. "What's your name?"

The man was reaching into an inside pocket of his coat. "Spade," he said, "John Spade." And he passed to Mr. Heminway a long, plain envelope.

T. Dexter took it frowningly; he was not interested in recommendations. Moreover, he was disconcerted by seeing John Spade turn on his heel.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed, perplexedly fumbling with the envelope. "What's this?"

"Wait!" snorted Spade derisively. "What for? I've waited six hours now." Then he added over his shoulder, as he opened the door. "That's a summons."

In recognition of Miss Simmons' frank gaze of inquiry he bent over her desk. "You have to be patient in this game, sister," he grinned.

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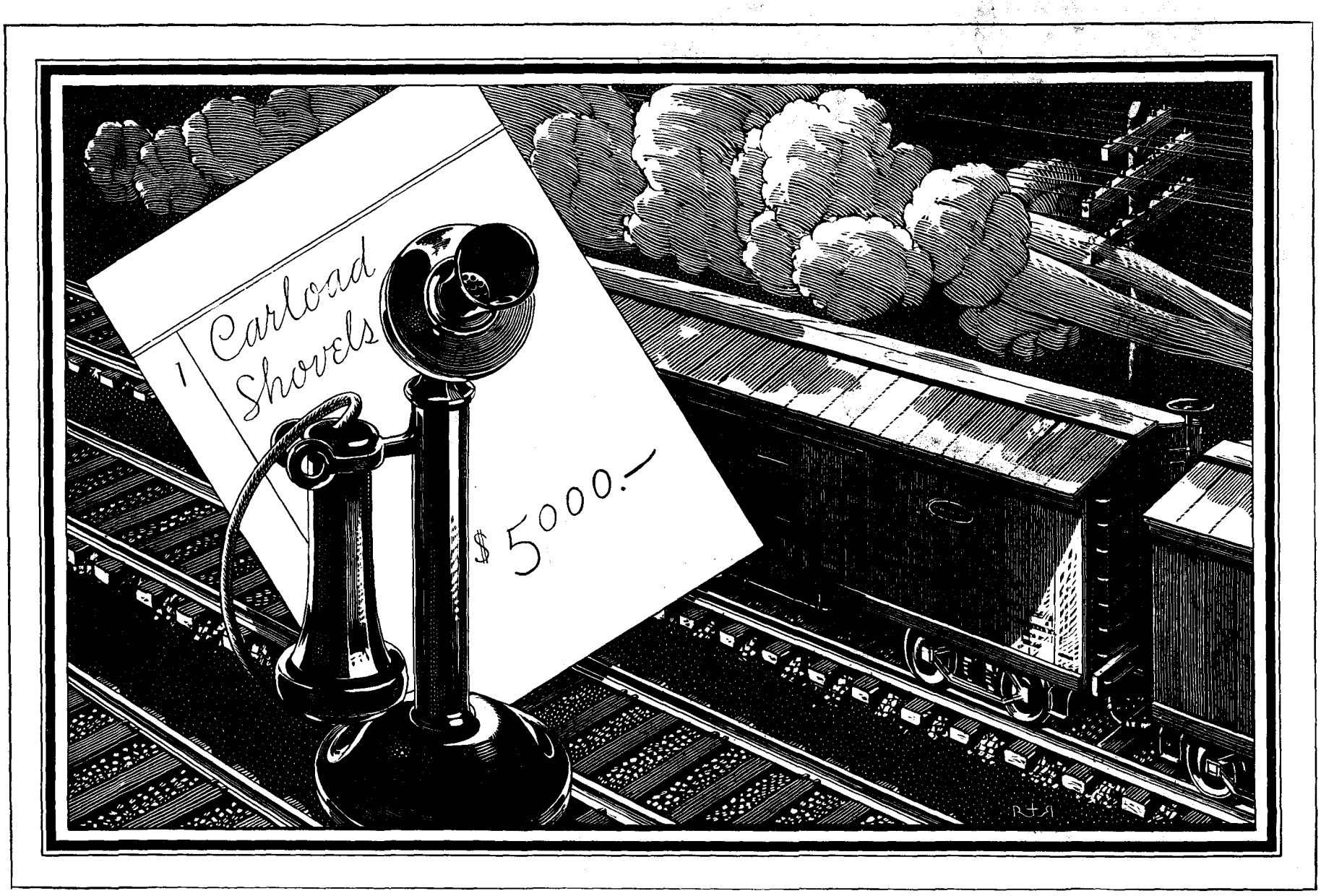
Called on him for 3 years
Then, a $5000 order by Telephone



An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

The sales manager of a West Virginia tool company made personal calls upon a Cincinnati jobber for three years—without making a sale. Then one day he learned that a large job of work was to be started. He instantly called the jobber by Long Distance. Sold him a carload of shovels. Amount of the order, $5000. Telephone charge, $1.30.

In the packing industry, reams of correspondence are often exchanged before specifications can be agreed upon. In a 10-minute telephone conversation, an Austin, Minnesota, firm took a 5-carload order and laid the groundwork for future shipments of half a million pounds. The new customer was 1500 miles away.

A Cedar Rapids insurance man had learned to use Long Distance while in the coal business. Each week from his desk he calls an average of 20 of his salesmen. "It enables me to talk to them just as well as if I visited them in person." In five years, his annual business has increased from one million to five and a half million dollars.

What long distance calls could you profitably make now? They are inexpensive. New station to station day rates are: San Francisco to New York, $9. Pittsburgh to Boston, $2.20. Chicago to Detroit, $1.35. Newark to Philadelphia, 60c. . . . . Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

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The Thunder God

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

By PETER B. KYNE

"Julie, you come with me. A kitchen is the best place I know of to get acquainted"

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but, during the war, marries Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer, cold and calculating. He is a scientist to whom money means nothing but opportunity, his ambition being to harness the lightning for the benefit of mankind.

Julian inherits from his Uncle Jarlath more than $600,000; and he and Ben Whitton, his closest friend, form a partnership, telling Mercedes nothing about the inheritance because Julian wants to use it for experiments and realizes Mercy's extravagant ideas. He arranges a trust fund for her in case of his death.

Ben and Julian are driving one Sunday when another car runs into them. Ben sees that Mercy and Jake Brander are in the other car and, pretending to be hurt, urges Julian on to fighting Brander, thereby giving Mercy a chance to get away.

Later Brander's wife tries to make trouble; but Ben, impersonating Julian, calms her down and assures her that the friendship will not continue. Then Ben gives Mercy her orders.

Julian knows nothing of this friendship of Mercy's and is still in love with his wife, though he half unconsciously realizes her shallowness.

Leaving Mercy behind, Ben and Julian go to Ben's apartment, where Ben is having a party, the guests including Gloria and her mother.

AS BEN WHITTON stirred cocktails in a silver bucket he beamed brightly upon his guests, observing that Julian Grannis was, for the moment, a fair imitation of his old, sunny, care-free self. What charm the old boy possessed! Ben, who had the sort of charm which is not readily observable—the sort, rather, that one has to excavate to find—was inordinately proud of his friend and fiercely resentful of those who seemed not to appreciate him. Gloria Justin and her mother appeared to be appreciating him now; he knew Julie was happy in renewing his contact with them, and he hoped nobody else would drop in casually, as usual, to disrupt this pleasant little party.

How strange life was! Ben reflected. Here were the Jacob Branders, the Grannises, Gloria and himself all more or less sentimentally connected and all more or less unhappy about it; with the exception of Julie, who, by all the rights of common sense, should be the unhappiest of all. Nevertheless the idiot was floating in a seventh heaven of bliss. Ben couldn't quite understand him. He knew that men and women capable of capturing a great joy are, conversely, capable of capturing a great sorrow. Apparently, Julie had not as yet captured either, and was in a sort of agreeable limbo, ready to pop to heaven or hell as his destiny might decide; but in the interim resolutely resolved to make the best of everything.

Ben stirred the ice mechanically, his thoughts on Mercy Grannis and Mrs. Jake Brander. He compared the two women. To the world Mercy would inevitably at first sight be decreed a lady. She possessed that fastidious nature which caused her to revolt against the commonplace; she had everything save sincerity and sympathy. Mrs. Brander, on the other hand, was obviously at first sight not a lady. Nevertheless Ben had liked her. She was not in revolt against the commonplace; she possessed a certain belligerency; she was tactless. But she did possess a rough understanding that might predicate sympathy. At any rate, she appeared to understand her husband and, to a certain extent, excuse his lapses from the code of conventionality. And she was sincere. Ben held that one could always recognize sincerity in a silent handshake.

HE GLANCED covertly at Gloria. Not pretty, not beautiful, but—lovely! Gloria had the charm that comes of high intelligence, of instinctive balance, of sincerity, sympathy and understanding. She had a broad sense of equity; she was brave—too brave and too fine to be catty. She was what Ben called a handsome woman, in that she had a fine skin, regular features, beautiful hair and beautiful eyes and teeth. A good listener too: quiet without being mousy, possessed of a sense of humor that kept in her fine eyes a perpetual little smile. A sizeable woman too. Ben was intolerant of little, ultrafeminine, 110-pound women, as a rule; indeed, he was a trifle afraid of them. As he looked at Gloria he saw she had eyes for no one in the room save Julie; she hung upon his lightest word, a faint flush suffused her cheeks; he saw that her hands were trembling faintly.

Damnation! Oh, why had that ass Julie rejected this prize that had always been his for the asking? Ben's heart ached for her. He wanted her to be happy. Once he had had a sneaking idea that he would like to be the man to make her happy, but with his rare sense of perception he had realized in time that he could never possibly be aught to her save a friend. Affection she would always grant him, but never the love his silent, repressed nature craved. Without envy or jealousy, without remorse for what might have been, he had stifled his dreams with the same ruthlessness he would have manifested in passing upon an engineering problem he could not afford to sponsor. Yes, he was engineer-trained to look facts in the face and act accordingly.

Curiously enough, from his renunciation he had gleaned a species of sad joy. He was a man who, in the parlance of the West, always let the tail go with the hide; he was incapable of a half-sacrifice or a sacrifice with reservations. There were no ifs in his contracts. If he couldn't be happy himself, he greatly desired happiness for others, particularly to those dear to him. Nor could he give his deepest friendship to one he did not greatly admire; once having given of it, his first thought was to cherish that which he was awarded in exchange.

Both Julie and Gloria were very fond of him, and in his curious, silent way he felt grateful to them for this, as if, indeed, he were the recipient of something he did not remotely deserve; that they should show a marked preference for his society was always provocative of faint wonder!

His heart held two emotions now—sympathy for Gloria and a subdued rage at Julie. What an omelette the man had made of both their lives! Yet today it had been in Ben Whitton's power to have unscrambled that omelette! All he had to do would have been to sit still and be stupid; nature would have taken her inevitable course, and when at last the dust had settled Julie might have been free. Of course he would have suffered dreadfully, and because of that Ben had interjected himself into the affair. Julie was still mad about his wife; he had to be protected.

Well, the woman was worse than a fool, and Ben was sufficiently worldly-wise to know that nobody can protect

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What Gift will recall this scene eventful years from now?

WHERE will her diploma be? Rolled away in a corner of the cedar chest.

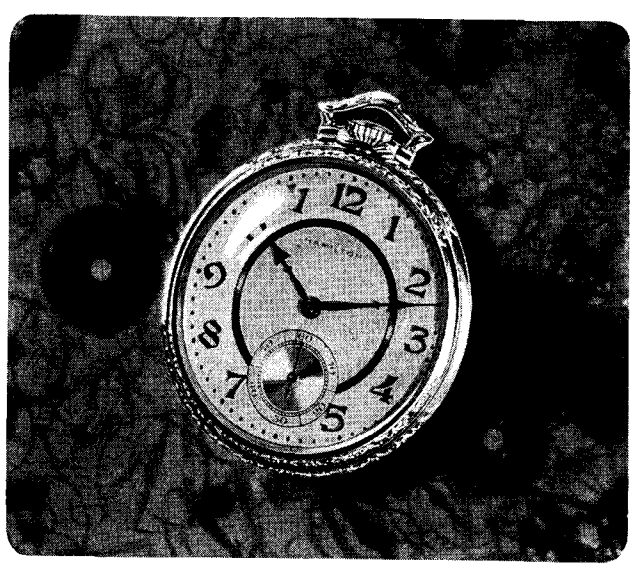
And where will his fraternity pin be? Dropped . . . long since . . . into the jewelry case of the girl who became his wife.

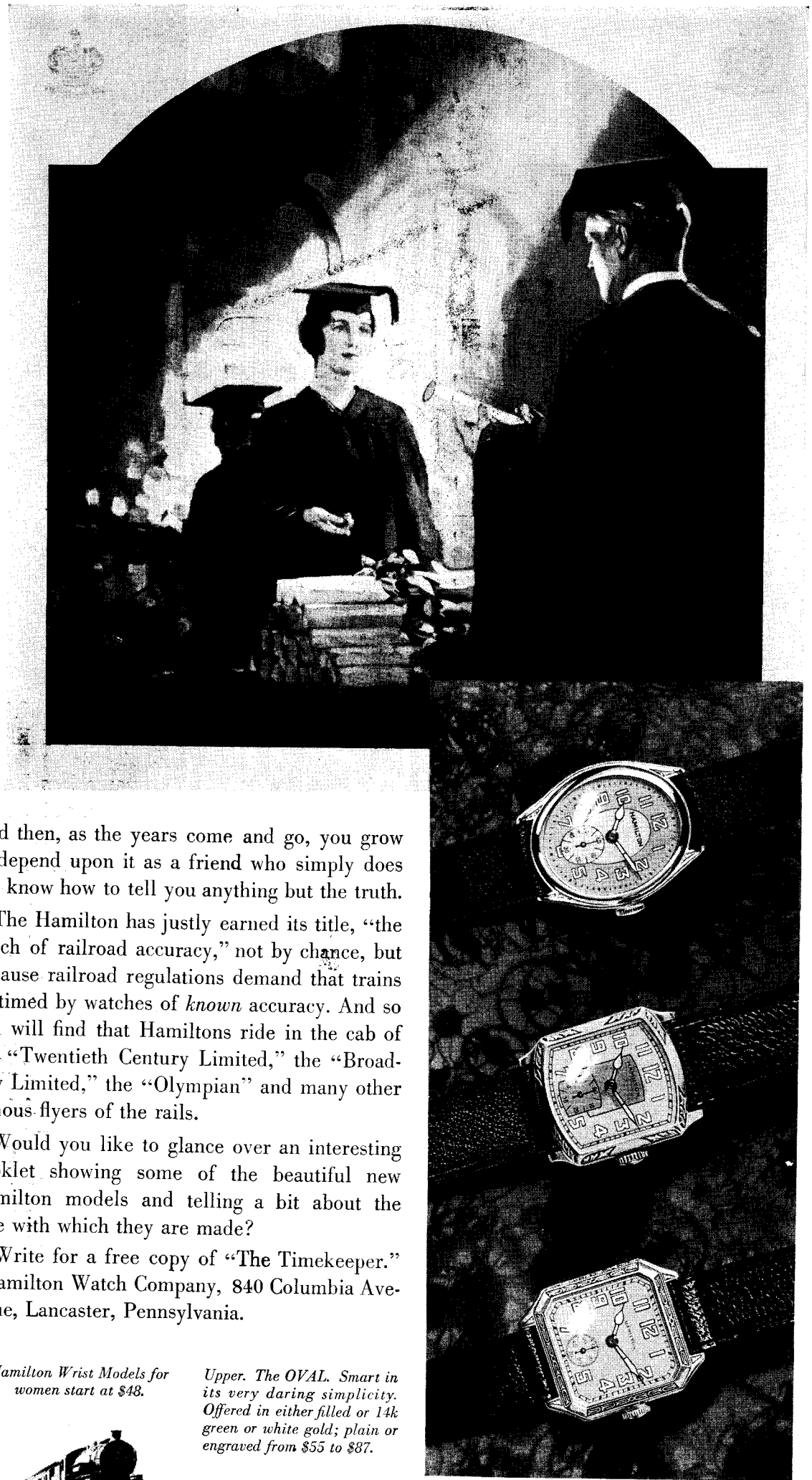
What definite remembrance will this young man and this young woman still carry when, for instance, the class of 1948 come forward for *their* degrees?

If a Hamilton Watch accompanies the young graduate down from the platform, it will be looked at not once but a dozen times every single day.

Often it will recall this scene. Always the wearer will know accurately, exactly, confidently —just what time it is.

There is a thrill in first possessing a Hamilton that the wearer never does quite get over. At first its accuracy seems nothing short of amazing.





And then, as the years come and go, you grow to depend upon it as a friend who simply does not know how to tell you anything but the truth.

The Hamilton has justly earned its title, "the watch of railroad accuracy," not by chance, but because railroad regulations demand that trains be timed by watches of *known* accuracy. And so you will find that Hamiltons ride in the cab of the "Twentieth Century Limited," the "Broadway Limited," the "Olympian" and many other famous flyers of the rails.

Would you like to glance over an interesting booklet showing some of the beautiful new Hamilton models and telling a bit about the care with which they are made?

Write for a free copy of "The Timekeeper." Hamilton Watch Company, 840 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Hamilton Wrist Models for women start at $48.

THE BRUNSWICK. Designed for the man who likes a reasonable degree of richness in the engraving of his watch. In 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown $112 to $172. Other beautiful Hamiltons at $48 up.

Upper. The OVAL. Smart in its very daring simplicity. Offered in either filled or 14k green or white gold; plain or engraved from $55 to $87.

Center. The TONNEAU. There's a hint of tomorrow in the design of this mannish strap. In either filled or 14k green or white gold. Plain or engraved from $55 to $87.

Lower. The SQUARE. A shape in increasing favor. Can be had in a plain or engraved case of 14k green or white gold. $55 to $87.

Hamilton

THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy

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THE PRESIDENT COUNTS COUPONS

"*HOW MANY* coupons came in from our April page?" Coupon returns are only part proof of a magazine's advertising worth —editorial quality, circulation growth and "advertising visibility" are even more important.

But some advertisers use coupon returns as tentative marks by which to judge the drift of advertising value.

Apropos of this, the president of a company which depends entirely on advertising to make sales, writes about Collier's—

> "As you know our company has been built solely upon the pulling power of its advertisements in standard magazines and newspapers throughout the country. Therefore we have to keep an accurate check on coupon results.
>
> "A careful survey of these results which we have just completed shows that our second advertisement in Collier's Weekly produced more sales and *more profit* than any other advertisement we have ever run in any other publication—and this covers a very wide field.
>
> "This confirms my belief that Collier's is the fastest growing magazine in the country today."

Other advertisers use different arguments in pointing to Collier's as the most *active magazine* and the *fastest producer*. They speak of its lively editorial character. Or talk about editorial response—and cite, for example, more than 1,169,000 Nameographs sent in by Collier's readers in six months—the greatest response in publishing history. Or they dwell on its circulation growth—over 600,000 new readers in less than three years.

But whichever way you test Collier's unique quality of ACTION, try this as final—read it for a month and let your own interest be the judge.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Collier's ~ for ACTION"

Now more than 1,600,000

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She saw that she had him terrified and continued to batter him ruthlessly

a fool indefinitely. He knew Mercedes was slowly killing her husband's love; that secretly she despised him for a dreamer, a weakling; that she resented his inability to fight his way to a place in the sun with other men, but more than that she resented his sublime indifference to the competition. Well, perhaps Mercy might succeed in alienating Julie's love sooner than he, Ben, suspected, and in that event, whatever happened to the Grannises could not be conducive of incurable heartbreak. It would be a nine days' wonder; then Julie would gather himself together, so to speak, and proceed to rehabilitate his life. And then—Gloria might catch him on the rebound!

WELL, Ben would hope so, at any rate. That would be best for them both. A little happiness, delayed in transit, he reflected, is better than a lifelong sense of deprivation, a never-ending regret for lost opportunities . . . the biggest and ripest strawberries are always found at the top of the box, but they are seldom the sweetest.

Julie was speaking. He was talking shop. Ben ground his teeth. The man's profession—his fantastic dreams of success in solving vast problems connected with it—were never far from the tip of his agile tongue. What did these women know—or care—for such profound twaddle? And then he saw that Gloria was interested; that her interest showed in her eyes; not for a ripe peach would she have interrupted. . . .

The doorbell rang, and the arrival of half a dozen of Ben's friends interrupted further exposition of Julie's plan to produce synthetic thunderbolts. Introductions, cocktails, tamales, beer and conversation followed. Ben was busy with his guests and had no further time for reflection.

"A man is so helpless without a woman to manage his parties," Gloria protested. "Shall I be mamma, Ben?"

"Do, please," he pleaded. "There'll be chaos in the kitchen if you do not."

Julie dashed over to them. "I'll help," he volunteered.

"You'll only constitute yourself a nuisance, Julie, old son."

"He'll not," said Gloria decisively. "Julie, you come with me. A kitchen is the best place I know of to get acquainted—and Julie and I are getting acquainted again."

Ben's inscrutable gaze caught hers and held it for a moment. Then he nodded—briefly and understandingly—and Gloria blushed. She thrust her hand out suddenly and captured his huge index finger; she came close to him and whispered: "Something has happened, Ben. He isn't himself. He's worried and unhappy. Let me work on him."

He nodded affirmatively, and a small lump rose in his throat. How the devil did Gloria know something had happened? He hadn't told her. And how the devil did she know Julie was worried and unhappy? Ben had been watching the man and would have sworn Julie hadn't been so happy, so utterly at ease, so childishly content in three years. And yet Gloria knew . . . well, the ways of women were beyond him. Did Mercedes ever know when her husband's mental thermometer was below zero? Or didn't she care?

THEY had a buffet supper, the guests, assisted by Ben, Julie and Gloria, helping themselves. It was a delightful evening, for Ben always selected his friends with fine discrimination. The wit, the merriment, the bright—at times brilliant—conversation, the songs, the food, all captivated Julie. He expanded.

It had been so long since he had met the sort of people his lonely heart yearned for. It occurred to him, with the impact of a savage blow, that he had been socially and intellectually starved for a long, long time, but almost instantly he was ashamed of the thought because it implied disloyalty to his wife.

At 10:30 Ben sent him home in a taxi with Gloria and her mother, and stood at the window watching them roll down the street. The evening had been a success. His friends had enjoyed themselves and each other, and he had enjoyed them all. Good thing for Julie to meet people again. How the old boy had expanded! When Julie told some whimsical tale of men he had met, of their experiences or his own, Ben had observed that the other guests paid him the tribute of silence and eager appreciation. Julie told a story wonderfully . . . excellent choice of words, never halting, never commonplace, always witty without seeming to strain for it, never striving to captivate.

"I JUMPED him out of himself, I think—or perhaps Gloria did. How she loves him—and he doesn't even suspect it! Well, never you mind, Glory, dear. I'm out to make you happy. . . something tells me I'll succeed yet. . . ."

He changed into dressing gown and slippers, lighted his pipe and sat down before the fire to dream. Suddenly the doorbell rang. His Chinese servant had long since retired, so Ben opened the door himself. Julie had returned.

"I observed, Ben, that you have a guest chamber, so I thought I'd come back and sleep here tonight," he announced in his casual way.

"There's a dressing robe and slippers in the closet, old son. I have some extra pipes."

When Julie returned to the living-room he said, apropos of nothing, "Lordy, Ben, but you live a happy life."

Ben Whitton had an inspired thought: "I suppose Mercedes made a number of dear friends in Los Angeles and will go down to visit them, I daresay, from time to time. When she does, move your little tin trunk and your old straw suit case over here and enjoy yourself until her return."

"I will. Isn't Gloria the most wonderful woman you ever met, Ben?"

"I don't know." Whitton's deep voice rumbled out almost complainingly. "She's a dear, nice girl, of course, but I can't say I ever thought of her as wonderful. Good home type. Make a man more comfortable than most, I imagine."

"You're a confirmed bachelor, Ben—iconoclastic, selfish and with as much appreciation of a really extraordinary woman as a bear might have." Julie was almost vindictive. "There you sit, the embodiment of contentment—"

"And there you sit, the embodiment of discontent and unhappiness, trapped like a damned rat," Ben roared at him. "You're a pussyfooter, a slave, a sidestepper, without backbone, without liberty, without choice in anything: lonely, starved for human society and unable to get it. You dwell in an atmosphere of politeness, of cold sunlight; you put up with things rather than change them by a brutal and ferocious insistence on your rights. You're henpecked, and you're here with me tonight because you're afraid to go home. If you had any brains, you'd divorce Mercedes and marry Gloria Justin. You were a dog to turn her down in the first place."

"I—I—we were never engaged," Julie pleaded. Ben's outburst had overwhelmed him.

"There are certain rare souls who do not have to go through the mummery of an engagement. To the devil with that old chatter of a formal courtship, a formal proposal, a formal acceptance, a formal marriage and a formal formless married life thereafter. You love Gloria. She loves you. You went away and forgot her and in a moment of sticky, sickly, horrible, drippy sentimentality—when your mind and your body were at the zero hour of resistance—you married this fiddling woman who, from the very start, has juggled you as awkwardly as a bear cub juggles nine hazelnuts, and you haven't even discovered it as yet.

"Loyalty! Loyalty! With you loyalty amounts to a positive vice. Giving and never taking, bending and never breaking, working and never saving, talking and never saying anything, growing old and unhappy and all the old chores to do, over and over and over, until at last you lie down and hold your peace while your widow proceeds to Europe on your life insurance. Doesn't life mean anything to you, Julie, you *poor*, abandoned waif? Doesn't it ever occur to you—

"Sorry, Julie. I've talked too much. Premature explosion. Forgive me."

His great hand went out and touched his friend's knee in a sort of gentle accolade.

"Nothing to forgive, old son. Can't read a man out of the party for telling the truth—and one's friends seldom tell one what's happening until after the crash. . . . Yes, I'm afraid to go home. I've forgotten things for a little while tonight—people always dislike leaving the spot where they've been happy: they always like to come back. Perfectly natural, you know. . . . So you don't like Mercedes?"

"I loathe admitting it, but I do not. She doesn't like me. It's a social gap that can't be bridged—so hereafter, Julie, when you yearn to wallow in the mud of my presence, you'll have to call on me. I made my last call on you today."

"I SUPPOSE I ought to have a falling out with you because of that last statement." Julie grinned painfully. "But that would be ruinous. I don't think I'm ever going to be very happy, but now that we understand each other so thoroughly there would be a certain amount of tautology in discussing this subject again. What puzzles me, however, is why you should be so angry with me."

"Because you're an ass!" Ben's voice was rising again.

"I know that. I think you ought to feel a little sorry for an ass. Life isn't so sweet for any of us, and—"

"And I've spoiled your little hour of sweetness. I'm sorry, Julie. Brutal of me."

Julie smiled radiantly. "No, you haven't, Ben. Nobody and nothing in the world could (*Continued on page 42*)

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Don't be fooled by "*cheap paint*" Bally-hoo

THE bally-hoo artist of the circus with his noisy bragging and vivid exaggerations is still a comparatively innocent chap.

His wild ravings about the "sword swallower" and the "fire eater" are just apple-sauce and you *know* it.

But "cheap" paint bally-hoo is far more insidious. The highly colored claims, alluring promises and low gallon price usually entice some unsuspecting, or inexperienced home owner.

He buys the "cheap" paint *in good faith* —only to find that he has been *fooled. His* losses are often tragic—a thousand times the price of a side-show ticket.

"Cheap" paint is skimped either in the *materials* or in the *making*. It *must* be to permit the *low gallon price.*

To be *really economical* paint must be made of *finest materials, which are costly.*

You Can't paint a house with

APPLESAUCE!

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, costs more per gallon. That is because it is made of *superfine materials* under supervision of the great Sherwin-Williams Paint Laboratories.

But, because of this superfine manufacture, every gallon of SWP House Paint covers *360 square feet* of surface—two coats. "Cheap" paint, cheaply made of inferior materials, covers only *250 square feet* to the gallon—two coats.

Only *7 gallons* of fine old SWP will give the average house a beautiful, rich, colorful finish. To give the same house a *cheap-looking* finish, *over 11 gallons* of "cheap" paint are usually required.

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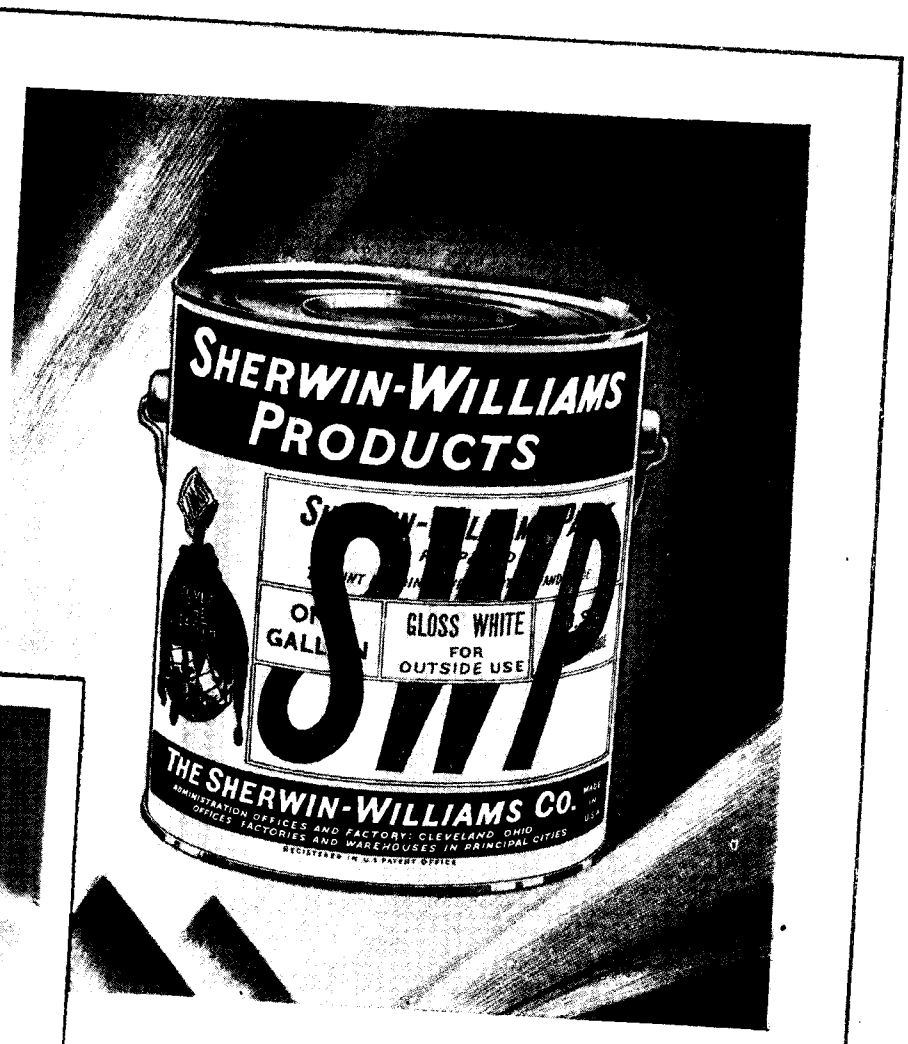

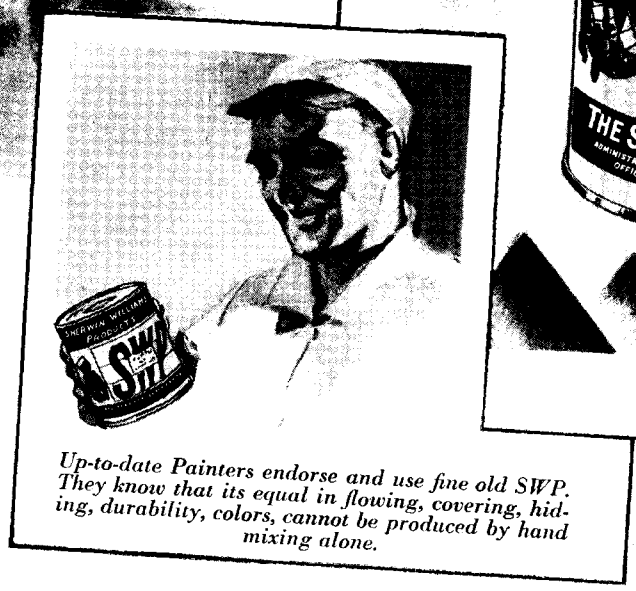

Up-to-date Painters endorse and use fine old SWP. They know that its equal in flowing, covering, hiding, durability, colors, cannot be produced by hand mixing alone.

That four gallon difference makes the "cheap" paint cost *practically the same* as SWP by the job.

But that is only the beginning.

A finish of SWP House Paint will last for five years or more.

The fragile film and wishy-washy colors of "cheap" paint deteriorate rapidly. In a five-year period you will pay two, sometimes three and even five times your original cost for repainting. This is the big expense you avoid by using fine old SWP House Paint.

The Master Touch

You may see the identical formula of fine old SWP on a "cheap" paint label. Don't let that mislead you. The two paints are still miles apart in quality. Just remember that the *quality* and *blending* of the materials is even more vital than the quantities used.

A poor quality of materials will make an inferior paint regardless of the formula.

The SWP formula has been published openly for years yet none has ever duplicated SWP House Paint.

That is because, in addition to superior materials, there is another element in SWP that can never be successfully imitated. It is the "Master Touch" of the scientific men in the Sherwin-Williams Laboratories.

These men are to paint what Edison is to electricity—what Marconi is to wireless.

Their genius shows in the superfine raw materials made by Sherwin-Williams—in the delicate, scientific *balancing* of ingredients—in the beautiful weather-proof colors—in the great power-driven mills that grind and mix SWP to creamy-smooth texture—in the critical checking and rechecking that follows each step in the process.

No "cheap" paint maker even attempts such perfection and even the most skillful cannot *duplicate* the Master Touch. It is purely *Sherwin-Williams.*

See "Paint Headquarters" and save money

Before you start any painting, varnishing, lacquering or enameling job, see your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. He is the recognized "Paint Headquarters" in your locality. Get his advice and material estimates.

If you want the name of a painter who will finish your home in SWP House Paint, write us. We will also send you literature on any paint, varnish, lacquer or enamel, and a copy of the famous Sherwin-Williams Household Painting Guide, which saves costly mistakes in painting.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
Cleveland, Ohio

Trade-mark registered

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SWP HOUSE PAINT

PAINTS · VARNISHES · LACQUERS · ENAMELS

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Cinder Burners

IT'S a great thing to beat time records in airplanes and the like. But it's a much greater thing to beat time with your own legs and heart, burning your own fuel of nerve, courage and strength to win that cup—or to catch the 8:20!

By GRANTLAND RICE

Charley Paddock has run an "official hundred" faster than anybody in the world

WHAT limit is there for human feet in covering 100 yards? Or the quarter, the half and the mile? Whatever the ultimate limit may be, Charley Paddock is among those who don't believe it has been reached to date.

Paddock ought to know something about it. He has run an "official hundred" faster than anybody in the world, and he has been beating 10 seconds over the century route for fifteen years.

In figuring what the ultimate speed limit might be, with another set of Olympic games coming on, it might be just as well to take another look at the records:

100 yards—C. W. Paddock—9½ seconds.

Quarter Mile—Ted Meredith—47⅘ seconds.

Quarter—(Straightaway) Mel Long—47 seconds.

Half Mile—Lloyd Hahn (Indoors)—1 minute 51⅘ seconds.

Half Mile—Otto Peltzer (Outdoors)—1 minute 51⅗ seconds.

Mile—Paavo Nurmi—4 minutes 10⅗ seconds.

"Can any human being develop enough speed to run 100 yards in 9 seconds flat?" I asked Paddock.

"I am pretty sure this will happen," the California flyer answered, "but it may not happen soon. I think someone will turn out 9⅕ seconds before very long."

"How do you figure this out?" I asked. "Duffy and Wefers ran the 100 in 9⅗ seconds about twenty years ago. The greatest runners in the game have been shooting at this mark year after year, and yet you are the only one who has cut it down, and your cut was only one tenth of a second. No one has yet been able to chop away a fifth of a second in twenty years. To get down to 9 flat for the 100 someone would have to cut away a full half second, which means beating your best time by over five yards. That means two strides faster than anyone has ever run before."

"Sprinting," Paddock answered, "is a peculiar game. It isn't all a matter of speed. For example, when I ran the 100 in 9½ seconds I used only two thrusts, or extra drives, down the stretch. I was afraid to use more because I wasn't sure my muscles would stand up under greater strain. I was afraid I might tear something loose; if I had been willing to gamble my future at running on one or two extra thrusts or leg drives, I believe I would have had a chance to reach 9⅕ seconds. But I might also have wrecked my legs.

Shorter Time for Longer Races

"I'LL try to explain further just what I mean. A good sprinter can turn in the hundred in 10⅕ without breathing hard. He is merely running. But when he puts on enough pressure to reach 9⅘ or 9⅗ he is about done up, temporarily. The extra leg drives that you call on take a lot out of you. Now, someone is coming along with as much speed as anyone has known to date who will also have enough leg and hip power to drive himself to the limit without cracking the machinery. He may not come along next week or next month, but he is coming along.

"He will have to have speed, power and durability combined where he can put on all possible steam without an explosion. When I ran the hundred in 9½ the muscles in my legs were quivering and jumping around for some time after, due to the pressure I had put them against.

"The greater chance for time reduction is coming in the longer races. If a man had stamina enough to run the 440 at a 10-second clip, he would be fast enough to set a record of 42⅖ seconds, which is more than 5 seconds faster than Ted Meredith's record time. No runner may be fast enough and strong enough to reach this mark, but I believe the quarter will be run some day in 46 seconds.

"Think of the number running today against the number who were running twenty years ago. Think of the number of great trainers there are now in the game where twenty years ago there were only a few. If Bobby Jones had been born in 1895 instead of 1903 he would never have got a chance to play golf until he was much older. He might have taken up some other game and never have played golf at all.

"I believe the same thing is true of the half mile. They are running the quarter today in 48 seconds. That same pace would mean 96 seconds or 1 minute 36 seconds for the half, if some runner could develop enough durability. I don't believe anyone will ever come down to this mark, but I feel sure that 1 minute 50 seconds will be beaten. The half mile will be run in 1:49 or better before many years have passed."

"What will be the limit for the mile?" I asked.

"I believe that if Nurmi had concentrated on the mile he could have run it around 4 minutes. I understand he has run the mile in practice around 4:08. At Paris Nurmi broke the Olympic 1,500-meter record. But remember that he broke this record while he was busy winning other and longer races.

"Take the case of Nurmi in that 10,000-meter struggle at the last Olympic games. Willie Ritola was out to win that day, one of the hottest days I ever felt, with the thermometer over 100. Ritola set a killing pace from the start. Nurmi hung on, but most of the others were flopping all over the course. Ten thousand meters is more than six miles, and for something like five miles Ritola held the lead, pounding along with remarkable stamina.

"With less than a mile to go Nurmi felt his legs wavering and his head getting a bit dizzy. It was a dangerous moment. But he called on his last reserve and actually sprinted by Ritola as if the stretch was in sight. Ritola was having troubles of his own at just this moment, and that sprint of Nurmi's killed him off.

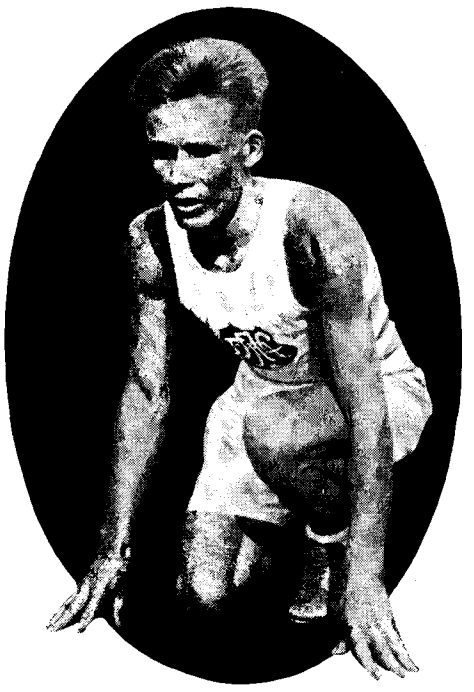
"Nurmi has such a combination of speed, stamina and smooth running style that I believe, if crowded on one of his good days, he could have run the mile close to 4 minutes. Whether he will be quite as good as his best at Amsterdam this summer no one knows. But he will be a hard man to beat in the 1,500-meter race. I know how good Hahn and Peltzer are and some of the others. But if they beat Nurmi they will have to set another world's record. They may do that and still find the Phantom Finn leading at the tape."

A New Record

WHAT is better than one's best? Paddock explains that by the case of Bud Houser in the discus. In the 1924 Olympics Houser had just one throw left. There were three Finnish flags set beyond Houser's best mark, and all three were out farther than Houser had ever thrown the discus before. Houser had been giving his best, as he thought, at other times. But he felt the time had come to give more than the best he had ever known. On his last throw he passed the leading Finn, to set a new record and to beat his previous best with something to spare.

"There are any number of great young runners coming on," Paddock continued. "We have a California schoolboy who has already done 9⅗. But these youngsters must be carefully handled. Speed is a flame that can burn one out quickly. There is a general feeling that a 100-yard dash is light exercise. It is, when run without putting on full pressure. But when you step along fast enough to beat 10 seconds you are burning up a lot of fuel. It is too much fuel for a schoolboy to keep burning. He needs the development of greater stamina, stronger fiber—and more heart and nerve reserve that only a few years of careful running can bring."

Wings that fly and wheels that spin have come along in greater numbers than the world ever dreamed possible. But there is no reason why they should remove the human element and take away the romance of running, which, as far as one can figure, is the first of all known sports, dating back to the chase of the mammoth and the dinosaur, and there is another carnival climax approaching—the next set of Olympic games, bringing together the fastest feet traveling along this planet.



Willie Ritola was out to win when Nurmi passed him on the last mile

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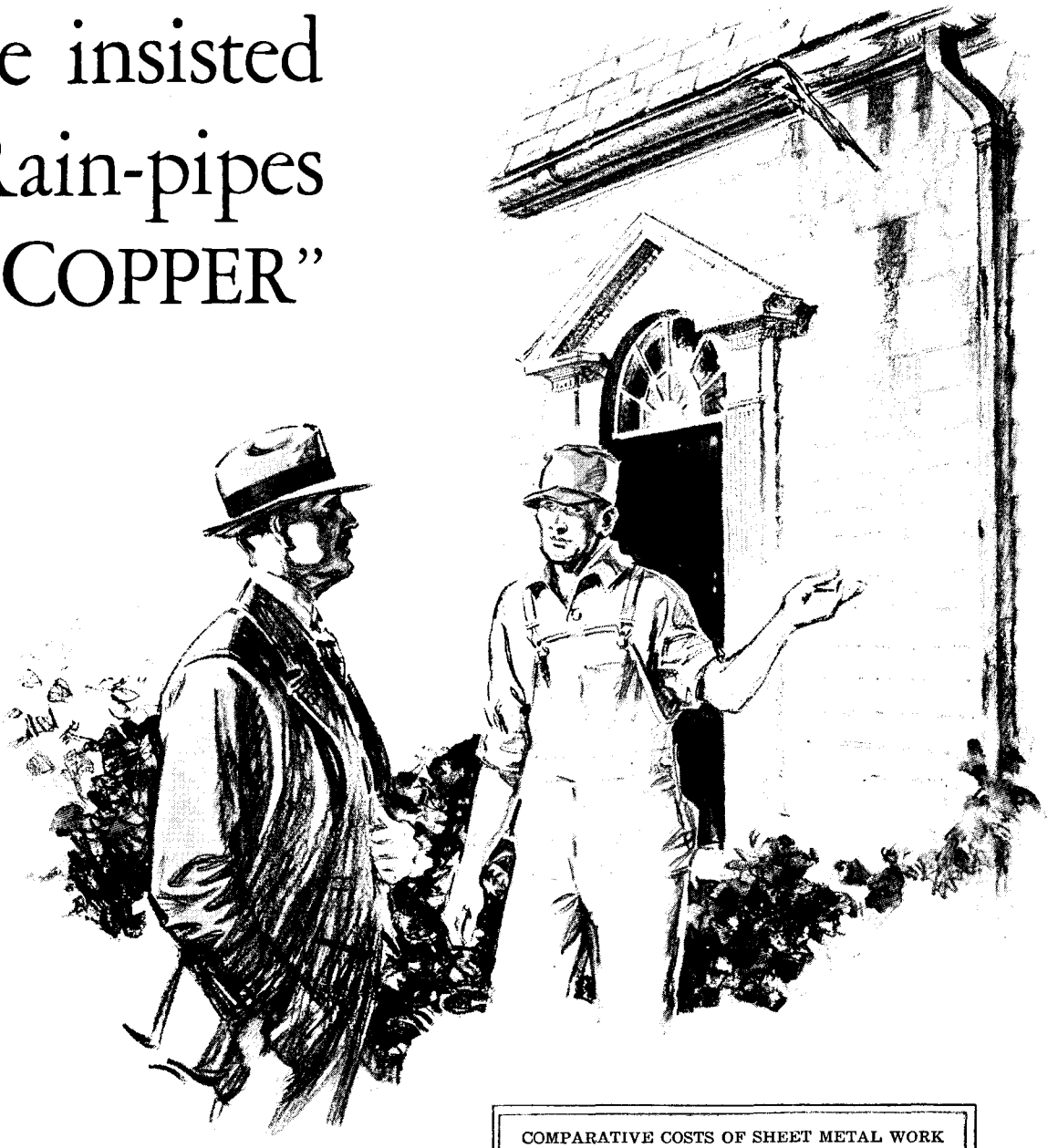
"You should have insisted on Gutters and Rain-pipes of ANACONDA COPPER"



"It would have saved the expense of these replacements"

IT is so easy to waste money when you think you are saving it! For example, Sheet Metal Work of Anaconda Copper costs more to put on your house than galvanized iron or steel . . . but iron and steel soon rust and fail. Costly repairs do not end the trouble. Eventually the rusted metal must be replaced. Replacement is expensive, as thousands of home owners can testify.

Leaky, worn-out gutters and flashings cause constant annoyance as well as expense. Instead of draining properly, water leaks in to rot wood at vital points, weakening eaves and sills. This leads to another expense that goes along with rust—frequent painting in order to cover ugly rust streaks and keep the house looking fresh and trim.

Gutters, rain-pipes and flashings of Anaconda Copper eliminate the necessity of annual repairs and costly replacements, because Anaconda Copper *cannot rust.* Once installed, no rusty metal work mars the appearance of the house. No leaky, dripping gutters, no unsightly, damaged rain-pipes, no mysterious roof leaks due to rusted flashings. To be sure of getting the utmost service copper can give, look for the name Anaconda in every sheet and strip.

In Addition You Save $24 Every Year

Those who know building cost and maintenance best—architects, contractors and home owners—are authority for the statement that gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper, in the average eight-room home, result in an actual saving of $846 during the useful life of the house. Think of it—in addition to rendering faithful, trouble-proof service year in and year out, they actually pay the owner a dividend of $24 a year in money saved. This soon outweighs their slightly additional first cost.

Similar Economies Are Possible Inside the Home

The same true economy which dictates Anaconda Copper for gutters, rain-pipes and flashings points to Anaconda Brass Pipe for hot and cold water lines. Most plumbing troubles can be traced to rusted pipes. Anaconda Brass Pipe *cannot rust* and therefore will not clog with rust deposits or develop leaks from rust holes. This means an end of soggy, discolored ceilings—loosened plaster—ruined furniture—flooded cellars. Floors will not be torn up or walls ripped out to enable plumbers to get at rusted pipes that need repairing or replacing. Anaconda Brass Pipe lasts indefinitely, delivering pure water at full pressure always. For your protection Anaconda Brass Pipe is guaranteed and trademarked.

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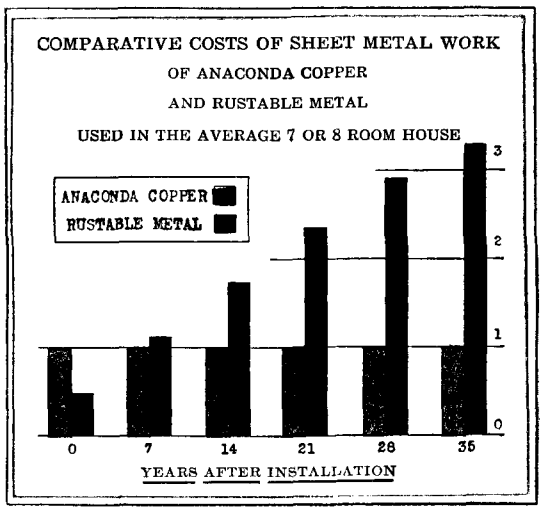

This chart demonstrates the true economy of Sheet Metal Work of Anaconda Copper. Note that with copper the first cost is the *only* cost. Rustable substitutes cost less only in the beginning. Soon they become an annual burden. As a rule, they last only five to eight years—then require replacement.

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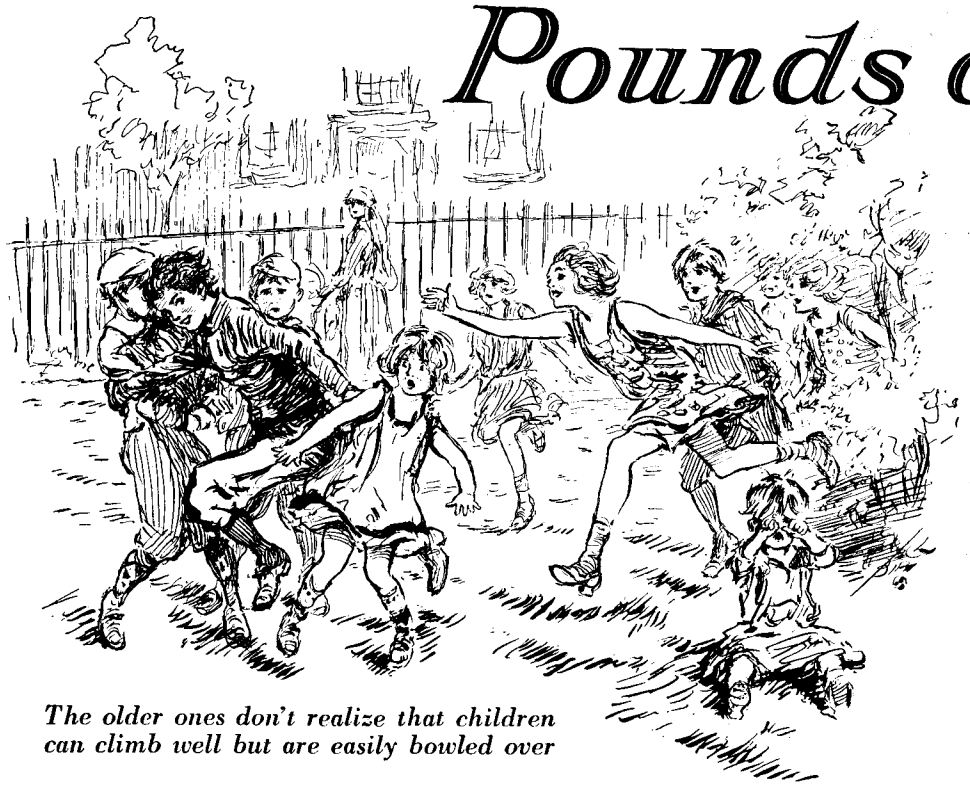

The older ones don't realize that children can climb well but are easily bowled over

SOME simple ways of anticipating and thwarting the dangers that threaten the growing child. This is the second of three articles by Dr. Wadsworth which constitute a comprehensive Outline of Childhood and contain more practical, everyday advice than you'll find in many a volume on the same subject.

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M.D.

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH

HAVING solved the child-feeding problem to our satisfaction, we can go on to the difficult matter of protecting our offspring from physical injuries.

Every mother lives in a state of variable terror about the possible harm that can come to her children. For the mother of one child this terror is particularly acute; as her family grows larger the terror abates, thanks to a provision of a wise Providence that one can worry so much and no more. But all parents have a more or less justified feeling of guilt if anything less than an act of God interferes with the physical well-being of their children.

To prevent child injury it is, of course, essential to have an extensive knowledge of how such injuries are caused. Every parent knows that if a child is allowed to play on the streets he will eventually be struck by an automobile. Such knowledge is elementary. Moreover, if a child is struck by an automobile, he will in all probability be killed by a fracture of the skull or so crippled that death would be a blessing.

But many parents do not know the dangers that lurk in such simple natural things as heat and cold, in dogs and cats, in the roughness of other children or in a child's own ignorance as to the capabilities of his body.

Heat, Cold, Pets and Horseplay

HEAT may harm children in several ways. The first and more commonly encountered danger is that from overdressing. Children do not feel the cold as do grown-ups, and yet they are habitually clothed as if a slight change in temperature would cause them to die of the cold. The result is a development of a susceptibility to exposure which is not the natural heritage of the child.

Parents forget, when they put heavy underclothes on children in winter, that the average temperature of houses in this country in winter time is a little higher than that of the average summer day.

The amount of outdoor clothing may be varied with the weather, but once heavy underclothes are put on in the fall, most mothers are afraid to change them for a lighter weight. Consequently on the warm days with which our winters are sprinkled the child really suffers, and the sweating induced causes a subsequent chilling that may be a real danger.

Except in very cold climates, I believe that children are better off with a light weight for underwear all the year round, with possibly two sets of a heavier quality for extreme weather when no house can be kept really warm.

Daily variations in house temperature can always be met with sweaters and wool stockings.

In summer, heat is an ever-present danger to the child, especially the very young child. A child's "engine" works faster and gives off more heat than that of a grown person, so that he is less fitted to withstand the external heat. All a parent can do is to guard the child from overdressing, overactivity, and overexposure to the sun in very hot weather.

It must be remembered that moisture, inside and out, is one of the best ways of combating overeating. Much fluid in his diet and many baths—especially of the head—will help the baby and the small child to get through the dog days.

COLD, I believe, is much less a source of danger to the child than most mothers think. An active child will seldom complain of the cold, even out of doors, except in very cold weather.

The temperature of a sleeping-room, however, should not be allowed to get below freezing, especially for little babies. We have reason to believe that very cold air paralyzes the tiny hairs of the nose and upper air passages which protect the lungs from infection while the body is at rest. The little baby cannot duck his head under the covers to warm the air he breathes, as older children will. Hence the sleeping porch or very cold room is taboo for the infant.

DOGS AND CATS. The danger to children from contact with household animals is threefold. There is (1) always the possibility that an animal will bite a child. There is (2) danger of infection with certain uncomfortable skin infections—ringworms and impetigo. And there is (3) a more disturbing intestinal infection — worms — if the child is not educated, early and properly, as to the correct behavior toward animals.

I do not believe that these dangers make it desirable to shut children off from the companionship of dogs and cats.

The best way to minimize the dangers of bites is to train a child not to be afraid of or to maltreat animals.

If he does not fear dogs, he will not run from them. For some reason known to dog psychologists, a fleeing person is a great temptation to an otherwise harmless dog.

And any animal if hurt will retaliate in kind.

To avoid infection, the dog or cat which comes in contact with children must be kept scrupulously clean, and the child must be taught that after touching animals his hands MUST be washed before he eats. Also he must learn that animals may not take a friendly bite of the food he is eating, and that if any article of food touches an animal, on the mouth or elsewhere, it is no longer fit for human food.

Pets are a part of our lives: keep the children's pets clean

Most children learn this lesson very easily.

In households where the animals have the run of the house the child must also learn that anything which has fallen on the floor, no matter how choice a morsel it may be, may no longer be eaten except by the animals.

ROUGH PLAY. The dangers that lurk in the play of children are fairly numerous. Falls are most frequent in early childhood, when locomotion is imperfectly developed. The most disastrous falls come from the carelessness of older children.

Also, in the desire to show their superior strength, older children like to lift another child from the floor.

It is not hard for them to understand that backs can be injured by heavy lifting. If the emphasis is always placed on the harm done the OTHER child, there is little danger that the careful child will be thought a mollycoddle.

Kissing and Other Plagues

IN GENERAL the child is best protected from injury by education in the gentle art of self-defense and education in the care of and use of his body rather than by the careful supervision of his elders.

Fear on the part of the mother should never be communicated to the child. The child should never be warned suddenly not to hurt himself, or screamed at in the midst of the performance of some difficult feat of climbing. There is no surer way of causing an accident.

Moreover, fear of injury on the part of the child is very poor psychological protection against it. As in other matters, there is a nice balance between caution and daring which is to be striven for. No one wants a child who coddles himself, nor one who is a daredevil. The desirable attitude is that of a "good sport."

HABITS which make for general self-protection can be taught the child at a surprisingly early age.

The habit of PERSONAL FASTIDIOUSNESS is a protection from both the minor and major ailments of childhood.

Any child can learn that he must not drink from the same glass that has been used by another; that his toothbrush is for his use only; that he must not eat from another's plate nor take a bite of another child's apple or stick of candy; that towels and handkerchiefs are very personal possessions which must not be shared, and that clean hands are a prerequisite for a meal.

He can also learn that when social amenities make it best to grant a kiss he can offer his cheek instead of his lips. And in general he can be taught to look upon the practice of kissing with disfavor.

The habit of CONSTIPATION in adult life has its roots, as a rule, in early childhood and can be prevented if enough trouble is taken to cultivate the habit of regular bowel evacuation in the young. The matter must not be overemphasized, of course.

Parents have a great tendency to leave the matter to chance in children of school age, until they become ill, when catharsis is the first thing thought of. If the after-breakfast habit is established early, the mother can actually supervise the matter until adolescence.

Of course regularity of the bowels is not the most important thing in life, as many people think. It should be controlled entirely by diet. But if sluggishness occurs for any cause, there are many simple preparations on the market which move the (*Continued on page 46*)

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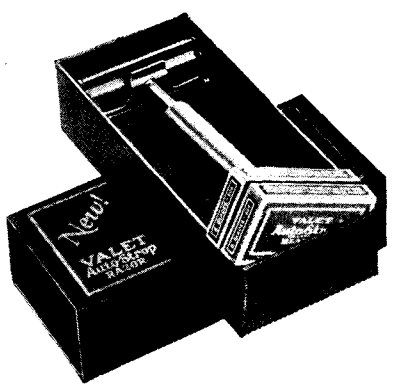

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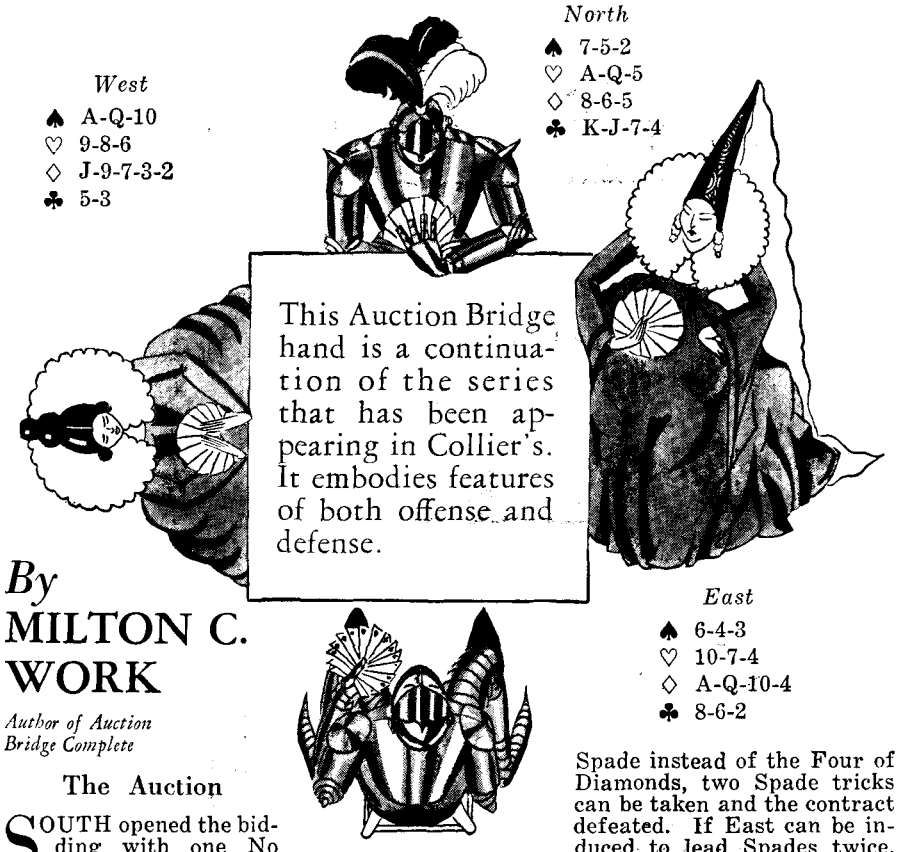

North
♠ 7-5-2
♡ A-Q-5
◇ 8-6-5
♣ K-J-7-4

West
♠ A-Q-10
♡ 9-8-6
◇ J-9-7-3-2
♣ 5-3

This Auction Bridge hand is a continuation of the series that has been appearing in Collier's. It embodies features of both offense and defense.

East
♠ 6-4-3
♡ 10-7-4
◇ A-Q-10-4
♣ 8-6-2

South
♠ K-J-9-8
♡ K-J-3-2
◇ K
♣ A-Q-10-9

By **MILTON C. WORK**

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

The Auction

SOUTH opened the bidding with one No Trump, and the other three hands passed.

The only question in the auction fell to South's lot when he made the initial declaration. He had a hand with far more than the minimum strength that justifies a No Trump. With one Ace, three Kings, one Queen and two Jacks, he was two Kings and one Jack better than average. He had three suits safely stopped not only once but probably twice, and he had a King in his remaining suit; but it was a singleton King and therefore of much less value for a No Trump than if it had been guarded. Nevertheless, as has been previously pointed out in these articles, singleton Kings are not generally regarded as No Trump taboos.

This hand afforded South a choice between one No Trump and one Club. As far as the result goes, the Club bid would have produced a much more satisfactory result; however, sound Bridge doctrines are not based upon what the post mortem of a single deal reveals but upon the practices which produce winning results when subjected to the operation of the law of averages.

The Play

PLAYED at No Trump, West of course opens with her fourth best Diamond (Trey); Dummy plays small, and East plays the Ace. To finesse would have been ridiculous; there is nothing in the Dummy hand to be caught, and there is a chance that Closed Hand has a singleton King. If West's Trey was her lowest and she led from four cards, South has two cards; if they are King-2, the King cannot be captured, anyway. If West holds the Deuce and led from five, South's singleton King would win if East played the Queen. (If South has only one, it must be the King because he would not have bid No Trump with a worthless singleton, and East has Ace-Queen.)

To Trick 2, East leads the Queen of Diamonds she can see that five Diamond tricks can be made and game saved. When South fails to follow suit on the second round West can mark the location of every Diamond and knows that, should she play the Deuce on this trick, East will lead the Ten to trick 3 and the Four to trick 4. This would insure five Diamond tricks for East and West, which, with the Ace of Spades, would hold the Declarer to his exact contract; but if East can be induced to lead a Spade instead of the Four of Diamonds, two Spade tricks can be taken and the contract defeated. If East can be induced to lead Spades twice, the declaration can be defeated by two tricks. West may credit East with powers of observation sufficiently keen to make her notice Dummy's Spade weakness and realize that a lead up to it might be productive of an extra trick; but she could not expect East to switch from Diamonds, and a game surely saved, to Spades and only the possibility of a contract defeated. West, however, sees a way to notify East that a switch is desired, and can rely upon her switching to Dummy's weak Spades rather than to Hearts or Clubs in which Dummy is strong. West worked her scheme out as follows:

West has led her Trey of Diamonds to the first trick; when South refuses at trick 2, East knows that West holds the Deuce and East expects to see her play it, retaining her high Diamonds so as to win the fourth trick and cash in on the fifth. But West plays the Seven to trick 2 and, as there is no other reason for that play East surmises that a switch is being asked for; she can lead another Diamond, however, and make sure. East leads the Ten to trick 3, and when West plays the Nine the situation is clear. East switches to Spades at trick 4 and West, with her double tenace, can win the trick and still retain the cards for another sure finesse. At trick 5, West leads her carefully preserved Deuce of Diamonds and forces the lead back to East, who must win with the Four, and who obviously must lead another Spade to trick 6. West of course wins trick 6 by another finesse, and trick 7 with her Ace of Spades; she then cashes her Diamond Jack. East and West win a total of eight tricks and Declarer is set for two tricks, or 100 points.

✥

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 9-7-5-3	S. K-Q-J-2
H. 10-7	H. A-K-Q-J-9-2
D. 8-7-4-2	D. None
C. 8-7-3	C. K-10-4
South	*West*
S. A-6-4	S. 10-8
H. 6-4	H. 8-5-3
D. K-Q-10-9-6-5	D. A-J-3
C. 6-2	C. A-Q-J-9-5

Grand-stand Girls

Continued from page 22

victories and then got married. He hardly won a game the rest of the season.

Family affairs take a ball player's mind off his game. Jim Thorpe had a young son who was rapidly becoming a husky little athlete when he contracted rheumatism and died. When another baby was to be born in his family Jim was bound that it should be a boy. So, of course, the new baby turned out to be a girl. Jim sat up all night in a St. Louis hotel writing a night letter to his wife telling her that it was all right because he knew she would be so disappointed that he didn't get his boy.

Ball players usually have their eyes on the stands for beauties. In some parks the players cut peepholes in the back of the dugout to spot the "knockouts," and then they send notes to them by the ushers. Some players carry field glasses to survey the stands from the bench. A wife once asked a player, "Why do you carry field glasses?"

"Oh," he replied, "I need them to catch signs."

The Perfumed Note Man

ONE year the Braves were missing George Stallings' signs. "I can't see your signs, George," they would alibi. "You're always in the sun."

George heard a couple of his sign missers talking before the game one day. "There's a good looker over there by third," one was saying.

"You can't see the signs, eh?" spoke up Stallings. "You can spot a good looker in the stands a hundred yards away, though. I'll wear a red kimono tomorrow and you'll see 'em then."

In my day, when their uniforms came back from being renovated, the players often found little notes from the laundresses in the pockets. Usually the notes contained names and telephone numbers only.

Sometimes the trainer or bat boy would sneak these notes out and make a date by telephone.

If the girl was a good looker the bogus star would breeze across the street to her and say, "I got your note that you left in my pants pocket the other day."

"Which pants were yours?" she would reply.

"Oh, I'm Hans Wagner," the impostor would say.

Sometimes the date makers filched the hat or overcoat of big stars like Matty, Lajoie, Cobb or Wagner, and displayed the insignia to the girl, who would brag for years afterward that she had been out with a big star. Occasionally a husband who was a model of decorum got in bad with his wife because of these pranks.

It took a pretty slick fellow to impersonate "Tilly" Shafer, shortstop for the Giants a decade or so ago. Tilly was known as the Perfumed Note Man, because of the many perfumed notes he received from lady admirers. He was independently wealthy and played baseball only because he liked it. He finally quit the game because he didn't like the drudgery of morning practice. This was just at the time the Federal League brought up salaries. Many times when he was dressing after the game an English chauffeur would come in and tell him that the car was waiting outside. Shafer was off then with some society deb for a country-house party.

Old Shufflin' Phil Douglas never went on the field for a game without tossing three or four baseballs, on which he had written his name and telephone number, to fair fanettes in the stands, and nine times out of ten he got calls!

But scandals are rare among married ball players, and divorces are few. McGraw says that the average ball player usually winds up with the same wife he started with. This probably is because most ball players marry their small-town sweethearts.

This is remarkable, because wives are a liability during the season. After the game the wife wants a little attention from her husband—he should take her golfing, or to a show, or shopping, or to dinner, when probably the husband wants to rest after the hard game. Some managers will not permit wives to go on trips. Baseball is like war, and the men do better without family distractions.

Jay Kirk, a big first baseman who was with several big-league clubs, was met at the door of his house every day by his wife, who would say, "Well, sweetheart, how many today?"

"I got four today," he would reply. "A double, a triple, and two singles" —or "I got three today, dear. A double and two singles."

But on one notable occasion, when he came home and his wife asked him, "How many today?" Jay's reply was quite different.

"Go in the house and get dinner ready!" he snarled. "You take care of the kids and cooking. I'll do the hitting for this family!"

Jay was up to bat five times that day, and didn't get a hit!

The first noticeable effect of marriage on a ball player usually is a decided tightening up of the purse strings.

"Chief" Meyers was trying to save $50,000 in order that he might retire. So his wife drew up a budget for him. He was allowed 10 cents per meal for tips, 15 cents every other day for a can of tobacco and 5 cents for car fare.

The plan was agreeable to the "Chief," and he bragged about his efficiency in sticking to it. "See here, Al," he would say to me in triumph as we pulled into the Grand Central station from a road trip. "Here's the nickel to go home on the Amsterdam Avenue street car!"

"Duke" Kenworthy, formerly with Washington and later manager of Seattle and Portland in the Coast League, carried a box of sandwiches along with him on the long jump of three days from Seattle to Los Angeles—and saved his meal money. He had his meals arranged in layers—first layer for the first day out, and so on. Good food too —breasts of chicken about the third day out—and all the other players were envious of him.

It was the tendency of many ball players to try to save money out of their "meal money" that led the clubs to stop giving them the cash. Some players starved themselves so much—they'd make a meal on a nickel's worth of bananas—that they were too weak to play ball. Now the clubs have the players sign checks for their meals.

"Walking on Velvet"

AS a rule, ball players are above the average run of men in their generous and considerate treatment of their wives. Slim Sallee expected a letter from his wife every day. If three days went by and Slim didn't get his letter, he'd disappear. He would be off to his home down in Ohio to find out what was the matter.

Few, however, went the limit of the fantastic example Bill Stumpf once set.

Bill's wife insisted that he save $2,000 out of his salary during the season. One year he got into a crap game the last day of the season and came home in the fall with only about $350. He knew he had to do something to appease his wife.

She happened to be downtown shopping when he got home, so Bill went into a bank and got his check cashed in one-dollar bills. Then he went out into the front yard and scattered these one-dollar bills along the walk, up the steps, and all through the house.

When his wife came home on the street car, Bill went out to meet her. As they walked up the sidewalk covered with one-dollar bills, Stumpf remarked, "See, dear? You're walking on velvet now!"

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Greener Pastures

Continued from page 13

on, suh. Git on down dat river, you rascal, you!"

That particular steamboat long had been an event in the lives of the people at Haley's. She was the top-heavy Grace and she brought commissary supplies from New Orleans and in the fall hauled away the cotton. Every two weeks when she landed—not a quarter of a mile from where Henry stood at that very minute—the Negroes turned out, rain or shine, to meet her and to help load the commissary supplies into the wagons. But not Henry. He never had been interested in anything that required that much exertion. Even on her downstream journey, when there was no stopping at Haley's, the folks frequently walked to the levee to watch her "give the landing the go-by." But while the others had been doing that Henry had been resting comfortably by the fire in Maizie's cabin or lying idly in the sun on the cabin porch, when weather permitted. The Grace, upstream or down, had been the least of his worries.

THAT particular day in May, however, the sight of the boat entranced him. There was a cotton crop just behind him, with crab grass growing taller and tougher every minute. There was a patient mule and a plow waiting for him. There also was a wife—commissarily if not lawfully wedded—wielding a goose-neck hoe to help him in the battle with the grass. But Henry's whole universe at that moment was a muddy, swift-running river with a water-churning steamboat right in the middle of it, and Henry was simply overcome with the world.

"You, Henry!" Big Maizie's call brought Henry to earth so suddenly that his soul was jarred.

"Yas, darlin'," he said automatically, and, turning, he blinked stupidly at the field and the mule and the plow and his wife. Maizie was standing at the foot of the levee, and her hoe was raised menacingly.

"Don't you darlin' me, you burr-haided ape," she snorted. "You come hyar."

Henry oozed toward her with halting, guilty steps.

"Aw, Mamma, put dat hoe down, honey," he pleaded. "Ah was just standin' up hyar gittin' me a little air."

"Yeah, you gonter jest git down and git you a little hell too," Maizie retorted. "Lazin' up on de levee wid de crab grass so thick in dis cotton to hit can't hardly grow!"

There was real sincerity in her voice, and Henry stopped. "Baby, don't hit yo' ole sugar wid dat hoe, honey," he pleaded. "Dat's all right. I— Darlin', you might bust de handle out'n dat hoe—"

Maizie dropped the hoe. "I ain't gonter hit you wid no hoe," she promised. "Jest you come on down hyar and git to plowin'."

Partially assured, Henry advanced toward the plow. As he passed Big Maizie something happened to him, and he dropped in his tracks.

Minutes later, when he regained consciousness, his jaw ached terribly and his head was swimmy. He blinked dazedly at Lamplighter and unconsciously estimated the distance to his heels. It was too far. Then he remembered Big Maizie. Even at that moment she was rubbing her knuckles with the palm of her left hand and talking authoritatively.

"Dat's how come I married wid you," she was saying. "Ev-y yuther husband I had is been too big fer me to whup. But you ain't. And I aims to beat you ha'f to death ev'r time I ketches you not workin'." Henry raised himself weakly to his feet. "Now," continued Maizie, "you git 'twixt dem plow handles and cluck dat ole jackass on down de row!"

Henry clucked. There simply was nothing else for him to do. And, there being nothing else to do, there was no need of worrying and fretting about it. But before he had plowed half a row he was singing—sadly, disinterestedly, even abstractly. But he was singing what was on his mind:

I went up and ax my woman: "What er you think I am?
Oh, purty, purty Mamma, what er you think I am?"
I went up like a roarin' lion,
And I left like a doggone lam'.

The May days dragged slowly, each hotter and longer than the one before. Never in his life had Henry been so bored with work. Even in the chain gang the walking boss did not drive him like Big Maizie. And, so far as he could see, there was nothing he could do about it.

Then one day he had an idea. It was a very vague idea, as vague as the distant steamboat whistle that suggested it. But he heard two dull blasts down the river, and he knew that the Grace was blowing for the landing at Haley's.

"Whoa, Lamplighter," he commanded suddenly.

"What you whoain' dat mule fer, Henry?" Maizie demanded.

"Hoe yo' cotton, gal," Henry evaded mysteriously. "I got business to whoa dis mule."

"Doin' which?"

"Doin' what de white fo'ks tole me to do," he replied. But, seeing that the explanation was not so satisfactory, he added: "Hit's a heap er rations and stuff to be hauled up f'm de landin', and de boss man say I's to hope load hit on de wagon when de boat lands."

He walked off, leaving Big Maizie in a state of uncertainty and indecision.

When Henry arrived at the landing a quarter of a mile from his field the boat already had landed and the rousters were toting off a small consignment of supplies. He lingered on the side lines until they were nearly finished, and then he boldly fell into line and marched down the gangplank with them. In a few minutes the plank was raised, the mooring ropes cast off, and the boat started from shore. It was not a minute too soon for Henry either, for, just as the boat cleared he saw Big Maizie looming up at the landing like a bulk of bad news from home.

"You, Henry!" she shouted at him.

"Yas, darlin'," he answered.

"Don't you darlin' me, you crow-colored baboon," she came back. "You git off'n dat boat!"

Henry pondered a minute. Already twenty or thirty feet of deep water separated the boat from dry land. Maizie certainly couldn't jump that far, and it was too deep for her to wade. He decided to take a chance on her swimming it.

"WOULD a bear git off'n dis boat?" he taunted. "Would a bear? Well, dis ole bear ain't." He grinned triumphantly. No more Maizie; no more cotton crop; no more—

"You ridin' dis boat, boy?" The voice was deep and threatening, and it was so close to Henry's ear that it almost made his head ache. He turned and looked at the man who had spoken and saw a

SHOPTALK

NEW BLOOD

"NEXT to excellence, the greatest asset a magazine can have is consistency," writes a reader of Collier's. "I buy you regularly because I am pretty sure that when a good new fiction writer shows up in your pages for the first time, it won't be the last. You introduced me to Elmer Davis. He has been with you ever since. The same thing is true of Ruth Burr Sanborn. I can't say that I haven't read Pete Kyne's stuff elsewhere, but I know that the likeliest place to look for him nowadays is in Collier's.

"These three are just a few of my favorite fictioneers. You have plenty more on your regular roster. Guy Gilpatric, for instance—and Roark Bradford. They seem to be entirely new and you are to be complimented for bringing them along. Keep them at it."

We'll try to. The consistency which our correspondent commends is an integral section of Collier's fiction policy. But while we present the old names regularly we try to leave room every year for additions to our fiction staff from the ranks of the younger talent just emerging.

Guy Gilpatric and Roark Bradford are outstanding examples of distinguished new writers recruited by Collier's within the past year.

Others are Llewellyn Hughes, Laurie York Erskine, Drew Hill and Lynn Montross. Exclusive arrangements with all of them insure the continued appearance of their work in Collier's.

THE EDITOR.

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huge black giant with a long hickory stick in his hand. The big man seemed twenty feet tall to Henry, and the Old Boy himself could not have been any meaner-looking.

"Yassuh," Henry replied meekly. "I's countin' on ridin'."

"Hit costes money to ride dis boat," the big man declared, "and I knows you ain't got none."

"I kinder thought," Henry ventured, "dat I might git me a job workin'—"

"Humph!" snorted the big man. "Well, in de fust place, hit ain't no jobs open endurin' de summer, 'cause hit ain't hardly nothin' to do. And in de next place, ef'n hit was fawty jobs, you ain't big enough to hold one of 'em down."

"I-I-I—yas, suh," Henry stammered meekly.

"I ought to th'ow you overboa'd," the big man declared, "but you's so runty you wouldn't even sink." He studied for a minute and then exploded again: "You git up yonder and hope dat cook in de cookin' gallery to us land. And quick as us lands again, you better make you some tracks off'n dis boat."

"Yassuh—"

"Don't yassuh me," the big man ordered, raising his stick threateningly. "Git!" The last command was emphasized by a stinging blow from the stick, and Henry got.

Henry found his way to the cook's galley, explained to the cook that he had been sent there to help out—indefinitely, he gave the cook to understand—and that here he was, ready and willing.

"You's a cook?" the cook asked.

"Nawsuh," Henry replied.

"Well, you kin peel de taters, den."

"Yassuh."

The cook indicated a sack of potatoes and handed Henry a knife. "Peel," he ordered.

Henry peeled potatoes while the cook sat idly by. In no time the job was completed. "Hit ain't but eight rousters and de engine crew to feed," the cook explained.

"Dat's all?" Henry asked.

"Yeah," replied the cook. "Us don't carry hardly nobody much endurin' de summer. Nothin' to haul. But wait to cotton-haulin' time start!"

"Naw?"

"Yeah," the cook assured. "Hit'll keep me and you bofe humpin' to keep dem cotton rousters fed. And eat? Lawd, Lawd! A sack er 'taters ev'y day, and sometimes two. And turnips and carrots and meat and stuff! Lawd, how dem boys do lay 'way de grub! Sometimes us had a natchal hund'ed men to keep fed."

"Dat's in de fall, when you's haulin' cotton, huh?" It was still springtime when he asked the question.

THE remaining days of May slipped by like an idle dream. There was very little to be done in the cook's galley, and frequently the cook forgot and did that himself. At first Henry liked to stand by the door to the outside companionway and look over the tops of the levees and contemplate the staggering stretches of green cotton fields that lined both sides of the river. Everywhere he could see men plowing and women hoeing—working right out in the hot sun. On the down-stream trip, past Haley's plantation, he plainly saw Big Maizie walking between the plow handles—walking between the handles behind old Lamplighter and pulling the lines and handling the plow like a natural man. Henry grinned and hummed under his breath:

Couldn't find no mule wid his shoulder well,
Captain!

With June came the gradual drop of the river water, and before July arrived Henry's world was a river that lay far below the levels of the high levees on each side, which hid cotton-fields, mules and women from his eyes.

During the latter part of August the river began to rise again, and by September it was high enough for Henry again to get a glimpse of the world that lay just behind the levees. The fields now were white with cotton. When the boat passed Haley's he saw Big Maizie and her basket, along in the river-bend field, busily gathering in the cotton.

Down the river and up again the steamboat ran. The next time he passed Haley's Maizie had almost completed the first picking, and the field behind her was beginning to show white again with newly opened bolls.

"Us must er made a good crop," he remarked, and he settled down for a little more rest, while the boat made another trip down the river and up again.

This time, when he passed Haley's he noticed that Maizie was beginning the third and final picking, for September was almost gone.

The boat passed Haley's and reached Vicksburg. There the roustabouts began carrying huge sacks of potatoes and turnips and side meat and corn meal aboard and packing it in the storeroom next to the cook's galley. Henry was apprehensive, but he said nothing. He had an intuitive idea, and it was correct.

"Boy," the cook ordered as soon as the boat left Vicksburg for her return trip to New Orleans, "drag down two sacks er dem 'tatoes and two sacks er turnips and git to peelin'."

"All er dat much?" Henry asked the question with very little hope.

HENRY worked as rapidly as he could, but he could not keep his eyes from staring longingly at the cotton fields behind the levees.

When the boat pulled in toward Haley's landing to pick up cotton Henry saw Maizie in the river-bend field. The third picking was almost completed.

He said not a word, but, as though he had rehearsed the thing a hundred times, he dropped his knife, slid out the door and with the agility of a monkey climbed down the stanchion and stepped on dry land.

"You boy!" the cook yelled at him. "You come hyar and peel dem onions!"

Henry scuttled up the levee like a squirrel. At the top he stopped and turned.

"Would a bear come back and peel dem onions?" he called. "Would a big ole grizzly bear? Well, dis ole bear ain't." And he walked deliberately along the levee top to the river-bend field.

As he came to where Big Maizie was picking he paused uncertainly for a minute.

"Hy-dy, Maizie," he ventured meekly.

Maizie picked for a few minutes before replying.

"Hy-dy, Henry," she said, finally.

"Good crop us made, wa'n't hit?" he suggested.

"Yeah, us," Maizie repeated, glowering at him. "You runned off f'm me, you low-down scound'el.'

"Aw, now, darlin'—"

"Don't darlin' me, Henry," Big Maizie exploded. "I seed you runned off. I seed you." She advanced menacingly.

"Now, Mamma—" Henry started, but Maizie's big fist landed on his jaw, and he went down.

When he opened his eyes Maizie was still talking: "Now you git in dat middle and git to snatchin' cotton."

Henry stood up and blinked his eyes. A chilly little breeze brushed against his bruised jaw. It was October.

"You been out hyar workin' yo' purty se'f to death, pickin' dis stuff off de third time," he said, sympathetically. "I bet hit ain't a handful er cotton in dis field left, right now."

Maizie paused and looked at the few remaining rows. The cotton was scattering, and her old bones ached from the long, steady work.

"I hates to waste any, Henry," she said lamely. "Hit was too hard to grow."

"Dat de way wid you," he volunteered. "You work yo'se'f plum to death ef'n hit wa'n't fer me. Come on and le's go home. I'm sick and tired er lookin' at diss crop, anyways."

Maizie swung the half-filled basket to her shoulder and trailed Henry. And Henry walked straight to her cabin, where there was plenty to eat and plenty of commissary credit, and plenty of time to while away the month of October in idleness. And November, too. But beyond that, his mind dared not contemplate.

WALK-OVER SHOES

The man above is wearing the "Chelmfort"—which retails at $10.00.

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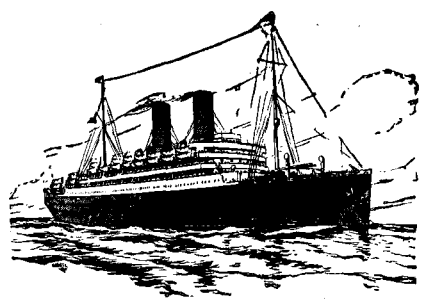

The Cosmopolitan's Time to Go Abroad... August... September

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But . . . by all means . . . if you can . . . go in August . . . September . . . the perfect . . . the cosmopolitan time . . . in England . . . on the continent . . .

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CARONIA — August 3 . August 31
CARMANIA — August 17 . September 14
TUSCANIA — August 10 . September 7
LANCASTRIA — August 24 . September 21

NEW YORK — QUEENSTOWN - LIVERPOOL

LACONIA — August 4 . September 1
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See Your Local Agent

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Kale, Columbia!

Continued from page 9

state committees, which is $2,000,000.

The Kenyon committee revealed an expenditure by the Democratic state committees of a million, so I have put their county committees down as spending the same amount, though I think I could produce half a dozen big Democratic cities where the organizations get rid of that much.

But it is not only the official committees of the parties who spend money. There are the volunteer patriots. In 1916 we had the Wilson Business Men's League, the Woodrow Wilson Independent League, the Hughes Alliance, the National Hughes Alliance, the Republican National Publicity Committee, the Hughes National College League. These few organizations spent between them, in round numbers, $900,000.

But we always have the independent and frequently so-called nonpartisan organizations in the states. For instance, in Ohio in 1920 we had the first Harding Marching Club, the Ex-Service Men's Harding Club of Ohio, the Ohio Republican Judicial Bureau, the True Democracy Committee of Ohio—supporting Harding and the "William A. Julian for Senator" Boosters' Committees. These committees managed to blow in $27,081.

And then great sums are spent by private individuals directly. Thus a friend will put a full-page ad in a newspaper for the Republican or Democratic ticket and pay for it directly to the paper. These sums never appear in the election accounts.

Fifteen Millions More

IN 1924 most of the billboard advertisements of the Republicans were paid directly by private individuals. I think it is a very modest estimate, therefore, to say that these private and non-official committees add another $1,500,000 to the campaign bank roll.

If you will take a pencil and add these items together, you will have a total of $13,607,750. But this is by no means the end!

These items do not include the huge sums which the states and counties have to spend to prepare the vote and hold the elections. It may surprise many to hear that the most expensive single activity by far is the preparation of the voting lists—registration. It costs more than all of the things I have outlined above put together. A fair estimate for that would be $15,000,000.

This is done differently in different states. In New York State, where it is all accomplished in a single week, it costs $1,200,000 just to register the voters.

Then comes the General Election. There are about 100,000 polling places in the country. At each of these there must be election officials, commissioners and clerks. Many states use portable booths and school buildings. But a large number of polling places have to be rented at a cost of from $10 to $15 each for the day. The cost of operating these polling places amounts to not less than $5,000,000.

You can tabulate all the sums I have here itemized and you will see that they make the total of more than $40,000,000. Bear in mind, too, that this is the round figure for the main show—it does not include the expenses of what I have called the volunteer patriots. Neither does it include the cost of ballyhooing the side shows, of which there were EIGHT in 1920, all the way from the Drys and Socialists of various kinds to the "Black and Tan" Republicans of Texas and the Insurgent Republicans of South Carolina. Had the Nonpartisan League run a candidate of its own, there would have been nine!

And now we may well ask where does all this money come from and where does it go?

I have shown that more than half of it is spent by the state and county authorities for registering the vote and holding the primaries and the elections. Of the balance the two biggest slices go to publicity and to landlords.

The amount spent on publicity is put from 25 to 40 per cent, and I think that is a modest estimate. And, after all, that is the most important of all the legitimate costs of the election—to tell the voters what it is all about. It is a gigantic piece of salesmanship. And those master salesmen of the committees use all of the established mediums.

Eloquence is Costly

BEFORE the Senate committee four years ago a committee manager testified that it cost his committee 10 cents to send out a single circular to one person. That included postage, printing, envelopes and addressing. And this is not too much. To send just one letter to each of 30,000,000 voters, then, costs $3,000,000.

You will see, then, how publicity can devour campaign money.

Of course the billboards are drafted. They proved popular in 1920, and the Republicans spent $159,264 on that item alone.

But in each campaign newspaper and magazine advertising is coming more and more to be used. It was employed extensively for Wilson in 1916, one advertising firm alone rendering to the Democratic committee a bill for $238,000.

Both committees always organize large press bureaus to supply the newspapers with illustrations, cartoons, articles. After the last election the Wall Street Journal pointed out that the candidates had done the best in those regions where they had advertised most extensively.

In these newspaper drives the foreign-language press is not overlooked. In 1916 the Republicans paid out $100,000 for foreign-language newspaper advertising, trumpeting the glories of the G. O. P. in many tongues. In the last campaign $70,000 was appropriated to this by Mr. Coolidge's managers.

Campaign buttons and lithographs play an important part in this big job. About $100,000 is spent for buttons on both sides. When Harding bestrode his charger in 1920 and set out to end "wiggle and wobble," Will Hays had 15,000,000 lithographs made at a cost of $200,000.

Then there is the campaign textbook. It costs from $25,000 to $50,000 and is supplied to speakers and editors in order to furnish them with the raw material of oratorical and journalistic bombardments.

Then from national and state and county headquarters go out huge amounts of letters, circulars, dodgers, pamphlets of all sorts. In 1920 one national committee spent $200,000 in freight alone shipping literature around to state headquarters. An immense amount of this is done without cost to the politicians or candidates. Speeches of senators and representatives are sent out by the ton—whole carloads of congressional eloquence under the franking privilege of the members.

About 15 per cent of the funds are spent on speakers. A good deal of the campaign oratory comes under the head of free speech, but there is a lot of it that is paid for.

In most cases only the expenses of journeyman spellbinders are paid. But in many cases they are given salaries as well. The ordinary common or garden variety of political orator will get from $50 to $100 a week, though there are those who command more. In some states the law prohibits this, but this law is not general.

The candidates, of course, are the big attractions. Everybody wants to see and hear them.

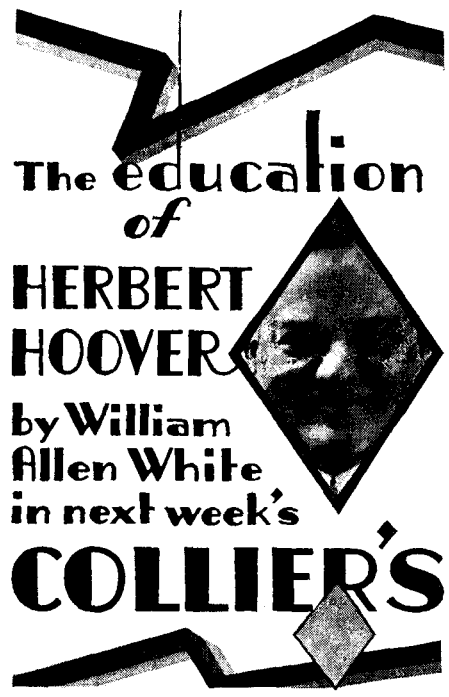
The Democratic candidate generally runs around the country in a special train haranguing the multitudes from the rear end.

The Republican candidate is usually to be found on his front porch or at home in the White House.

The value of the front-porch campaign is thus apparent. A special train is an expensive luxury. The trip of James M. Cox in 1920 cost the Democrats $160,000, while Senator Harding remained at Marion and let his audiences come to him at their own expense.

Campaign time is a great season for the brass bands. About 5 per cent of the funds goes up in brass music.

Then there are the campaign cigars. Not much money is spent on these by the committee. They are bought mostly by the individual candidates. Hence there is no way of knowing how much money thus goes up in smoke. But in looking over the trade figures about cigar production I found some interesting facts. Harrison was elected in 1888, and there



were 100,000,000 MORE CIGARS made that year than the year before.

In 1892, when Cleveland won, there were 75,000,000 more cigars made than in 1891. In 1896, when McKinley and Bryan fought it out over silver, the cigar output went up $300,000 over the previous year. In 1900 it rose $3,000,000 over 1899. In 1920 the part played by the cigar in the downfall of the Democracy must have been very powerful, for the cigar output that year went up by some $20,000,000 over 1919.

The Landlord Always Gets His

ONE other fact is of interest. I saw a chart got out by a tobacco manufacturers' association. It had two lines showing how the sales of cigars rose and fell in various years since 1913. There were two lines—one representing cigars costing 5 cents and less and one representing cigars costing over 5 cents. In election years the line representing 5-cent cigars rose abruptly; the one indicating sales of better cigars sagged very badly.

Perhaps the one who benefits most by an election is the landlord. In addition to the large sums collected for rents of polling places, about 20 per cent of the money spent by local committees and from 15 to 20 per cent of the money spent by national committees goes for rent of headquarters.

In New York City alone I noticed an item of $274,277 for rent of polling places in a single election year. And in New York an extensive use is made of schools and portable booths which are erected on the streets.

The bill of the Republican National Committee alone for headquarters in 1920 was $800,000.

About $400,000 is used up in advertising election notices and another $2,000,000 is spent on printing ballots and

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providing election supplies. These sums are expended by the public authorities.

In all this I have not mentioned another activity which engages the labor of a vast army of men and costs an immense amount of money. On election night, when the ballots have all been cast and counted, the returns must be collated and the result brought to the people of the nation.

Over 400,000 election officials have been employed in counting ballots. And now about 100,000 newspaper men are engaged in collecting the facts. The two great news associations—the Associated Press and the United Press—handle this job.

Angelic Hosts and Gold Mines

AT THE Associated Press I was told that about 50,000 men are assigned by newspapers all over the country to collect the necessary news for this great organization. And an equal number is involved in the same effort for the United Press.

And now where does all this money come from?

In New York perhaps $250,000 will be dug out of the officeholders by Tammany.

A candidate for governor in a large state may be called on to put up $15,000; for mayor, $5,000; for state senator as high as $500.

Ordinary job holders will be assessed from 1 to 2 per cent. The national government has a law against this as to its own employes, but the states tolerate it.

Now, however, the chief sources of revenue are the wealthy well-wishers of the parties and candidates. Mark Hanna perfected that system. He made use of that technique which is known as "frying the fat" out of corporations.

Hanna spent about $100,000 of his own money to nominate McKinley, but when the general campaign started he went after the corporations. He simply sent word to them what he expected and those expectations were based on their revenues. In the case of banks he levied one fourth of 1 per cent of their capital. He is said to have raised $6,000,000.

His biographer, Herbert Croly, says he spent $3,500,000, and it has always been understood that he had an immense amount left over after the election.

When we remember that the dollar is now only about half as big as it was then, that fund meant an equivalent of $12,000,000 today, the largest campaign chest that has ever been raised.

Hanna had the assistance of a number of gentlemen who had carried the gentle science of fat frying to notable heights. There was Tom Platt of New York and Matt Quay of Pennsylvania, both of whom knew their way into the barrel blindfolded. Quay is reported to have levied upon Pennsylvania business men to the tune of $200,000 a year.

There were no laws cramping the style of the old fat friers. But following Roosevelt's election in 1904 and the scandal precipitated by the revelations about the contributions of Harriman and other magnates, Roosevelt forced action on a bill prohibiting corporations from making contributions.

Thereafter Frank Hitchcock, who ran the big show for Taft, introduced into campaign money raising that modern pest, the card-index system. He increased the number of contributors, but he did not bar gifts from men of wealth in any sum they chose to give. They still continue to this day to put up sizable checks at every election.

It has been said recently that Colonel Procter's contributions, aggregating $500,000, toward Leonard Wood's ill-starred flight toward the White House holds the record. I think, however, this is not so. Perhaps the largest sums ever put up by individuals were contributed by Thomas Fortune Ryan and August Belmont in their ambitious design to elect Alton B. Parker President. They put up $500,000 apiece and wrote off after that fiasco a deficit of $700,000. Four years later they were almost bodily thrown out of the party.

Cleveland Dodge put up $79,000 to save Cox and the League in 1916: Charles P. Taft shelled out $110,000 for his brother in 1908 and another $150,000 in 1912. Doheny gave $50,000 to the Democrats in 1920 and $75,000 to the Republicans.

Mr. Harry Sinclair split his gift a little less equitably, giving $160,000 to the Republicans and $5,000 to the Democrats. When asked on the witness stand why he did this, he replied with the words of the man who was asked by St. Peter where he wished to go—heaven or hell—"I have friends in both places," said Mr. Sinclair.

We have heard much of the scandals attending the collecting of money to pay off the Republican deficit of $1,500,000 following the campaign of 1920. It is a little depressing to realize that this unsavory performance should have been, by a curious piece of irony, the climax of the first real attempt to get away from just that sort of thing. Will Hays at the outset of that campaign set up a big money-gathering machine, profiting by the lessons learned in the war drives. He believed enough money could be thus accumulated to pay campaign bills from the masses of Republican voters, and he limited individual contributions to $1,000.

In 1912 the G. O. P. strong box was filled by just 2,600 contributors. In 1916 it had 34,000 contributors. Hays managed to increase the total of cheerful givers to 60,000, and he raised $3,833,000.

But when the battle was over it was found he had spent $1,500,000 more than that. It was then his highly moral house of cards fell about his ears and he gathered his contributions from Mr. Sinclair et al.

It is too bad so fine a purpose should have moved to so sad an ending.

However, some further progress was made in 1924, when the Republican fund had 90,000 angels, the largest on record for that party.

The Democrats, by force of necessity, have been compelled to depend on small contributions. Their 1916 fund was raised from 200,000 givers. Again in 1920 they had 200,000 contributors.

There are just a few questions now to be cleared up. Does this $40,000,000 figure cover the whole bill? No. I believe it is far from complete. There is no way of learning the huge sums that are given in secret and spent in secret by the local and state committees. I have been around the polls in not a few states, and an immense sum is spent on Electon Day that can never be followed.

Next, is too much money spent on elections? Can that much be honestly used? Is a lot of it wasted?

Of course a lot of it is wasted. But it is not too much to spend legitimately. In the Third Liberty Loan campaign the committee spent $300,000 on telegrams and telephones, almost a million and a half on printing, $167,000 on buttons and $10,729,000 altogether. In the Victory Loan campaign $3,590,000 was spent on publicity alone. And this was the work of business men.

Everything for a Good Time

WHAT are we going to do about it? Nothing, in my judgment, but push as far as we can the requirement of complete and absolute publicity. I have been watching politicians and politics for a good many years. And I have learned this lesson—that election restrictions are to be adopted with the greatest caution. The honest man observes them and the dishonest politician finds a way to circumvent or ignore them. Thus in the end they hamper the honest and give the dishonest man a further advantage.

We are spending huge sums, but we are getting a wider participation of our people in public affairs. Back in 1824 when our white population was 7,800,000, the popular vote for President was only 355,000. That means but one person in every 21 troubled himself to vote. In 1924 nearly 1 person in every 4 went to the polls.

That is the chief gain from our huge campaign bill. That, and of course the thought that when it is all over we can truthfully say, "A good time was had by all."

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

The Thunder God

Continued from page 29

spoil it now. God forgive me, I've fallen in love with Gloria."

"Not—again?"

"No, not again. Just picked up the line of march where I made my last halt."

"This is interesting. I hope you didn't say anything to Gloria about it."

"Die first."

"Do you suppose she has any of the old sentiment left for you?"

"I hope not."

"Why do you hope not, Useless?"

"Because the whole situation is so hopeless. Beans all spilled, Butch. Never can be gathered again."

WHITTON stood up and stared down at his friend. "You were never truly in love with Mercedes, Julie," he charged. "You were just infatuated and spoke out of your turn; then your dreadful, exalted sense of honor, your reverence for your word once given, moved you to go through with the deal. If her nature had not been eternally in conflict with yours, it is more than possible that you might have been happy with her. If she took care of you, thought of you tenderly and unselfishly occasionally; if she played the game with you, coöperated—you might have had reason to be grateful to the Fates for sending her your way. But the deal didn't pan out, and you've been unhappy."

"I've played the game," Julie maintained. "And I *have* loved her. I love her yet with a love of sorts. I could be happy with her, faithful to her—but she doesn't understand life. She's childish."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Julie?"

"Nothing. Just carry on."

"Will that not be a bit dangerous—with Gloria in your employ?"

Julie shook his head. He was the captain of his soul. Trust him to carry on.

"Have you discussed your future plans with Gloria?"

"Oh, yes."

"Told her all about your cunning scheme to blow in your fortune in one gigantic electrical experiment?"

"Yes."

"What did Gloria say to that?"

"Urged me to go to it. Seemed to think I might win, but win, lose or draw she thought I'd be happier for having made the experiment. She reminded me of the fact that it is rather terrible to wish for something with all your heart all your life and never realize it, never have a fair chance at it."

"Yes, that's rather terrible," Ben admitted dryly. "'Shoot, Luke, or give up the gun!' That's a man's motto. And if you have to give it up, don't whine about it."

"I loathe whiners, Ben."

"Well, do you still think you're going to make an average success of your married life, despite—er—ah—everything?"

"Going to try like everything, Butch. I realize that Mercedes is a bit unhappy, but the fault is far from all hers. I'm a difficult fellow to get along with. Dull as dishwater for a woman to be cooped up with a man like me."

"As I understand the situation," Ben shot back at him, "she hasn't been cooped up with you for the past two years."

"Year and a half," Julie corrected him loyally, and Ben smiled his grim little smile.

"I have already said too much, and I have nothing more to say, Julie. Nightcap?"

"No, thanks."

"Then clear off to bed. I'm going to sit up and smoke, and I want to be alone to do some solid thinking."

"Ungracious, inhospitable animal! Where's your telephone? I must inform Mercedes I'm not coming home tonight,

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"Japanese Vase," by Carl Gruelle, 827 Oxford St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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otherwise she'll worry—think I've been slugged by a bandit or struck by a taxicab."

"I'll telephone her, Julie. Save argument."

"That's an idea," his friend agreed, and trotted off to bed.

Ben called up Mercedes. "Ben Whitton speaking, Mercedes," he announced cordially. "I thought it might be a good idea if you were left alone tonight. It's been a trying day, and you've got to have time to get set for tomorrow. So I'm keeping Julie at my digs tonight."

"Thanks, Ben," she replied, genuinely grateful. "You're very kind and thoughtful, and I'll never be able to catch even with you. If you were only a little bit kinder—"

He hung up, for he wasn't interested in her reactions.

He possessed an eight-day clock which he wound on Sunday nights. He possessed also a wire-haired fox terrier. So he wound the clock now and put the terrior out on the back porch and went ponderously to bed.

A plain man. A man who earned a little and spent a little less; who made a few friends and kept them without capitulation; who made, upon the whole, the world happier for his presence; who could renounce when that should be necessary and not be embittered. Yes, quite a man!

JACOB BRANDER, after seeing to it that a wrecking crew had removed the wreckage of Ben Whitton's car, climbed into his own car, which, although badly battered, could still be operated, and motored slowly away from the scene of the wreck. The disappearance of his quondam companion bothered him not; indeed, the fact that she had had sufficient tact to disappear without giving her name served but to increase his admiration for her. The traffic policeman had handed him a leaf, torn from a notebook, upon which the officer had written the names and addresses of the two men in the car he had so stupidly wrecked, but in his hurry to flee the scene Brander had thrust the piece of paper into his pocket unread.

Arrived at his hotel, he summoned the house physician, who patched him up and applied leeches to his discolored eyes. Mrs. Brander, fortunately, was not in, so when the doctor departed Brander lit a cigar and decided to read the names on the little slip of paper.

Then, for the first time in his carefree career, Jacob Brander experienced a thrill of genuine fright. He had always been afraid of husbands; indeed, a husband no bigger than Tom Thumb was something to be avoided and respected, and until he had met Mercedes Grannis and become infatuated with her, he had never had cause to worry on the score of a husband. He trembled, and a great weakness came over him now as he read the name of Julian Grannis, witness, and Benjamin F. Whitton, owner of the car.

Mercedes had told him her husband was going into partnership with Whitton, so of course the man who had thrashed him was Mercedes' husband. Could it be possible the fellow had become suspicious of his wife and had used the incident of the wreck as an excuse to vent his spleen? Was this thrashing merely a tactful warning? Did it indicate that the next time Grannis caught him and Mrs. Grannis together the matter might be argued in the smoke? Brander shuddered. No wonder Mercedes had fled—doubtless while her husband was busy pummeling him!

He tried to think back, to connect every detail. Within thirty seconds following the crash he had been defending himself against Grannis. Had Grannis recognized his wife as Brander's companion? Had she escaped before he had time to recognize her? Had Whitton recognized her? If he had, would he tell his friend? Brander pondered this latter contingency long and agonizedly and concluded that Whitton would not. Men disliked being the bearers of unwelcome news; undoubtedly Whitton would protect his friend if, by any possibility, he could do so. No man wantonly relates a tale that may result in a divorce.

The thought comforted Brander a little. However, he realized Grannis must discover the identity of the man he had attacked and, of course, that was going to be embarrassing enough in itself, particularly if Mrs. Brander should discover it—and, of course, she was bound to discover that somebody had attacked him.

He carefully destroyed the piece of paper with the two names and addresses and sat down to suffer silently. Presently the telephone rang, and with a sinking heart he answered it. Mercedes was on the wire.

"Are you all alone?" she queried.

"Yes, yes."

"I'm telephonng from a candy store out near the park. Sit tight! Julie didn't see me, or, seeing me, did not recognize me. Whitton did, but he will not tell. I'll patch the situation up somehow, Jacob. Don't worry. Goodby."

"What a woman!" Mr. Brander murmured approvingly. "What a woman!" Instantly 50 per cent of his perturbation fled his soul. Five minutes later the other 50 per cent followed, for Mr. Brander had arrived at a decision. He would tell the truth—at least as much of it as he deemed prudent to tell—and shame the devil. So he ordered up some ice and a bottle of mineral water and mixed himself a highball; while sipping it thoughtfully his telephone rang again.

This time it was Ben Whitton, doubling for Julian Grannis; and excusing his mendacity on the ground that his act would bring peace and comfort to all concerned. The reader is already familiar with Mr. Whitton's ultimatum; after having listened to it, Jacob Brander felt so weak he mixed another highball, in the hope that it would stimulate his brain to evolve a new plan for meeting a new situation. He decided that Mercedes was entirely too optimistic; assuredly this was a situation beyond her power to patch, somehow. Her husband knew everything, and while for reasons best known to himself he had elected not to discuss the matter with his wife, there was no doubt that he meant business where Jacob Brander was concerned.

"The thing for me to do," Brander decided, "is to get out of this town and stay out—for a while, at least. The situation is binding."

TEN minutes later his wife came in. She paused just inside the door and looked him over with amused interest. "Why, darling," she cooed, "you've been playing with bad boys, and they've fed you into a concrete mixer."

She was in rare good humor. That comforted him. He grinned at her like a gargoyle. "Entirely my fault. Inexcusable. But I lost my temper and said something that infuriated the man who was driving with the owner of the car I wrecked, so he hopped out and before you could say Jack Robinson he was all over me like a circus tent. Got two home on my jaw before I could defend myself; that made me groggy, and he polished me off to the queen's taste."

"Did you secure his name? Of course you'll pay for the damage to the car, but this other man should be arrested and fined for assault and battery. I insist that you prosecute the wretch."

Apparently Mrs. Brander was quite up in arms in her husband's defense. In reality she had decided to play him a little.

"Can't, old lady. Peculiar situation. The chap that worked over me is Julian Grannis, husband of our friend Mercedes Grannis. He hadn't the slightest idea who I was, and I had never met him—peculiar situation, so, of course, my hands are tied. The man's a perfect devil."

"What sort of man is he, Jake?"

"A great big brute. He must be three inches taller and six inches broader and forty pounds heavier than me," he lied in defense of his masculine pride. "He's a regular heavyweight champion."

"What's come over Jake?" his wife thought. "He's telling the truth at last."

(*Continued on page 44*)

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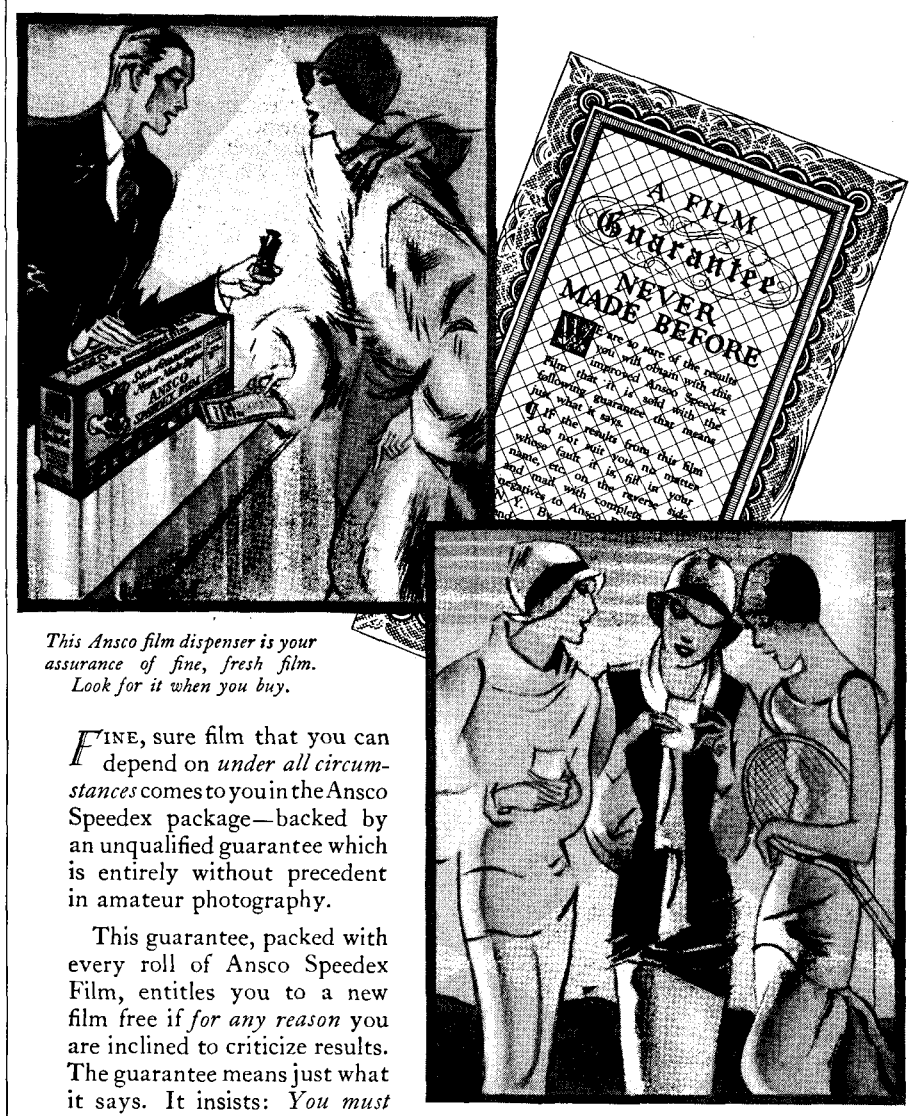

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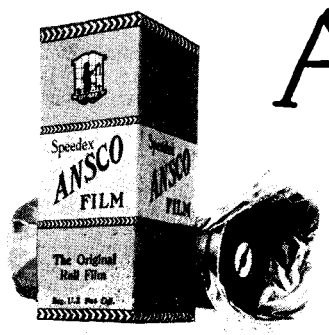

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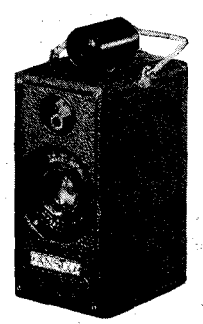

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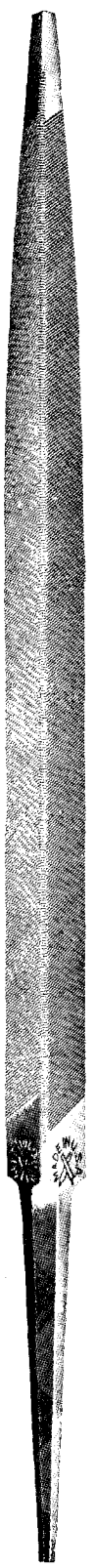

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 43

"But didn't you have any friend with you to take your part?" she pursued sympathetically.

"Unfortunately I was all alone. I hadn't a chance."

Mrs. Brander removed her wrap and hat and sat down. "This is most unfortunate and embarrassing, Jake," she declared. "How can we ever face Mrs. Grannis again?"

"Search me, darling."

"The best plan," she decided, "is for you to receive a telegram calling you south tomorrow."

"Darling," he assured her, "you're the wisest woman I know. We will leave this city tomorrow and sort of forget the Grannis family."

"My, how that huge Julian Grannis has frightened him!" his wife soliloquized. "That telephone warning did the trick." She was instantly disgusted with her spouse, for no woman likes to think she has married a jellyfish. Her resentment aroused, she decided to bait him.

"Where did this accident occur?"

"In the park."

"What were you doing in the park?"

"Just taking the air."

"Taking it alone?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you ask me to go with you? You told me you had a business engagement."

"I had, but after completing it I thought I'd take a spin—"

"You lie, you great, fat, cowardly creature!" The lady, obeying the dictates of her nature, was moving into action. "You had Mercedes Grannis with you, and that's why her husband thrashed you, and if he catches you out with her again, you crooked philanderer, he'll make a widow of me, and God bless him for it.

"I've had detectives following you, Jake," she charged, "and now I have other witnesses. I've just come from a conference with Mr. Grannis; in fact, I listened to him telephoning to you ten minutes ago. You're an invertebrate. You haven't the courage of a mouse or you'd defy him. I couldn't continue to live with a mouse-man, and I want a divorce from you, and I want it quick and without any fuss and feathers. I can't live with a liar and a cheat and a homebreaker."

"My dear—my dear—"

"I'm going to sue you for divorce and name that Persian cat, Mercedes Grannis, as corespondent. I'll smear her. I'll teach her to run around with other women's husbands, when she's got the finest husband a woman ever had."

SHE saw that she had terrified him and continued to batter him ruthlessly. "Of course Mr. Grannis will then divorce his wife and you can have her then—maybe—and provided the judgment Mr. Grannis will get against you on a suit for alienation of affections—"

"You may have your divorce," he promised hoarsely. "Without fuss and feathers and as quickly as we can establish a residence in Paris. We'll fix it up somehow, and I'll give you a decent settlement, provided you don't drag the Grannises into it. There has been nothing save a lovely Platonic friendship between Mercedes and me, I assure you.

"Get your divorce on any other grounds, and I'll play ball. Start throwing dirt, and I'll fight you to a finish and defeat you. You haven't got anything on me that will entitle you to a divorce. You cannot prove that I have been unfaithful or unkind or that I have failed to support you adequately or neglected you. The only charge you can bring against me in court in this country would be mental cruelty, and the judge may not agree with you that my conduct constitutes mental cruelty. He may elect to call it jealousy and tell you to get over it."

She realized he was right, and she knew that even a rat will fight and fight well when cornered. However, notwithstanding her promise made to Ben Whitton, she had violated it, yielding to the dictates of her nature. She could never trust Jake again; they could never again dwell together in amity; the separation must come sooner or later, so why not have it come now when she had the drop on him, when he would make her a settlement which, added to a small income of her own, would place her in security?

"You're a fathead, Jake," she assured him. "One of these days you'll find yourself so broke you'll rattle when you walk, so I'm going to give you the air while you still have something left. I want $250,000 in bonds, and don't you try to fool me with any of those bad ones you've accumulated from time to time. That's the price for keeping mum about the Grannis woman."

"I accept your terms," he mumbled.

"So glad you're sensible. Now, listen to further orders. You pack and take the train south this evening. I'll remain here, see that the two damaged cars are repaired and the repairs paid for, and follow with the chauffeur later. As soon as you get home my lawyer will present an agreement for you to sign, and then he will inspect your list of bond holdings. He'll select the bonds I should feel safe in accepting, and you will pay him his professional fee.

"I promised Mr. Grannis I'd forget this escapade of yours and give you another trial, but I know it's useless. I can't be a hypocrite, and I can't live with a hypocrite. If I'm fool enough to go on with you I'll come to a sorry end."

Her tears commenced falling, and she fumbled in her handbag for her handkerchief. "That Mr. Grannis is too fine for that wife of his," she went on. "Oh, Jake, if you were only one half as fine and faithful and loyal, what a happy woman I'd be!"

"Oh, well, why do you keep it up?" Brander complained miserably. "You've said your say, you've made your deal, and it's been closed. I'm content. You and I couldn't hope to get along together indefinitely."

"Very well, Jake; I'll not say any more, except to give you a friendly tip. You keep away from Mercedes Grannis or her husband will do things to you. Can't you see, Jake, that she's a cold, calculating, designing woman? The only woman that could interest you would play a ukulele and sing coon songs and do the Black Bottom; you like 'em blond with cornflower eyes—ones with a sudden wistful way of grabbing you by the sleeve and murmuring faintly, 'Oh, I think you're simply dee-*vine*, Mr. Brander!'"

"Well, I certainly got a pill when I got you!" he growled.

"You busted up a mighty good dressmaking business: that's what you did. And that was one thing I could manage successfully."

SHE subsided into a large chair and commenced to weep softly for no particular reason, for she was far from broken-hearted. It is probable that her tears fell into the grave of her few simple ideals.

Silently and morosely Jacob Brander packed his trunk and bags; he wrote his wife a check for a substantial sum to cover any expense she might be put to, took his hat, overcoat and stick and prepared to depart.

"Well, I'm going," he announced.

"Who's holding you?"

"Don't you want to say good-by?"

"Oh, run along, Jake. Don't be sentimental. I'll meet you in a courtroom in France. You know very well you're happy to get rid of me; that you consider the job cheap at the price. I only wish you one bit of luck: I hope you get over your infatuation for Mercedes Grannis. You're no good, Jake, but bad as you are you don't deserve her."

"She's a good woman," he defended. "As good as you are."

"The only reason she is as good as I am is because she hasn't found sin profitable as yet."

"Oh, go take a jump in the lake," he retorted wearily, whereupon his wife picked up a gold traveling clock and hurled it at him. It shivered against the door as it closed behind him. Undoubtedly Mrs. Brander was not quite a lady, but undoubtedly, as Ben Whitton had discovered, she was very sincere.

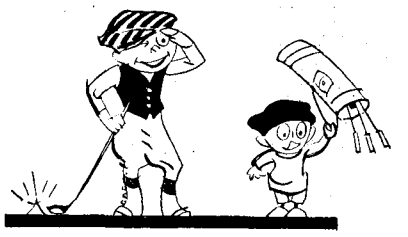
(*To be continued next week*)

ARE YOU A JINGLEER?

Or maybe the son of the Jingleer? Or the seventh son of a seventh son of—oh, stop that guy, someone! The point is that jolly jingles or doleful dirges scrawled mayhap with a golf stick in the soft sand of a trap get us all steamed up.

We get so excited over good printable Jingles in the Rough that for each acceptable one we give the writer an astoundingly beautiful luck-piece with his initials on it.

Henry Q. Passamaquoddy of the Over-the-Hill-and-Down-the-Dell Country Club in Pffitzville was awarded one of our luck-pieces recently—and what happened? He broke a hundred for the first time, made a hole in one (thereby winning a case of ginger ale), sassed a traffic cop, GOT THAT JOB and was cured of the gimmicks, from which he had suffered since he came back from Europe. There, that's worth jingling for, isn't it?



See what J. P. Marston of Brooklyn, N. Y., dashed off for his luck-piece:

A certain old dub who always "cut sod"
Requested his friends, should he die,
To label his grave with a short broken shaft
And mark it: "At last, a good lie."

And here's how John B. Gough of Fort Dodge, Ia., got his:

A perfect pitch—
A magic run!
Missed the putt—
Son of a gun! !

While that rascal Fred R. Cutcheon of St. Joseph, Mo., achieved:

Footprints in the sands of time
Are all right in their way
But footprints in a sandtrap
Spoil many a perfect day.

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THE MIND READERS

BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THE Republican convention at Kansas City is going to be a mind-reading job. It is going to try to determine what the President wants and do that very thing.

The Republicans have been busy reading Mr. Coolidge's mind for nearly two years. First they would inspect the President's impressive countenance and decide whether he wanted to run again. Then, after Mr. Coolidge had said he did not want to run again, they would watch every flicker of light upon the Presidential face to make up their minds whether, though disinclined to run again, he might not be prevailed upon to accept another nomination.

And now they go to the convention with one thought in their heads: to pick the candidate for President that Mr. Coolidge would like to have nominated. Like faithful servants who anticipate their master's wishes they will do anything Mr. Coolidge approves, even though he doesn't tell them what that is.

The Deep Mystery

THE command the President has of the Kansas City delegates is unprecedented. To be sure, a few unruly boys from the West boldly declare that their one aim is to do the thing that is distasteful to Mr. Coolidge. But they are only a small minority. The rest of them are for Mr. Hoover because as they read the Presidential mind they find in it an inclination for Mr. Hoover. Or the rest of them are for Mr. Coolidge himself because they think that deep down in the President's New England repressed heart there is a very natural preference of Mr. Coolidge for Mr. Coolidge. They themselves prefer Mr. Coolidge to Mr. Hoover, and they think it is only human for Mr. Coolidge to do so too.

Mr. Coolidge says, as far as anyone can make out what he says, that they can't have him in any event and that otherwise they are free to name whomsoever they choose. And all the Republicans do is to wring their hands and exclaim, "My God! We can't have Coolidge again! Let us pick the man whose nomination would please him most."

Some say, of course, that Mr. Coolidge retains his hold upon his party by reason of the fact that it is not beyond the range of possibility that he may be a candidate again. But that is an explanation that does not explain.

Generally, in politics, it is off with the old and on with the new. Why does not the Republican party take Mr. Coolidge at his word? As a matter of fact, not one fifth of the practical politicians in the Republican party believe he can be prevailed upon to become a candidate again. Those who pretend that they are going to nominate him in spite of himself are really afraid to commit themselves to some candidate who may be displeasing to Mr. Coolidge.

That is to say, the Coolidge drafters are trying to do Mr. Coolidge's will even though he does not know it to be his will himself. And the Hoover boomers are trying to do Mr. Coolidge's will by nominating Mr. Hoover, always with a certain envy of the Coolidge drafters who may be burning sweeter incense under the nostrils of the Washington idol than they are themselves. Their daily service is, "Master, thy will be done. And don't let thy faithful servant lie under the charge of laxity if in interpreting thy Delphic words he has mistakenly concluded that thou wishest the nomination of Herbert. To our finite minds it seems to be Herbert, but if it is Calvin then who shall sing a louder 'Lord, be praised' than we!"

In these last days at Delphos whenever Hoover visits the White House, even in the course of his ordinary business as a Cabinet member, a loud "Ah!" bursts from the bosoms of the watchers. A visit from Dawes would shake the Republican party to its foundations. An invitation to Lowden to eat ham and eggs and wheat cakes would cause a rush of delegates that would deepen the Mississippi Valley to such an extent that it would take $10,000,000,000 to guard against the floods there from the uprushing Gulf of Mexico.

And the odd part of it is that nobody loves Mr. Coolidge except Mr. Stearns, who brings his grandchildren to Washington to look upon the last days of the grandeur that was Calvin and the glory that was Coolidge.

The Reluctant Boss

YOU cannot only keep cool with Coolidge but you can keep awfully cool about Coolidge. He does not make anyone hot with affection or hot with enmity. He leaves people indifferent to everything except himself as an official. Politically he is a sort of habit. It is like putting some old part of us behind us to let him go.

The more one writes about it the more one fails to solve the mystery of why the Republican party is down on its knees begging to be bossed by a man who refuses to boss it.

Meanwhile one hears a large part of the country cutting up didoes over Al Smith, which seems to indicate that there are two sides to this Coolidge question and that the Republicans haven't got the only answer to it.

Consider what is behind THERMOID RELIABILITY

23 YEARS EXPERIENCE in BRAKE LINING

"Control" Makes the Good Driver
And Good Brakes Make "Control"

It's not "how fast," when all is said—
It's not the way she shows her dust—
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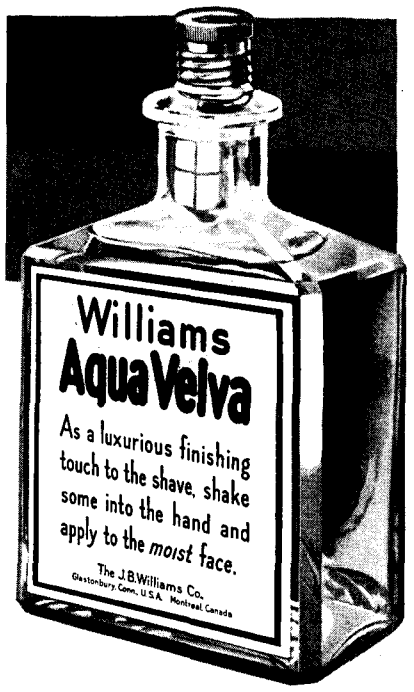
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As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the moist face.
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Splash on Aqua Velva after you have shaved! You'll like its stimulating tingle on a drowsy summer morning. It brightens the day.

Go through a summer with Aqua Velva. Let it care for tiny nicks and cuts; protect, tone up your facial tissues; keep your skin healthy, flexible and Fit!

In the early morning, when perhaps you still struggle with drowsiness, there's nothing pleasanter than a sniff of Aqua Velva. Its fragrance is distinctive, buoyant. Yet it never lingers heavily.

Keep a bottle handy through the day. When you're fagged, wash your face and splash it on generously . . . on face and forehead and back of your neck. My, the cool and sparkling refreshment of it!

Aqua Velva can be one of your best summer friends. Give it a chance!

50 cents for a 5-oz. bottle. Or a Free Trial Size if you ask for it. Address: Dept. C 58, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. and Montreal, Can.

Williams Aqua Velva

For use after shaving

Pounds of Prevention

Continued from page 34

bowels easily and without subsequent binding. These can safely be used—and should be used rather than to allow the bowels to remain unmoved for more than twenty-four hours. These preparations are combinations of mineral oil and agar and contain no irritating or habit-forming drugs.

Most physicians deplore nowadays the parental habit of giving castor oil for any slight indisposition. The use of calomel is even worse. The intestines should be allowed, as a general thing, to go the even tenor of their ways.

For the child who is inclined to be constipated there are certain articles of diet which should be a part of the daily ration. These are: much fruit, uncooked; whole wheat bread; spinach or celery or lettuce; prunes, dates or figs, preferably eaten raw.

MINOR PHYSICAL DEFECTS in childhood deserve more attention than they generally get. There is a greater tendency than there used to be, however, to help children conform to a physical norm, and one that is now based on physical efficiency. We have ceased to do things with our bodies because the effect is modish.

Some of us can remember when we were taught to turn our toes out—thereby imitating the position taken by weak feet, and eventually making our feet weak—because it was fashionable.

We can also remember when the shoulders of women, anyway, were forced back, and the buttocks thrust backward prominently to make up a stylish silhouette, effectively throwing the spine out of alignment and when what we now consider excess weight was a necessary attribute to a "figure."

FOOT DEFECTS are very common in childhood, not difficult to correct, and if uncorrected lead to painful flat feet in later life, or to the formation of calluses and enlarged joints (bunions).

The child's foot should fall straight when he walks, with its inner border parallel to the long axis of his body and to the inner border of the other boot. If he toes out or toes in, he has a weak arch or will develop a weak arch.

Corrective shoes correct a weakness that may become a deformity.

The first task of the parent is to analyze the abnormality, and the second to take the child to an orthopedist, who will prescribe suitable shoes. Wrongly used feet influence the position of the knees and symmetry of the legs, and even the action of the hip girdle.

Don't Nag Him

DEFECTS OF POSTURE in childhood generally result from habits contracted during the weakness following illness. Stooped shoulders and flat chest are the common defects, resulting, naturally, in contracted lung space and a back with abnormal curves.

Attempts to correct postural deformities at home generally boil themselves down to nagging, an extremely ineffective method. The child who stands and sits badly needs exercises given by an expert and some form of supervised play. Generally he also needs attention to his general health, as he is very often both underweight and anæmic.

Abnormalities of the TEETH, such as overcrowding, faulty alignment and protrusion, have an importance to the child other than the æsthetic one.

In girls teeth are straightened largely to improve their looks. But when we consider that teeth which are not used in chewing—as those which do not come together comfortably cannot be—decay with considerable rapidity, we can see that attention to the position of the teeth should be given.

SPEECH DEFECTS, if allowed to go uncorrected, have a serious influence, often, on a child's mental health and general happiness. They are sometimes the result of a physical defect that can be easily remedied and sometimes the result of a psychological maladjustment or a faulty childish habit.

In any case, they should be diagnosed and treated by an expert.

SIGHT. As soon as a child begins to read, his eyes should be examined. One of the most serious defects in vision begins in childhood, and is greatly increased by using the eyes without corrective lenses. Any child who complains of headache, without fever, or who seems slow in school, should be taken at once to an oculist.

Another possible symptom of eye disturbance is sudden vomiting without apparent stomach upset.

Cross eyes are now treated with great success, and although at first only a muscular abnormality, if allowed to persist they result in defective vision, to say nothing of the mental anguish they cause.

When we come to the PREVENTION OF INFECTIOUS DISEASE in children, we approach another bugaboo of parents. There is still a good deal of misapprehension about the so-called "children's diseases," but our understanding of them is more intelligent than that of parents of a generation ago.

The Most Dreaded are the Rarest

BOTH resistance and immunity are greater in the child or adult whose general health is good. Therefore our first care in protecting children from infection is to see that their health is consistently good; give them proper food; see that their elimination is regular; keep their weight normal; don't let them get overtired physically or mentally.

Suppose we list the infectious diseases in the order of their importance from the point of view of danger of outcome and danger to subsequent health.

Under NEGLIGIBLE we can list *chicken pox* and so-called three-day or *German measles*. These diseases are practically never serious in any way and have no serious complications, although German measles has been known to cause a temporary kidney disturbance.

Next in line comes *mumps*, which, while uncomfortable and disfiguring, is seldom serious unless its rare complication sets in. There is no known method of preventing the infection at present, except to avoid contact with the disease. It should always be under the supervision of a doctor.

Under the preventable infections we list *smallpox*, for which vaccination every seven years is absolute protection. Vaccination has lost most of its terrors nowadays, as the vaccine is prepared under faultless surgical precautions and the system of vaccination involves no drawing of blood.

Diphtheria is now a preventable disease also, for which Heaven and Dr. Schick be praised. Only 50 per cent of the human race is susceptible to diphtheria anyway, and if susceptible the child can be rendered immune by injections every three years of the toxin-antitoxin.

Under the more serious and as yet imperfectly preventable diseases we list *scarlet fever, whooping cough,* and *measles.* In each case there are dreaded complications, and the disease is to be as scrupulously avoided as is humanly possible, especially in young children. Removal of the tonsils is supposed to limit the chance of contracting scarlet fever, but the maintenance of general health is the greatest protection from all three, although in very young children even this does not help if the child is exposed.

The most dreaded infections of childhood are the rarest and the least contagious. I refer to *tuberculosis, infantile paralysis* and *spinal meningitis.*

Tuberculosis can be guarded against by the pasteurization of milk and by the general care of the child's health.

Infantile paralysis is hard to guard against because we have no clue as to how the disease is carried. It is not contagious in the ordinary sense. The serum for it is not yet perfected. However, early treatment by skilled doctors prevents severe paralysis, and after-treatment helps the paralysis. During the epidemics the only course to take is to pray and try not to fear it.

Spinal meningitis is treated very successfully by serum today.

These few facts outline our obligations to our children:

1. Expose the children as little as possible to cases of the diseases.
2. Guard general health.
3. Use what modern preventive measures there are.

"Bending Twigs," another article by Dr. Wadsworth on child health, will appear next week

"There are mice in my room!"
"Yes, ma'm, you can have use of the cat for fifty cents extra!"

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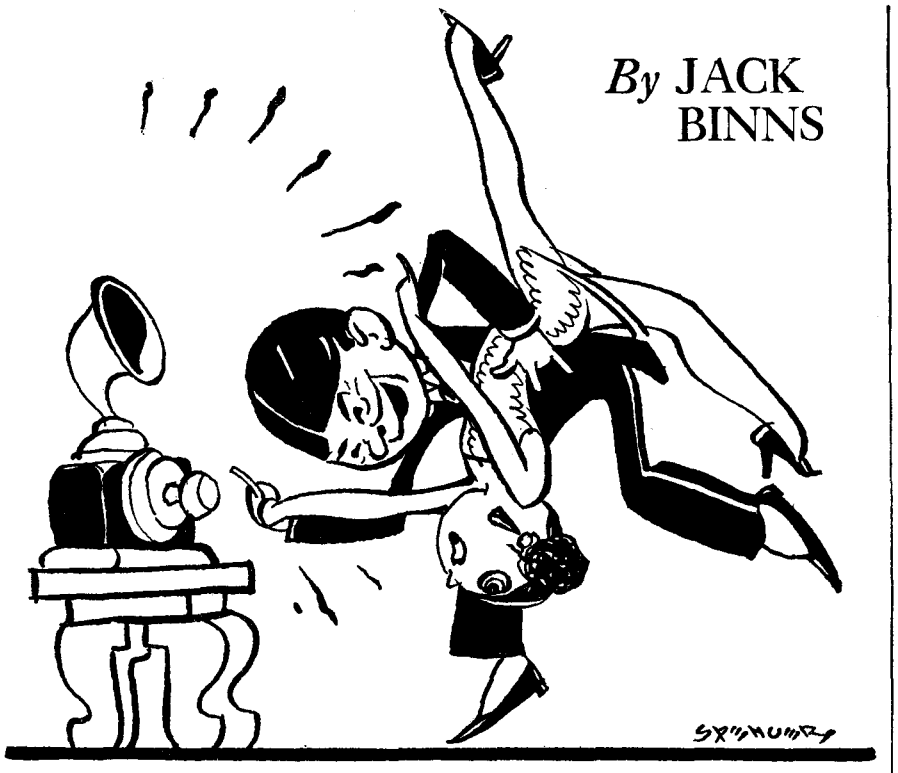


By JACK BINNS

Here's *a new* Talent

THE genius for coining words that used to be applied to radio circuits is now being turned to the entertainment side of broadcasting. Here's the latest: "The band played its dansapation in continuous medley." Dansurpation would be a better term for some of the bands.

Bet Across the Board

DR. H. T. ROBERTS, a British scientist, has invented a set of electrically and radio-controlled automatons and signaling devices that will give racing devotees a thrill when they are unable to be present at the race track. The device is controlled from the race track, and the automata follow the actions of the actual races. The scheme is called Telemotion.

The fellow who bets both ways would get a real thrill if the device went into reverse.

A Unique First Time

IN ORGANIZING the "First Performance Hour" the Columbia Chain has undertaken a task that on its face seems to be more ambitious than practical. This feature will present both new and rare compositions never before heard over radio, the majority of which are rarely played even on the concert stage. They are being presented through the medium of the excellent symphony orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow.

After listening to the radio rendition one can readily understand why some of these compositions are rarely played. On the whole, however, the chain has shown commendable spirit in arranging the "hour" and opening up to music lovers a new pathway into the realm of Orpheus, which, although not well paved, at least reveals many charming vistas of musical beauty to us.

It might not be a bad idea in future broadcasts of this "hour" to prepare the program in such manner that these rarely heard compositions will portray for us the evolution of music.

Cultural Monopolies

THE National Broadcasting Company is now the biggest individual purchaser of entertainment in the world. Two years ago the company did not exist!

Over in England the British Broadcasting Company, a government-owned monopoly, has acquired and subsidized Sir Henry Wood's orchestra, one of the oldest and most famous in the world, just as it was about to disband for lack of funds and interest. The British company has been in existence but little more than two years. Both companies are operating under basic policies diametrically opposed to each other, yet both are producing the same result.

What do these facts portend? I believe they foreshadow the day when radio will control the amusement field entirely.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that within the next few years one of the radio chains will be promoting and presenting nationally important events ranging from world's heavyweight championship bouts to the world première of a new opera and the gamut of divertisement in between.

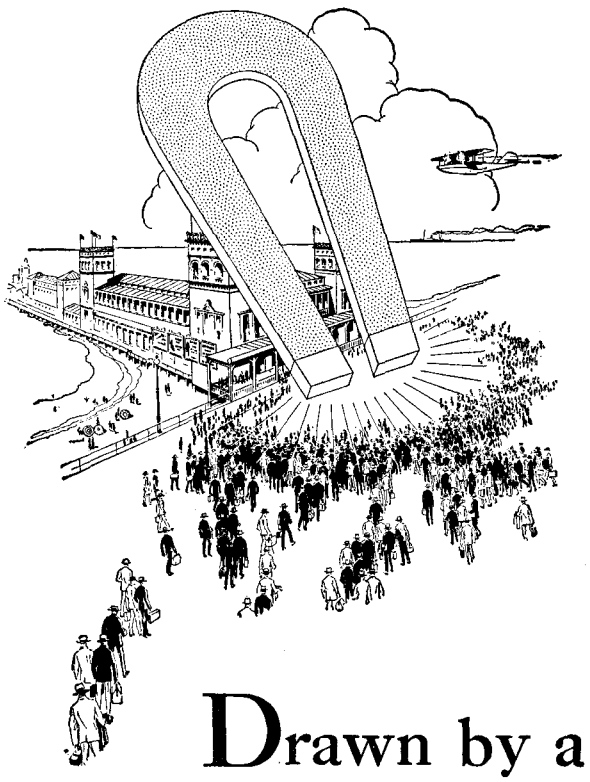
A tremendous power is devolving upon the broadcasting companies and an equally important responsibility. Those who see evil in concentrated administration will "view the situation with alarm" but sane consideration will reveal naught but real good from the development. Through the medium of radio the activities of these companies will bring the best there is in the world into the remotest homes.

An audience a thousandfold greater than that which can be packed into Queen's Hall now listens when Sir Henry Wood raises his baton. One even greater hears the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Arturo Toscanini. If this be monopoly, let's have more of it for the cultural benefit of mankind.

For What, Teddy?

TEDDY KVIOGLUK, an Alaskan Eskimo, was the guest speaker at the North Pole program of the Clicquot Eskimos. Ted spoke in his native tongue to his Labradorean cousins listening in at the base of Commander MacMillan's expedition on the shores of Anatalok Bay. Those of you who heard him talk got a good idea of the new form of "inverted" speech that has been invented to give secrecy to wireless telephone communications. Eskimo sounds just like that.

Teddy's peroration conclusively proved that we are all brothers under the skin. A translation revealed the interesting fact that he concluded his few remarks with the phrase that has been approved by the Radio Speakers' Union—"I thank you."



Drawn by a common purpose
—to serve you better

YOU will be represented at an important meeting in Atlantic City, June 4th to 8th. Problems affecting your comfort and your pocketbook will be discussed.

The National Electric Light Association will hold its fifty-first convention to discuss the ways and means to better electric power and light service. Its members will come from all parts of the country to exchange ideas, to examine new machines and new methods and to discover how these can be applied to the further service of their customers.

The nation's progress is closely linked with electrical development. Homes as well as industry enjoy the benefits of its onward march to constantly greater achievement—and it is just such conventions as this one which have made and will continue to make electricity an efficient, a reliable and an economical servant.

Published in the interest of electrical development. No. 139

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Photo Canadian Pacific

The Safest Road

BANFF, Alberta, is a paradise of beauty for the motorist. To reach its mountain heights the motorist must travel roads that present problems of safety, many and varied. But whether through mountain or valley the road is safe for the motorist whose brakes are lined with Multibestos, the Safe Brake Lining. For an exclusive process, called *Pre-heating*, tempers Multibestos against friction, heat and dampness. For safest brakes specify—

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The Black White Way

Continued from page 11

pair. "The zone group, my dear Fée—Stoppy doesn't mind my calling you Fée!—got you away from Devil's Island. Since you had never committed any crime, beyond joining your late husband there, this was merely charitable. But it gave them a hold on you. Right!" He banged his fist on a table. "That's finished! The case has been taken up by Washington. You are at liberty to return to France at any time."

"Oh!" the woman whispered and hid her face in her hands.

"ROSCOE!" said Stopford, and jumped up. "I haven't a scrap of doubt about the gratitude of good old Washington, but—you worthy scout! You sound egg! Darn! I've dropped my glass!" He searched for it at length, while Roscoe stared out of the window and Madame Czerna surreptitiously powdered her nose. At last: "I cannot thank you!" she said unsteadily. "I should cry . . . and look freakish! But. . . ."

"Found!" cried Stopford and stood up, burnishing his monocle. "I agree! She'll be there tonight, old chap. I think we can take care of her."

"Thank you!" said Madame Czerna—and somehow found her hand clasped in Stopford's. "You always understand."

"Now," cried Roscoe crisply. "Forgetting all these personal matters, here's the box-office plan of the Roxane Theatre." He spread it out on the table. "Red crosses indicate unknown seatholders. The others correspond to the list which I have here. As I understand, Fée, that you know some twenty-odd members of the zones by sight, I suggest that you occupy orchestra seat 14 in row F. You will be in the midst of a perfect squadron of red crosses!"

All three bent over the plan.

"Here is the box of the Duchess de Guise," Roscoe went on, "where I shall be—in full view of your seat. Now—" He took her hand—"You are wearing a very beautiful ring—"

"Thanks," said Stopford.

"I suggest, as you know Morse . . ."

He ceased. Madame Czerna had withdrawn her hand. Then:

"Don't be angry," she whispered. "Yes! I know it, Morse. It belongs to what I had hoped to forget. But I understand. I am to signal to you which of the people I can see belong to the zones? How will you know which I mean?"

"Quite," Stopford murmured. "That's a snag."

"No snag," Roscoe assured him. "Fée will simply flash: 'Orchestra seven, row D;' and I shall know she means that the occupant of this seat is a member of the zones."

"It's agreed," said Stopford, "that Fée goes to the Roxane tonight, disguised in a white wig an' spectacles. Good enough. She's well covered. The zones aren't particularly interested in me. So I'm safe enough. But *you* are goin' to sit in an open box to be shot at!"

"Not exactly," said Roscoe. "You will find that it'll be a hard job to shoot me without shooting the duchess!"

He opened a table drawer and took out a black half mask.

"Very popular with the zones!" said he. "And last but not least—this!"

He threw on the table a glittering ornament—a large diamond D on an onyx shield.

"The badge of a divisional zone chief!" he said. "The body of the man who gave it to me hasn't been recovered yet. And no one knows I have it!"

A bell rang. "Ned Regan!" Roscoe exclaimed. "Let him in, Stoppy."

THE red light in a vault below Manhattan had been glowing steadily for some time; and now:

"Report," directed a smooth voice, "of sector captain covering apartment at present occupied by ex-zone officer 2 A—Fée Czerna."

"Report to hand," came a prompt reply. "Sector captain 1 A 1, covering apartment, reports that Dr. Stopford and Commander Drake Roscoe visited at 5:30 P. M. Ned W. Regan joined them at 5:40; sector captain's observations through glasses several times interrupted because Roscoe, at window of apartment, seemed to have detected glittering of lenses. Timed 5:45. Report ends."

"Report of H. Q. Patrol covering from lobby."

"To hand. Patrol confirms arrival of Roscoe and Stopford at 5:30 and of Regan at 5:40. All remain in apartment. Report ends."

Immediately an order was issued.

"Reinforce group masters with taxis and H. Q. cars. At least seven must cover. Withdraw two if necessary from theatre area. Instruct zone officer 1 B to take over lobby. Advise H. Q. Patrol. Roscoe, Regan and Stopford must be covered to their destinations, which must be instantly reported. Fée Czerna will be disguised. She must be identified and reported the moment she leaves the building. Move. Connect chief chemist."

The red light went out. A blue one appeared. "Laboratory AA," a teutonic voice announced.

"Give me the latest reports on cables."

"Everything in order, except service 5. This will have to be fused from manhole on 49th Street. Plant ready and party under group master standing by. I suggest protection in case operations are suspected."

"Disconnect."

The blue light went out. A yellow-gloved hand touched a button. The red light appeared; and:

"H. Q.," a voice reported. "Last order transmitted."

"Concentrate four firing groups," the man in the vault ordered, "in charge of a sector captain, upon 49th Street between 6th and Broadway, at half after nine. Group master operating under the chief chemist may require cover for his work. Advise sector captain in charge that *nothing* must be allowed to interfere with this. Instruct zone officer 1 A that all sectors must be open for withdrawal of firing groups, but that central sectors must not be weakened for this purpose. Move. Connect divisional chiefs in rotation."

THAT night the Roxane Theatre was in a state of siege unsuspected by the crowds who thronged Broadway hoping for a glimpse of the king or at least of some one of the many notabilities attending the gala performance. No less than forty windows commanding aspects of the theatre had been commandeered by Deputy Commissioner Burke, and an armed man placed at each. The streets leading to and adjoining the theatre area were sown thickly with detectives, and inside the theatre one seat in every twenty was occupied by a police officer. Deputy Commissioner Burke had made a workmanlike job of protecting the royal visitors on the first occasion which seemed to call for such protection. Drake Roscoe, in the manager's office, overlooking a sketch plan of dispositions, admitted as much.

"It looks to me, Burke," said he, glancing up at the grim, blue-jowled face of the chief of police, "that you can go home and go to sleep."

Burke shifted five inches of cigar and half an inch of ash from the left corner of his mouth to the right. "I'm standing by," said he. "There's five million dollars, real stuff, in this theatre tonight. If there hadn't been any zones, it would have tempted somebody. I'm not looking for murder—unless it's yours. I'm looking for robbery. There's been the devil to pay with some of the artists. I won't allow the house lights to be lowered. I've got three men on the switchboards."

When the theatre filled just before the curtain went up, the blaze of jewels from the box occupied by the royal party barely competed with opposition put up by Park Avenue. No opera first night could have eclipsed it. World-famous diamonds were there. In the third row of the orchestra was a recently acquired ruby (purchase price one hundred thousand dollars, according to the newspapers) worn by its ex-actress owner, who wore very little else. The ruby and the lady were accompanied by their purchaser. The historic Guise pearls were there on the white neck of the beautiful duchess. So that when Roscoe accompanied her to her box he found himself suddenly the target of a battery of opera glasses. He had not anticipated being alone with her but apparently the other members of the party had been unavoidably detained. It did not entirely suit his purpose, however. As he stared down at a distinguished-looking white-haired lady who surveyed the house through large tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles he hoped that his dazzling companion would not detect the signals.

The Duchess de Guise wore black, as if further to accentuate the extraordinary whiteness of her arms and shoulders; and her raven's-wing hair was coiled low on her neck in antique Spanish mode.

"Orchestra B, number seven," signaled Madame Czerna. "Zone officer."

Sax Rohmer, creator of the Emperor of America

Roscoe memorized a thick-set blond man of German appearance.

"Orchestra D, number eleven and twelve, sector captain and group master."

So the signals flashed, until fifteen members of the zones had been identified. Meanwhile the duchess exchanged nods and hand-waves with numerous acquaintances, some of them known also to Roscoe. They discussed the distinguished audience, and the audience discussed the duchess and her friend. The box occupied by the royal party had been curtained, so that frustrated curiosity vented itself in another direction.

"She begins to look old, dear!"

"Evidently the men don't think so, Mamma."

"Lovely creature. Who's the mahogany-faced bloke with her?"

"Drake Roscoe."

"Do you think the pearls are real?"

"The duke is very feeble, you know. . . ."

"Her first husband drank. . . ."

"So they say. . . ."

"Always *young* men, yes. . . ."

"Center front row balcony. *Divisional chief*," Fée signaled suddenly.

Then the performance to become historic in theatrical annals commenced. Ned W. Regan, known and respected by every crook in Christendom, prowled around the house, checking the dispositions of defending forces. Burke was

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backstage somewhere. Nobody knew what to expect. Everybody was keyed up to an intolerable pitch.

Burke came out of the stage door and made his way around to the front of the house. Ned Regan was standing in the foyer. "All clear everywhere," said Burke, "but the place bristles with gunmen. It's the zones, Ned. But what's their game?"

That was at fifty minutes after nine. At ten o'clock the zones moved.

BELOW the city a red light glowed. "Division A," a crisp voice reported. "Station covered. Zone officer standing by. All units at action quarters. Report ends."

"Carry on," the masked man replied smoothly, "according to plan. Disconnect."

"Division B," said a high, harsh voice. "Stations covered. Zone officers standing by. All units at action quarters. Report ends."

"Carry on according to plan. Disconnect."

"Division C." This sounded like a Dutchman. "Four firing groups from zone 3 C concentrated to cover operations on 49th Street. Chief chemist's party arrived. Chief chemist in charge. No opposition thus far. All units at action quarters. Report ends."

"Carry on according to plan. Disconnect."

"Division D," announced a deep, cultured voice. "Speaking from office of sector captain in charge Roxane Theatre. Zone units and state units as reported. Have readjusted position of six operatives. Drake Roscoe has three times left the box of the Duchess de Guise and been covered to telephone. Messages in cipher. Ex-zone officer Fée Czerna identified. She is in touch by Morse with Roscoe. Two operatives detailed to cover. All units standing by. Report ends."

"Carry on according to plan. Ex-zone officer Fée Czerna is not to be removed from the rolls but must be brought to headquarters without fail not later than 10:30. Disconnect."

AT TEN o'clock the greatest tenor, since Caruso, who had ever sung in the Metropolitan Opera House was acknowledging rapturous applause for the deathlessly popular *Pagliacci* prologue when every light in the Roxane Theatre went out.

Burke had just got back to the switchboard below the stage when it happened, and:

"Hell's flames!" he roared, and dropped his cigar. "What's the big idea?"

"Not my funeral," said a voice in the dark. "Power's gone." Burke lugged a torch from the tail of his dress coat and plunged for the stairs.

In the theatre pandemonium had broken loose. Women screamed. Nobody knew why. Men shouted. Nobody knew what they said. Then:

"Silence!" roared a mighty voice; and again: "Silence!"

It was a voice toughened and trained by stress of issuing intelligible orders above gales of the seven seas.

That magnificent, harsh voice achieved a momentary triumph. There was a lull, and:

"Keep your seats," Drake Roscoe continued. "There's no cause for alarm. . . ."

In flat denial of his assurance, as a shrill scream burst from the royal box; Then:

"Quick!" The duchess grasped his hand, and he felt the contact of cool beads. "My pearls! Hide them. I am afraid. . . ."

"Right!" said he. "I'll do my best. Stay here whatever happens."

"You are going to leave me?"

"I must."

Her long, slim fingers closed on his sleeve, groped upward . . . her arms clung to him.

"Stay! I beg of you. I order you to stay!"

"Forgive me! I have got my duty to do!"

He tore free and was gone.

Matches, which immediately became extinguished, and some few pocket torches broke the gloom of the big building. Screams of the women became terrible. Then the first shot was fired—somewhere in the balcony.

Struggling masses fought for the exits. A torch gleamed suddenly upon the face of a man who wore a black mask. The torch was dashed from the hand of its owner.

From the back of the theatre Stopford, packed in among a mass of humanity, had seen Fée Czerna spring up at the moment that the lights failed. He had heard her voice—appealing—pitiful. He was halfway to the seat she had occupied, now dazed, bruised, fighting desperately, striving to shelter the women he met, not knowing friend from foe.

A ray from a torch shone blindingly into his eyes. He received a sickening blow on the temple—and crumpled up between the seats. . . .

Out on Broadway a Stygian darkness reigned.

No man has ever seen such a sight, nor dreamed he would live to see it. Except for car light, the white way was black from sidewalk to tip of its tallest building!

DRAKE ROSCOE'S sea-sense alone guided him to the one spot in New York that night where he could be useful. Allowing for drift, the press of panic-stricken humanity—estimating the opposition of detectives planted in that section of the theatre—he had calculated that Fée Czerna would be taken out by the second exit on the nearer side. For, in the instant before the light failed, he had seen, as Stopford had seen, that she was marked down. The man who had sat in the center of the balcony was the organizing genius in immediate charge of this classical hold-up: and Roscoe paid him the compliment of concluding that his calculations would coincide with his own.

They did.

Wearing his mask, he fought in darkness through a knot of bewildered people to where a closed car was drawn up.

Two men were lifting in an insensible woman.

The night was hideous with clamors. Ever resourceful, the fire department had turned out with searchlights. The weird howling of their approach through the pitch darkness of Broadway came remotely over a human babel.

As Fée Czerna was placed in the car: "Beat it!" said Roscoe.

The man whose shoulder he had grasped turned swiftly. Roscoe drew back the lapel of his coat. The second man turned, automatic raised; then:

"Divisional chief!" said the first. "All clear. What orders, Chief?"

"Report to sector captain in front of theatre." The pair hurried off, and:

"You're through for tonight," said Roscoe to the chauffeur. "Beat it."

"Good enough, Chief!" The man left the wheel and disappeared among the frightened throng lost in Broadway darkness.

Roscoe closed the door of the car, jumped to the driving seat and moved off just as the first searchlight split a blinding white gully through the blackness.

As he drove on, debating where safety lay, he reflected that at least he had saved their gallant little French ally from an unimaginable fate. That the others had survived he could only hope. He had a small fortune in pearls in his pocket, and a profound mystery to solve, the Duchess de Guise. There would be arrests, no doubt, and some of the property which had changed hands in the most sensational raid in criminal history might be recovered. But if the loss fell far below four million dollars he should be surprised.

He drove into a lighted area on Park Avenue, and:

"Damn them!" he said, pulling up and looking round at his beautiful, insensible passenger, "the zones have scored a big victory. How big, I don't know yet."

Another Emperor of America story will appear in an early issue

And Earned
$4930 In 6 Months
Spare Time Work!

Do you need extra money? Here is a wonderful opportunity. Here are free extra bonuses Charles Hickey earned in six months' spare time work: A new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin watch, Crosley Radio—and $4,930! He made it by selling 4,000 car owners an amazing new, kind of protection against blinding headlights! Agents and car owners can test a sample at my risk. Simply mail coupon below.

Glaring Headlights Can't Blind You!
When You Look Through a FACE-A-LITE!

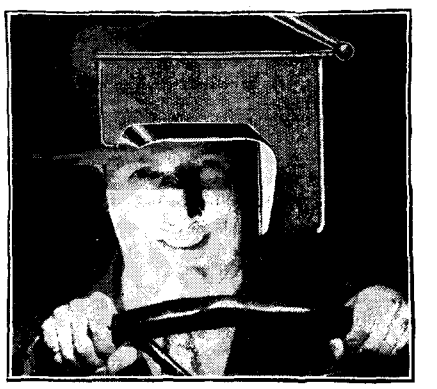
WHAT car owner doesn't feel nervous when driving at night and headlights suddenly flash in his eyes? Glaring headlights cause thousands of accidents each year. A Face-A-Lite on your car is better than paying an insurance and costs only a fraction of the premium. And every night you drive you face this constant danger, imperiling your life and your wife and children.

FITS ANY CAR

Face-A-Lite fits any car, open or closed. You can install it yourself in a jiffy. Simply set Face-A-Lite so you can look under the hood of the screen. The tiny pin points break up the shaft of light. Face-A-Lite throws a shade over your eyes so you can steer safely around a hairpin turn. You can see every inch of the road ahead without blocking your vision, or cocking your head to one side.

OVER 200,000 USERS

Although Face-A-Lite is out only a short time, already over two hundred thousand car owners now use this new safety device. Joe Lasker, Anoka, Minn., writes that a Face-A-Lite saved him from a serious collision



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with another car, stalled on the road ahead without lights. A Buick dealer writes enthusiastically that he is installing Face-A-Lites as standard equipment.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Simply mail coupon below and learn how you can test a Face-A-Lite on your own car without obligation to buy. Chas. Hickey wrote for this no-risk sample offer. It started him on the road to success.

W. M. Willy, Pres., Face-A-Lite Mfg. Co.
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I'LL PAY BIG MONEY!

I show you an easy way to make an extra income. Just in your spare moments. Simply mail coupon below for my exclusive demonstration method.

Lowel Folden made $35.00 in one day. V. D. Love made $15.00 an hour. A woman, Mrs. Alfred Larson, made $1,500 extra money within six months. H. C. Bower writes, "They take it out of your hand." You don't need to be a salesman—Face-A-Lite sells itself. Mail coupon for proof that you can make $10.00 to $20.00 a day easy.

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Yes, without obligating me, send me full description of Face-A-Lite. Also tell me all about your free sample offer and big, money-making proposition.

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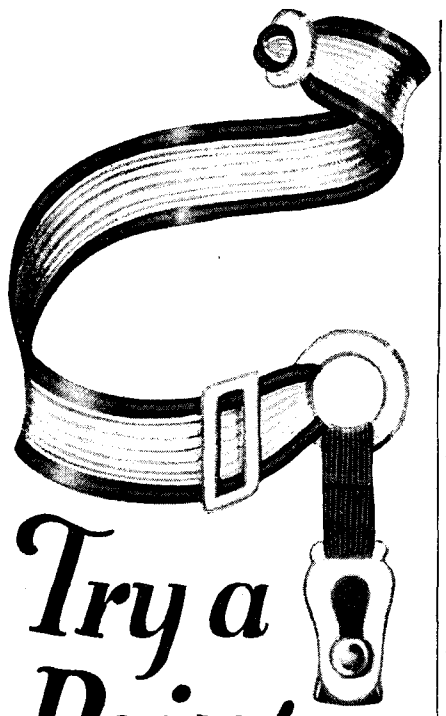

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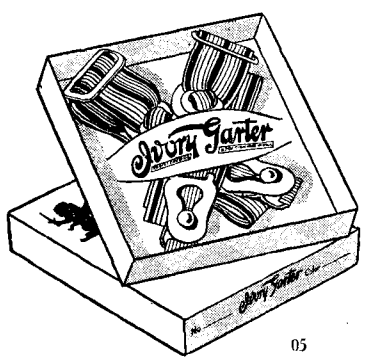


05

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 17

fallen on the landing, a lanky, red-faced, middle-aged man whom Jimmy had never seen and certainly could not identify.

But whoever he was, and whether or not he had cracked his skull the reporter from Boston wasted no time in learning. Something far more bizarre was inviting his attention beyond the victim of an accident in the darkness. He groped along the north wall of the upper hall till he reached a point directly opposite the cupola stairs.

THOSE STAIRS HAD VANISHED!

In their stead a yawning aperture was uncannily revealed. Out of this aperture a dull, bluish phosphorescence was gleaming into the hall, casting a blotch on the opposite wall.

Gazing glassily into the space thus illuminated, the reporter saw a sight that suggested black magic. The tower where the stairs had been disclosed a compartment some six or eight feet square, with floor lower than that in the hall by twenty inches or perhaps two feet.

Down in this compartment was a pallet bed.

In the bed was a human body.

This was dimly visible in the rays of an oil lamp with a chimney of blue glass set on a box near the head of the bed.

Drawing closer to the brink of the step, the reporter saw more. The body on that cot was feminine—*a girl of compelling beauty*, laid out in profile, her head toward the east wall, a curtained window beyond her figure apparently opening out toward the highroad.

Viewed thus she had the aspect of a corpse. There was something horribly fascinating in her rigid posture: the outline of her figure; her dark hair, spread out on the soiled yellow pillow; the uncovered arms dropped beside her body.

No other persons or signs of life were anywhere in evidence. Yet the bluish lamp smoked as though recently lighted.

Jimmy leaned a shoulder against the left casement. Down into the face of this sleeping beauty he turned his strong flash beam. Then came a torrent of relief. *The girl was alive!*

Her breast rose and fell. Her eyelids fluttered in the dazzlement. She opened them.

For a full half moment she stared at the ceiling.

Then she rolled her head weakly. It seemed to confuse her, that bright beam's origin. Eyes which had kept on growing after the rest of her had stopped were turned in Jimmy's direction and flooded with the blinding radiance.

She brought up one arm to screen her face.

NOT six feet from her Jimmy Battles stood, his jaw sagging down as he watched.

"*Please don't!*" the girl cried faintly. "Turn that light away."

The reporter turned the beam toward the floor:

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

Dimly, weirdly, though the blue lamp glowed, with the beam turned floorward, the girl on the cot could discern him.

"What are *you* doing here?" she countered.

"I'm Jimmy Battles, a Boston newspaper man. Who are you?"

Instead of replying, the girl struggled up. Resting her weight on her elbow, Jimmy saw that she wore nothing but some sort of silken nightrobe. It gaped in front on a milk-white breast. Around the queer compartment she stared. Then she turned once more to the lad in the aperture.

"Where am I, anyway?"

"*Where are you?* Gosh, don't you know?"

The girl sat upright with the quilts about her hips. Luxurious black tresses rippled down her back. The curve of hair and back was exquisite. Between twenty-five and thirty years old, the boy took her to be, with finely chiseled features. Her eyes—honey-brown in color, as he later found them—lost their blank, saucerlike aspect.

Suddenly, in an entirely different voice, she demanded:

"How did I come here?"

Her tone implied exasperation amounting to indignation. For the first time she noted her gaping bosom and clutched it together with a slender hand.

"You can search me," Jimmy stammered. "I only just found you when I saw your light."

The girl turned her head and glanced at the light. It was rapidly fogging with soot.

"That chimney will break with heat in a moment: you'd better turn down the wick," she ordered.

THE boy discovered that his strength had come back. He lowered himself into the compartment, crossed to the box and adjusted the flame.

"Who lighted that lamp?" the girl cried sharply.

"That's what a lot of people would like to know: who's been lighting blue lamps and carrying them about these premises lately. That's one of the reasons I'm up here tonight. To try and find out."

"What premises are these?"

"The Harmon premises—at Echo Fork—near Paris, Vt. Lookit, Miss—You're not Mary Harmon, are you?"

He held his breath for what she might reply.

"Paris, Vt.? You mean John Harmon's house?"

"John Harmon built it, yes. Twenty years ago."

"TWENTY YEARS!"

"Didn't you know it? This house has been closed since I was a youngster. They shut it up when Mary Harmon vanished."

"Is one of us insane?"

"I'm not insane; I can tell you that."

Yet he might have been dreaming.

"What year is this?" the girl next demanded.

Jimmy told her and waited.

"*Where are my clothes?*"

"Gosh, how should I know? I busted in here just after dark, through the cellar, and after a time I heard funny noises. Then a man fell downstairs—"

"A man? What man?"

"He's out on the landing. It knocked him unconscious. Then I saw—"

"He's out there now?"

"He was a moment ago. I climbed up from the lower hall to see who he was and how badly he was hurt, and I saw the light of this lamp in the hall—"

"If there's a man fallen downstairs, unconscious, hadn't you better see to him?" The girl made an effort as though she would get up from the cot. Then her dishabille occurred to her. "What does he look like?"

"He's a long, lanky, pink-faced man in a cheap suit of clothes—"

The way the girl cried it startled the reporter.

"Why, yes—"

"Is he wearing a gray derby hat and white woolen socks?"

"Yes," the boy responded.

If this announcement upset the girl, she kept her poise admirably.

"You'd better go see how badly he's hurt," she said.

"What'll I do with him if he's still unconscious?"

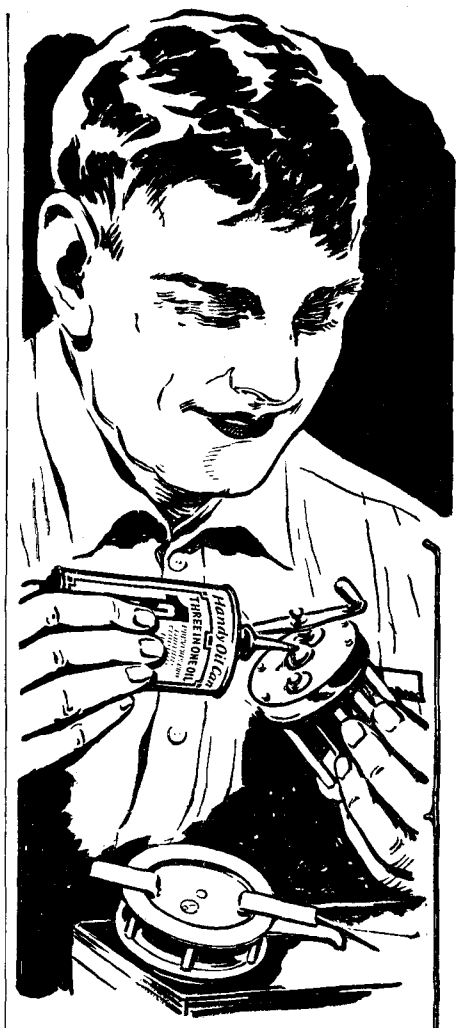
"Why ask me, pray? Put him in a bed. Bring a physician."

The boy flushed for the first time in an hour. Throwing on the flash beam he had extinguished, he climbed from the compartment and headed toward the stairs.

The landing was *empty!*

It frightened Jimmy, that. More than if he had found the fellow dead!

While Jimmy had been in the compartment, it was apparent, the man had



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Challenge on Card Accepted by Smoker

Returns tobacco can enclosure. Instead of making "kick" he gives "boost"

As you open the can of a certain brand of tobacco, you have often noticed a little slip with some such message as:

"Edgeworth is as nearly perfect as tobacco can be made. You will oblige us by writing us and returning this card should you find any irregularity in this box."

Each slip is numbered, so that any possible trouble may be traced directly to its source.

Recently, the following letter was received. It starts off like a kick, but—well, read it for yourself:

Westwood, N. J.
January 4, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have just bought a half-pound tin of your "Edgeworth," and notice your card inviting any complaints regarding irregularity in this box.

I have been a frequent user of your perfect tobacco, usually buying a pound at a time, and have never found any defect so far. It is the best tobacco, in my humble opinion, for the price.

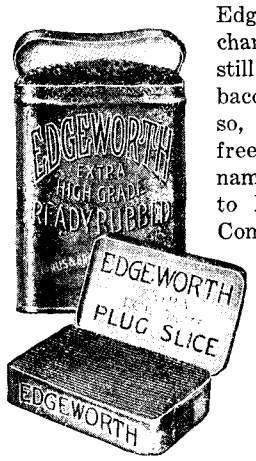
Think you ought to alter the name of "Edgeworth" to "All Round Worth," for it is very uniform in quality.

Yours very truly,
Harry Thurnall

When the makers of Edgeworth started packing one of these little slips into each can, they did so to be certain that every smoker was satisfied. They wanted the purchaser to know that if, by some chance, he should have a complaint to make, they would be glad to have him write in.

But they really didn't expect that, instead, the slips, plus the goodness of the tobacco, would inspire spontaneous letters of praise.

If you have never seen one of these little Edgeworth slips, the chances are you have still to try this tobacco. Should that be so, let us send you free samples. Your name and address sent to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you samples of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice.



Try Edgeworth, and then should you want to *buy* it, you will find it everywhere in different sizes—from the small tin you can carry to the big pound humidor that looks so handsome on your smoking stand, and various others in between. Each size comes in Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice whichever you prefer.

And you will always find Edgeworth the same, whenever, wherever you buy it, because its good quality never changes.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 254.1 meters. Frequency 1180 kilocycles

regained consciousness, picked himself up—or been picked up by someone—and got out of sight.

Wondering boyishly if the body might possibly have rolled to the bottom of the flight, the reporter went down—completely down—to the lower hall. The light beam picked out no stranger nor signs of anyone. Jimmy even went out in the kitchen.

"Hello!" he cried. "Who are you? Where are you? Hello-oo-oo!"

But he heard no response.

Being less terrified, now that he knew that other human beings—regardless of their purpose—were in that pile with him, the reporter returned upstairs. He knew that already he had unearthed a newspaper sensation that would rock New England. That sleeping beauty *must* be Mary Harmon! What other construction could be placed on her predicament?

ON THE last stair step but one, at the top of the flight, the lad from Boston halted blankly, however.

The blue glow had been extinguished.

The aperture had vanished.

Jimmy forgot any personal jeopardy the place might hold for him, in his stupefaction at this turn of events. He ran toward the stairs. He pounded on them.

"Hello! Hello!" he cried. "Are you still in there? Is everything all right?"

His voice echoed through the surrounding chambers. But again there was no answer.

Then he tried to account for the behavior of the stairs. He tugged at them to see if they lifted, yet stairs were never more securely constructed. He tried to push them. He examined their corners. It was true that the finishing baseboards of the flight were not in contact with the plaster; enough space existed for the blade of a knife to be inserted. Yet when Jimmy shut off his flash in order that Stygian black might again surround him, no sign of any bluish light beneath came up through the crannies.

He sat down on the stairs and cogitated wryly.

What could it all mean?

Evidently the man who had plunged down the flight had somehow been responsible for opening the aperture. Had he been equally responsible for closing it? And why had the girl made no outcry? Had she deliberately wanted to be imprisoned again? Was she still a few feet from him in that secret tower room?

As he asked himself these questions in hectic dismay, he waited for sounds that might indicate what had happened to the girl and whether she were still behind the wall. But not the slightest indication of her presence came to his ears.

Curiosity overcoming his nervousness now, he finally arose and investigated each bedroom on either side of the tower space. The walls on the side toward the campanile were intact. He even climbed into the cupola. As the Fowler boys had found, it was merely a barren room with four windows for sides. And the floor was firm: nothing tricky about it that Jimmy could perceive. By looking out of these tower windows opening east and west, however, and gazing down on the house below him, he noted that the distance the tower projected out from the façade of the residence in front was not equal to the depth of the room which he had quitted a few minutes before.

"Then that room where I talked with her runs back in under the cupola flight," he registered. "But how the devil were those stairs completely obliterated so I could pass through? They must have hoisted up somewhere, and because I only had a flashlight I couldn't see where. Perhaps the reason I can't get them up is that there's a trick button somewhere—or maybe she's locked them on the inside."

The last seemed most logical. Secret buttons were too stagy. The girl might have got those stairs down in place in order to clothe herself. Yet what was her motive for not answering his summons, explaining what she meant by shutting him out in a dark, spooky hall?

But behind all these futile self-queries lay the greater and more dramatic interrogation: *Was she Mary Harmon?*

Had the long-missing heiress lain in that tower room through two decades—spring, summer, autumn, winter—in some queer catalepsy, to be aroused at last on this specific night, completing the search which his own father had instigated a generation before?

It was possible but not probable. There must be some rational explanation for all this.

Fifteen or twenty minutes passed while Jimmy sat waiting and cogitating.

"BY GOSH, Uncle Amos ought to know about this," he finally decided. "I can't write up what I've seen for the paper yet; I haven't a bit of supporting proof, and no one would believe me. But if the local sheriff came out here and found anything suspicious after prying up these stairs, I might have a story that'd knock the state cuckoo." Then after another ten minutes of tomblike silence, excepting for mice and the swirl of the wind, he exclaimed:

"I'm going to get out of here. I'm going into town!"

(*To be continued next week*)

From a Penny Up

Continued from page 18

photoplay organization in the world.

Their old partner Bird viewed their departure sadly.

"This motion-picture business is just a fad," said he. "It won't last long. The penny arcades are safe and sure."

Farewells were taken, none the less. Twenty years later Adolph Zukor walked into a penny arcade, with the same bifocal mutoscopes lining the walls. Bird, his old-time partner, was running the arcade.

At his native village of Ricse, Hungary, where the males of Mr. Zukor's line, all but his merchant father, were rabbis, a magic lantern was brought from Budapest to provide an evening of thrills in the tiny Jewish school. That evening something stirred within him—the impulse to compel interest and admiration in something created by his brain.

For a long span of life—from his seventeenth year, when he marched out of Castle Garden among a batch of immigrants from central Europe, to the day he left a fur worker's bench for good—Zukor buried his ambition in the lap of necessity. He made a livelihood in New York. Then, hearing of better trade conditions in Chicago, he went there, marrying the daughter of a South Dakota farmer, the Mrs. Zukor of today.

Saving little by little, he plunged into the fur business. Then, when a friend in the penny-arcade business asked him to help raise capital for expansion, he used sales arguments on his acquaintances so frequently and earnestly that, failing to sell others, he sold himself.

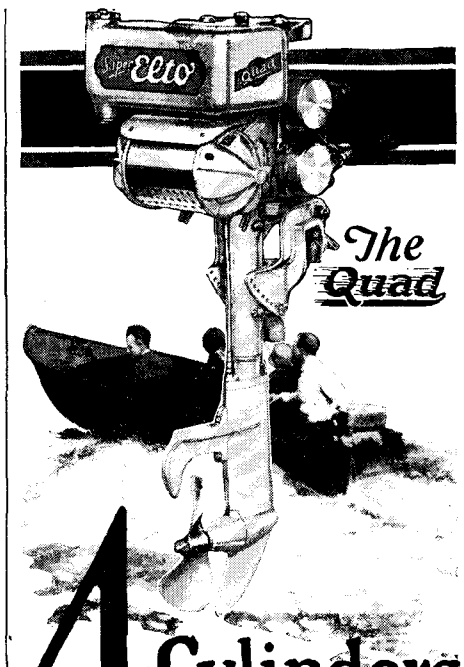
"I found that my natural forte was showmanship, not salesmanship. I had faith in the films because they delighted me, and I knew that my tastes were shared by the ordinary people I came into contact with in a lowly trade."

The Pictures Were "Punk"

OPERATING a small chain of cheap theatres, Zukor made it a practice to watch his audiences. He knew these people who paid their nickel and their dime and fifteen cents Saturday nights and holidays were dissatisfied with the spotty trash that was all he could buy.

He and William A. Brady started

(*Continued on page 52*)



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The Super Elto Quad

The way it drives a sporty runabout with a full cargo of passengers would earn a cheer from Gar Wood himself.

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ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Ole Evinrude, *President*
Mason St. Dept. 29, Milwaukee

Gentlemen: Please send me your free catalog.

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From a Penny Up

Continued from page 51

store shows on a shoe string: a sturdy shoe string, but with limitations. They bought moving-picture travelogues. The travelogues ran out, so Zukor parted company with Brady and turned his store shows into cinemas.

In his own phrase, the pictures were "punk."

"I heard that Sarah Bernhardt had made a picture play of the life of Queen Elizabeth in four reels. Knowing more about Bernhardt than of Elizabeth, I had the sudden ambition to make the motion-picture theatre something not to be sneered at, to give it the grace of a great actress' name and likeness on the screen."

He bought the American rights to the Bernhardt picture. Sarah the magnificent came to America and sent for him. In her dressing-room Zukor expressed gratitude. Bernhardt stopped him.

"It is I who should thank you," she said. "I wish I were twenty years younger to use this new medium for the masses."

Zukor was Beaten but Not for Long

ZUKOR profited by the film and by the experience. It convinced him that a large public awaited entertainment above the level of cowboy adventuring and the comic-chase motive.

His next venture was the picture nobody has seen. America's leading romantic actor, James O'Neil, father of the celebrated dramatist Eugene O'Neil, was its star. Nearly all Zukor's ready money went into that ambitious picture, Dumas' Monte Cristo. Yet it has never been shown and probably never will be—except as a curiosity.

Selig, a Chicago picture producer, seeing this new man in the field producing famous plays with famous players, rushed through another film version of Monte Cristo and shot the film on the market.

So Zukor was beaten. Within a year he came back.

Putting up all his capital (a family of two children had been added to his responsibilities), he gathered his colleagues and told them he was going to picturize Anthony Hope's saber-rattling masterpiece, A Prisoner of Zenda. The author wanted $5,000 for the rights. Zukor's colleagues gasped; then advised him to get a good cheap leading man for the leading rôle.

"I've got a good man," said Zukor. "But he isn't cheap. He wants $5,000 too."

That was too much for the colleagues. What followed was a little more.

"I've engaged James K. Hackett," Zukor said.

Bones of bankruptcy rattled through the meeting. But Zukor, controlling the stock of his little company (a cautious habit of his), went ahead and made his picture with the stalwart matinée idol of a generation ago as the hero. When it was produced (at the old Empire theatre, in New York,) veterans of the legitimate theatre rubbed their eyes at something new under the mock sun of Broadway—a motion picture housed with dignity and playing to mobs.

This clinched Zukor's determination. Motion pictures stepped from swaddling clothes on that sultry morning when Adolph Zukor rented a regular theatre with borrowed money and put a screen back of an orchestra and a velvet curtain.

Steadily thereafter he grew. He put Mrs. Fiske into a screened Tess of the D'Urbervilles, and followed this by launching Mary Pickford on her career as everybody's sweetheart.

"In the earliest pictures we were handicapped," he told me. "The loss of a camera would have been more vital to our finances than the loss of a principal player. Negative was strictly economized. Yet those were the days of my greatest delights as a factor in pictures.

"Disappointments did not disturb me. Nor did troubles. And I had many, some of them due to authors.

"When we bought the Frohman Company in 1919, among its play assets was James M. Barrie's Peter Pan. I told Sir James of difficulties I had had with several English authors. Barrie only insisted that he have the right to approve the actress who would play Peter Pan. This I granted.

"We guaranteed Sir James $100,000 for the play, plus royalties. He was bombarded by actresses all over the world, asking for a chance to do the piece for the screen. Maude Adams, who had made the part familiar to Americans, had retired from the stage. Sir James couldn't approve any of the lissom young women who dogged him, begging for his indorsement.

"For a while it looked as if the author would never give us a leading lady. Then out in Hollywood one day a young girl romped through a minor part in a minor picture. I didn't know her, but as she darted before the camera it struck me that she was a happy-faced boy who believed in fairy tales and pirates. We took a dozen stills of her and sent them to London. Within a week a cable from Sir James announced curtly, 'She'll do.'

"Since, I have learned that he had been so plagued by candidates for the rôle that our suggestion of Betty Bronson was a godsend. Incidentally, I might mention that the final price he received for the picture up to last reports (the film is still running and earning royalties) set a record for the screen rights of any work—more than $140,000—until we agreed to a minimum of $300,000 for Abie's Irish Rose."

Mr. Zukor spends much of his time reading English and American authors and going to the play. If he is impressed by a book or a drama, he recommends it for production. "I am not always right," he told me.

"Marie Corelli's Sorrows of Satan fascinated me. There was vigorous difference of opinion as to its screen value. I was permitted to have my way, and Adolph Menjou was cast in the principal rôle. The picture was a failure. Menjou wasn't to blame. It had not occurred to me that the theme of a personal devil masquerading on earth was too old-fashioned.

"There is the chief risk in this business—underguessing the sophistication of the public. Pictures of high life and luxury are popular because those denied rich living get a vicarious thrill from them. But if you think that gorgeous spectacles dominate the screen, or impassioned love stories, how account for the success of simple, natural pieces like Chang, a jungle story, and Grass, which depicted the grim pilgrimage of a desert tribe for food?

"The public is always ahead of the producers. Years before there was an outcry for censorship we issued orders to our directors to tone down love scenes. Likewise we exercised supervision over our players. Wally Reid, one of the most attractive and amiable leading men we had, was put in charge of a doctor when we learned of his addiction to narcotics. But the habit had fastened on him, and the doctor could only delay the end.

"We had difficulty with several directors who injected 'spice' into their pictures. They either reformed or were discharged. Our money is invested in making names—it costs about a million dollars to make a star—so we are quite as much interested in having them avoid undesirable notoriety as the crusading organizations are."

I learned from Mr. Zukor that the difficult job of finding new stars is accomplished by the taking of plebiscites.

"We keep a research department to do nothing else. Exhibitors in all countries send reports as to how actors and actresses in various minor parts are registering with the public, who have a keen eye for what they want. There are no hand-made stars.

"Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Adolph Menjou, Esther Ralston are a few of many who were promoted to principal parts through the votes of theatre managers. Richard Dix appeared first as an extra, then in minor parts. Picture fans, mostly women, bombarded exhibitors with requests for more of Richard Dix. His personality had registered. So Dix was made a principal.

"It's always best to let the public lead. They'll be loyal to their choice. They lose interest only when they think somebody they have chosen has grown beyond them. Gloria Swanson was the highest-paid female star and the most profitable we had. She received more than $300,000 a year. Yet when she became a French marquise by marrying a young man who played as an extra in Madame Sans Gene and thus received torrents of publicity, the reaction did not help her pictures as we thought it would. A plain American miss is more in demand than a French marquise.

"There are not and never have been any Famous Players contracts forbidding stars to marry, although we frankly advise young women stars against marriage because experience shows they cannot manage a career and a home at the same time.

"Again, after their best screen years are over they are young enough to turn to married life."

The burden of the financial end of the game is Mr. Zukor's. "I would rather produce pictures," he says. "But a man more fitted for that work is doing it—Mr. Lasky."

Mr. Zukor, the disappointed man, dealing in millions when he wanted to be an impresario and not a financier, looks with fond hope on his son Eugene; on his daughter, who is Marcus Loew's daughter-in-law, and particularly on his four grandchildren, whose presence is his delight.

"My boy will have his own way to make. If he succeeds, that is his own doing," says Mr. Zukor. "I supply him with the tools. How he will use them I cannot tell."

A $15,000,000 Building

AND he added this: "A setback in my recent career came when I went to the American Embassy in Paris to offer Lindbergh $200,000 to make a picture. He had just flown to France. But he was not flushed with success. He met me, a cool young man. He had heard of me, and I don't suppose that ever before in his life had $200,000, spot cash, been mentioned seriously to him.

"'I'm sorry,' he said. 'I can't take it. I'm a flyer, not an actor.'

"That hurt me, but it pleased me," said Zukor. "And it pleased me especially because it was said in Europe, in France. There they seem to think that all any American aims for is money. Lindbergh's example will stand forever in contradiction.

"And there is one other I want to name. Marguerite Clark is known to everybody, although she has been off the screen for more than ten years. At the height of her fame, earning $250,000 a year—and she earned it—she came to me and asked to be released from her contract.

"'Got a better offer?' I asked her.

"'I'm going to be married,' was all she said."

Mr. Zukor paused. Men came to him, in a living-room rich with stags' heads, Persian rugs and the appurtenances of wealth and taste. There was dispute about a garden house, to be built from stone on his estate. The man who six months ago signed a contract for a $15,000,000 building on Broadway, where his magnificent business office is located, spent a solid hour discussing details of a building meant to replace one occupied by a good-natured cow whose increase in family had caused excitement in the Zukor household, and a problem for Zukor ingenuity.

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By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

Killed by Cleanliness

IS IT fair to take advantage of the virtues of an enemy for his destruction? In Hawaii the telephone company is killing off the termites by playing upon their love for that virtue which is ranked next to godliness.

When electric lights, telephone and street railways were established in Hawaii the termites, those pestiferous insects commonly miscalled "white ants," assumed that the poles were planted for their food and lodging.

The company vermin killer tried to roust out the termite by pouring into the nest carbon disulphide—decidedly unpleasant stuff as you know if you have ever smelled it. But the fumes did not fill all the galleries, and the termites did not seem to mind very much when they did.

So he blew in dry Paris green. The stuff stuck to the hairy bodies of the termites and they carried it to all parts of the nest. They have the habit of licking themselves clean, but this otherwise commendable practice proved fatal. When the termite nurses cleaned the young they dosed them with arsenic. The carefully prepared food which the faithful servants of the royal chamber carried in to the queen was mixed with poison.

The termites, being a thrifty folk, do not waste their dead, but this custom also proved fatal under these strange circumstances, for the survivors who ate the poisoned bodies became themselves corpses.

Alternating Sex

THE oyster leads a more varied and eventful life than you might imagine from the sedentary situation in which he or she spends his or her mature years.

I am obliged to employ this cumbrous locution because an oyster has no permanent sex, but changes about from one to the other according to his or her disposition. After producing a family of a million or so she gets tired of being just a mother, and determines to try living a masculine life for a change. So she suddenly shifts her sex, and he plays the part of the paternal parent for a month or two.

But he is apparently not satisfied with the duties and responsibilities of the new position, so he slowly relapses to her former state of femininity and is ready, when the R's drop out of the months, to resume her maternal function. The baby oysters as they swarm out of their mother's shell enjoy a free-swimming period of a day or two before they settle down for life on a suitable shell.

The reason for this annual alternation of sex is still uncertain. Dr. J. H. Orton believes the cause is chemical and suggests that the accumulation of unusable protein during the female period necessitates in the course of time a shift to the carbohydrate type characteristic of maleness. Then milt is produced instead of eggs.

This sex theory is receiving support from many quarters. At Edinburgh University Greenwood and Blyth have found that amputating the thyroid gland from brown Leghorn hens at six weeks old causes the new plumage to change in color and shape to the feathers of the male. Here is the adoption of masculine dress obviously due to lack of the iodine compound, thyroxin, in the blood. Cases have been known where on account of some alteration in the chemical composition of the blood due to disease a full-grown hen has struck on her job of egg-laying and taken to crowing, in time becoming a regular rooster.

Water Power Without Waste

NOW that we are beginning to set our water power to work, we find it is not so simple as it seems. Steam power can be regulated at will. But water keeps coming down the canyon regardless of our needs. Sometimes too much. Sometimes too little. If the flow is more than we want, we let it run over the weir and lose it or else we dam it up and store it. But dams are dangerous—they break and wipe out whole sections—they take up lots of land, and so the power derived is often more costly than coal power.

Yet there is another way out of the difficulty. That is to approach the problem from the other aspect and regulate the consumption by the supply. This method has been adopted in the installation of the largest hydroelectric power station in Germany, recently built at Töging on the River Inn. This is expected to furnish 465 million kilowatt-hours in the course of the year. Yet no reservoir is required, for there is never any surplus water to be stored. Nor is any wasted over the weir, for it is all used as it comes.

The energy of the waterfalls is converted immediately into electrical energy by means of as many as may be needed of the fifteen 9,000-horsepower turbines. Seven of these give direct current to be used for smelting aluminum. The others give alternating current which can be employed in making calcium carbide or fixing atmospheric nitrogen for fertilizer. Some occupation can be found for one or the other kind of current in some form night or day, in summer or winter, in season of drought or freshet.

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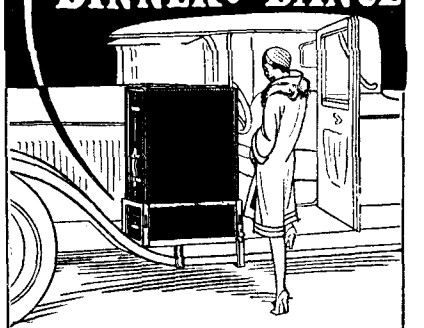

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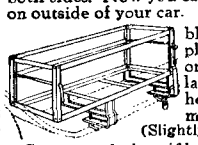

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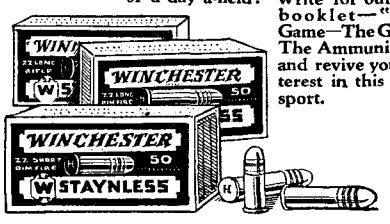

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Songs for the Stump

Continued from page 20

and an old-fashioned bustle steps in with a look that's suggestive of shame, belied by her very starched petticoat's rustle. To guide her she carries a cigarette lighter which shows her worn face—and the Cave appears brighter.)

PROPAGANDER *(observing the flame which falls on the face of the Old-Fashioned Dame):*

Hey, woman with the costume queer,
Observe the rules—no light in here!

(Seizes the lighter, blows out the flame, but still there's a glow on the Old-Fashioned Dame.)

OLD-FASHIONED DAME

It's burned into hell, and it's writ in the sky
That a fact, when distorted, is ten times a lie.
Pray, where do you gather your misinformation.

PROPAGANDER

From our spies who are scattered all over creation—
From the winds and the stars—
Flashes from Mars,
The moaning of fogs,
The croaking of frogs
Or the voices of moles
Down in their holes.
Thus we hear that H. Hoover, as slick as can be,
Once wangled a mine from a heathen Chinee,
With the help of a Belgian so sinful of soul
That he emptied the mine of the yellow man's coal.

OLD-FASHIONED DAME *(holds up a thimble and twirls it like a magic symbol. The light turns green, and on the scene appears a Chinaman serene):*

Now welcome, Chang! These friends of thine
Declare that Hoover stole your mine.

CHANG

Lies were invented long before
The great Confucius got the floor.
If Hoover hadn't stepped between
Me and a Belgian mining gang
I fear old China would have seen
The fiscal finish of one Chang.
'Twas Hoover called the Belgians down
And took my suit to London town.
The trial was fair
I got my share;
For Herbert C. was always there
To fix it so the deal was square.
To him I bow,
To him kowtow,
A friend in need,
A friend indeed.

(The Chinaman fades, and the Old-Fashioned Dame, knocking the wall with her blue parasol, summons a Belgian we don't care to name.)

OLD-FASHIONED DAME

Belgian, the Whispering Rumors feel
That Hoover worked a "dirty deal"
In robbing Chang, the artless soul,
Of certain mines containing coal.

BELGIAN

You mean that Tong Shan mining suit?
Don't make me laugh. 'Twas easy fruit,
We Belgians thought, to rob the Chink
And put his claims upon the blink.
Our legal fight had just begun
When Hoover came to spoil the fun
By testifying, fact on fact,
Our every promise, every act;
Our little plot he knocked askew—
And all he said, by heck, was true!
We lost the case,
We lost the race
And Chang the Chink regained his face.
So years passed by. The War began.
We searched to find an honest man
To be the Chief of our Relief;
Recalling, somewhat to our grief,
A man whose word was on the level,
A certain guy
We couldn't buy,
Who told the truth and shamed the devil,
We soon selected Herbert C.
To feed the Belgians.

Q. E. D.

(The witness fades into the shades)

PROPAGANDER *(somewhat stung, stands there sticking out his tongue):*

Your story's improper to print,
It blunts our emotional zeal.
It hasn't even a hint
Of a "shady business deal."

OLD-FASHIONED DAME

It ought to be censored. It's true.

PROPAGANDER

Say! Who the devil are *you?*

(The Old-Fashioned Dame, without giving her name, touches her hair, which grows golden with flame. She's robed in a gown of the Pericles Age with pearly white wings, rather large for the stage. Lo! She flies through the ceiling, fair as the dawn—and is gone!)

INVISIBLE CHOIR

Oh, glorified candor, eternal in youth!
Behold her, adore her—the Angel of Truth!

PROPAGANDER

Dear, dear—
How queer!
Say, whatthehell was she doing here?

(The music quickens; banjos strum while the saxophone and the big trombone and the slick snare drum start a tum-tum-tum, proclaiming comedy stunts to come.)

PROPAGANDER

To lighten our program and give us a laugh
I'm now introducing some comedy chaff.
Senator Robinson first will appear
In almost the funniest speech of the year.

ALL

Whispering time is over,
Whispering time is done,
Now we are in clover—
Fun-fun-fun!!

SENATOR ROBINSON *(good for a column, he's looking so solemn):*

I'm mentioning Smith, though I ain't naming names. . . .
(Birds of a feather flock together!)
I'm umpire of all the political games.
(Birds of a feather flock!)
(A hammer's distant knock
Is heard around the block.)
I come from that sweet-scented soil
Where our Three Buccaneers
Cry "Oil for one and one for Oil!"
Patriots save your cheers.
(He clogs a step to give it pep.)
The Issue lies before us:
Please join me in the chorus—
Birds of a feather flock together,
Save the hearth and home;
We won't be run by Rome—
Then why not Teapot Dome?
If birds of a feather flock together,
Here's what I propose,
Oh, shake your feet and buy a sheet
And join the Hooded Bros.

PROPAGANDER

Senator Watson is with us tonight.
Listen to Sweetie—he's full of delight.

SENATOR WATSON *(looking as sweet as a wildcat in search of a little raw meat):*

I may be Pres-i-dent some day
(Quick, Watson, the needle!)
If in my useful field I stay
I know the goodly seed'll
Be scattered here and scattered there:
I may attain the White House chair,
And if I don't—well, we should care—
(Quick, Watson, the needle!)
I'm not so keen about the vote—
(Quick, Watson, the needle!)
I'm mainly after Hoover's goat;
For this I'll rage or wheedle.
I'll trade with any delegate
And keep the whole convention late
Merely to sing my Hymn of Hate
(Quick, Watson, the needle!)

PROPAGANDER *(grown glad-hander)*

I've seen you do it funnier,
But that was pretty fair.
We'll now have something sunnier
As well as rich and rare,
A snappy act and flavorous—
Bill Borah now will favor us.

Senator BORAH *(steps up to the minute, holding a can with a pants button in it):*

This isn't a confidence game,
But an Obligation of Shame.
Our party taint
Is as fresh as paint
And we've got to remove the same.
Now a fella we will not name
Has blackened many a hand
By a campaign bribe
Which the boys describe
As a hundred and sixty grand.
So here is my pet idee—
I feel that it ought to carry—
We'll take a collection
In every direction
A nickel here,
A dollar there
From the clerk's near beer
Or the banker's lair—
We'll tax both the foolish and wary:
And when there's enough
Of the filthy stuff
We'll give it back to Harry.
Oh!!! Won't it shame his heart so black
To see that money coming back!

PROPAGANDER *(slyly, dryly)*

No doubt it will. But now, kind friends,
On this big laugh our program ends.
Tomorrow night we all must strive
To aid our Ananias Drive.
We'll hold a Rumor Rally
To show that Hoover caused the rain
Which turned into a watery plain
The Mississippi Valley;
And how he steals the air that's free
To radio his busy bee.
Our famous Whispering Quartette
Will bring along a smutty song
To show why Alfred Smith is wet.
Our guest of honor, Charlie Brand,
Will tell a snappy story
Which should remove this Herbert Hoove
From dreams of future glory.
Come early, please. Bring gas masks all.
Good night. I've got to close the hall.

(They're gone. But a Celestial Choir floats by with Truth, that spotless flyer, whom Propagander called a liar.)

CELESTIAL CHOIR

When you are just a Candidate,
Announcing your intention,
Your party nicks your head with bricks,
Calls names unfit to mention.
But after the convention
When they have counted noses,
If you should draw
The lucky straw,
By some still undiscovered law,
The eggs are turned to roses.
What artisans are partisans!
What acrobats for poses!

(The misty Cave grows thick as soup, the Propagander seeks his coop. A distant Rumor faintly calls, but none can hear.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

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Don't Be Vulgar

Continued from page 7

wasn't ten minutes until Slick and the other manager were drawing up the articles. The reporters and photographers come in and mugged me and Biff signing with Miss Venable's gold fountain pen, the committee standing around the table.

When the smoke from the flashlights cleared away there was one of the silences that the book of etiquette warned against. But I had learned everything by heart and was ready. Right away I cracked:

"Are not the villas quaint and interesting along the French Riviera during the season?"

Slick nearly fell off his chair, he was so surprised and admiring.

Miss Venable looked at me in a queer way.

But nobody spoke up. The silence was getting worse. Then all of a sudden Biff Moore come back at me with the right answer: "Yes, and I shall never forget the orange groves in full bloom."

The big stiff, he had been studying the same book!

We were near each other in the hall a minute while George Washington was getting our hats and sticks. Biff give me a dirty look.

"Guess you ain't changed any," he whispered. "Always crashing in on something, you were!"

"How about yourself?" I whispered.

NAMEOGRAPHS

"Rain," by Lila V. North, 178 Summit Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

"Jackknife Dive," by Raoul Wood, 181 Victoria Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Thought I wouldn't remember you, didn't you? Don't worry, I haven't forgot the time when—"

The managers and Miss Venable come in, so we smiled and looked polite. But Slick saw that something was up.

"What's this, kid?" he said when we were in the taxi. "You and Biff Moore acting so funny?"

"Biff Moore?" I said with a sneer. "Biff nothing! He didn't put anything over on me. Why, he and I were kids together down by the gas house. His real name is Anton Grabowski."

Slick looked as if he was in pain. "The low-bred upstart!" he said.

And then I told him how once when we were kids Biff—

All right, Your Honor. I see what you mean, and I'll get to this assault and battery as quick as I can.

Only first I'd like to explain that I never was in favor of tea and archery and such influences. They were Slick's idea. He come to me one day with a grin wide enough to fall in and said, "Kid, I just put over something that'll make Biff and his manager feel like two-spots. They think they're so dam' snooty because they got in the Bannockburn Golf Club. Now I guess we'll show 'em up. I been working my head off for a couple days and I finally eased you into the Windermere Archery, Tennis and Recreation Club. Think of that, kid! The most upstage thing you can belong to in this burg! All millionaires and highbrows. We'll get tons of publicity out of it."

"Archery?" I said. "I never played cards in my life."

Slick looked like he wanted to cut my heart out. "You boob, don't you know what archery is? Didn't you ever hear of Robinson Crusoe—no, Robin Hood it was, that took a bow and arrow and knocked an apple off'n his kid's head?"

I said, "I'm not going to be shooting bows and arrows at any kids or apples, and don't forget it, Slick. I never did pick on kids—"

"You don't have to shoot at kids," said Slick. "They got targets with rings painted on 'em. And you're going to be in swell company. Besides millionaires you'll meet professors and scientists studying archæology—that's the low-down on archery, see? They'll learn you something, kid. It won't be long till you know as much about archæology as I do."

All this made me look at it different—Slick always could spread the old oil—so I said yes, I'd go ahead and join. And I signed up before I found out that the membership fee was three hundred smacks and dues fifty a year. But I didn't have time to cry about that. The same day I was hooked for eighty more to buy caps and shoes and sweaters and plus-fours that make me look like I was wearing skirts.

Slick had already hired his new publicity man. The papers sprouted headlines like this, "Local Heavyweight Devoted to Archery," and this, "Kid Blotto Finds Bow and Arrow Keen Recreation—Home-Town Boxer Close Student of Ancient Sport."

"Oh, Mr. Jackson!" Miss Venable said on my first afternoon at the club. "I was so delighted to read about your devotion to archery. So glad you joined our club! Let me present you to Mr. Wigstaffe, who coaches our archery team. I know he'll welcome you out to practice this afternoon."

Miss Venable certainly looked pretty in her sports clothes, and I hated like poison to leave her, but she said she had to play tennis. So I went with Mr. Wigstaffe. He was an old-timer wearing a green hat with a feather in it, which looked funny over his side whiskers. He had a high, squeaky voice and always blinked at you when he talked.

"Which school of archery do you favor, Mr. Jackson?" he asked. "The old or the modern? Now we here at Windermere all cleave to the old—"

"Sure," I said. "The old for me every time."

"Exactly. Exactly," Mr. Wigstaffe said. He looked pleased in a sad way.

WHEN we come to the targets Mr. Wigstaffe strung up my bow for me. "I don't suppose," he said, "you've had any extensive experience, have you?"

"No," I said, "and I wanted to ask you about this arrow—"

"Not arrow!" said Mr. Wigstaffe in a horrified voice. "We archers always refer to it as the *shaft*."

"O. K.," I said. "The shaft. Now, when you pull the bow back—"

"Ah," he said. "The yew, I have nicknamed it. Such it was sometimes called in time of Robin Hood. Those were the days when archery flourished!"

"I heard about Mr. Hood," I said. "But what I was going to ask was this—you put the shaft on the string of the—yew, I mean—and then—?"

"That operation is called *nocking*," said Mr. Wigstaffe. "It is second in importance only to *loosing*. I do hope you become proficient at loosing or, as the uninitiated describe it, the releasing of the string."

At last we got all ready.

"Now," he said, "stand with both feet firm upon the greensward."

I looked around and couldn't see anything but a lot of grass, so I took a chance and stayed where I was.

"Watch your nocking," call out Mr. Wigstaffe. "Take aim! *Loose!*"

It was loose work and no fooling. Judge, I missed the whole target about

(*Continued on page 56*)

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I-46

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Don't Be Vulgar

Continued from page 55

sixty feet! I certainly would have pitied anybody on the side lines.

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Wigstaffe said. "A bit wide, that shaft. Let us try once more."

This time I was mad. I wanted to drive the old stick right through the target, so I pulled back about a mile, let 'er go and—snap! The bow broke.

"How unfortunate!" said Mr. Wigstaffe. "But it often happens to the novice. You may break several more while you are learning. I would advise you, therefore, to provide yourself with two or three cheap ones at about forty dollars each for practice."

After slipping me this happy news, he led the way back to the clubhouse.

Miss Venable met me at the door. "Won't you have tea with me, Mr. Jackson?"

"You know it," I said. The next minute I remembered I had a date to meet Katie after she got through at the five-and-ten. I was a little worried, but it was too late to back out.

WE SAT in one corner of the veranda and talked. It was easy to see that Miss Venable was keen about me. She listened with a smile, and she asked me to tell her about myself.

"There isn't much to tell," I said modestly. "I'm not a boastful guy like some fighters—like one who's playing golf not more'n ten miles from here. Just the same, I could make him say uncle with one hand tied behind me, and you'll see me do it some time."

You would never thought she could have guessed, but quick as a wink she said, "You're referring to Mr. Moore, I'm sure. Isn't he interesting? He called on me yesterday afternoon. Won't you come to see me too? I do enjoy talking to primitive men—one meets so few of them."

"How about tomorrow evening?"

And she said all right, tomorrow evening was fine. "And now," she said, "I just remembered that I have a dinner engagement. I really must start home. The car is waiting outside—won't you ride with me?"

On the road we passed Biff Moore taking a taxi home from the golf course. I just stared at him like I was a duchess, or something, and in the mirror I could see him thumbing his nose at me after we got past.

"Don't forget!" said Miss Venable, shaking her finger real playful at me when I got out. "Tomorrow evening—I shall expect you. And you must tell me all about your exciting ring battles."

It got so Biff and I did most of our training in Miss Venable's drawing-room. I could tell she was letting him come because she took pity on him and she wanted to see me all the time.

Katie begun getting suspicious.

"It's getting so I have to look in the society column," she said, "instead of the sports page to get any news about you. Now we won't have any more of *that*, big boy."

"Well," I said, "it's like this—"

"You told me all that," she said: "But just remember—!"

That got me to thinking, and I didn't call on Miss Venable for a while. I stuck to archery. I never could get very excited about it, but I stayed with it because the papers wrote so much about me. Here's a little clipping from the Standard that shows you what interest the reporters took—I'll read it to you:

"'I prefer archery,' said the Kid during a brief interview at the Windermere clubhouse, 'because it is a sport with so much tradition behind it. The bow and arrow are among the most ancient of weapons. Flint arrowheads have been found in cave deposits in various parts of the world, showing that archery dates back to the Neanderthalic Age, those very early days when mankind had not yet discovered the art of forging metals. . .'"

I bought me a dictionary right away and looked up that word Neanderthalic.

Everything might have been O. K. and no assault and battery committed, only I thought it wouldn't do any harm to see Miss Venable once more. I stayed later than ever before. And it didn't hurt my feelings a bit to hear her answer the telephone: "So sorry, Mr. Moore, but I have company this evening. Some other time, maybe."

At the door when I told her good night I said, "How about tea tomorrow at the club?"

"I don't think I have an engagement," she said. "That would be delightful. But you're sure that I'm not interfering with your training?"

"I could train on lollypops," I said, "and bounce that big bim off the canvas!"

On the way home I remembered that I was supposed to meet Katie the next day, but I thought it wouldn't hurt if I was a little late.

The tea tables were outdoors on the lawn. I saw Slick at one of them talking to some of the ladies from the committee. On the other side I spotted Miss Venable—and who do you think was sitting with her? That big turnip, Biff Moore!

I walked up in a dignified way. "We've been waiting for you, Mr. Jackson," she said. "When I made an engagement for tea with you I forgot that Mr. Moore had asked me. But I think that makes it all the more pleasant, since you two have so much in common."

He's common all right, I thought, and making my voice sarcastic I said: "Seen any orange groves in full bloom lately, Biff?"

"No," he said, giving me a nasty eye. "How's things along the French Riviera?"

That was as far as we got in conversation.

Miss Venable changed the subject, and after that she did all the talking. Biff and I just looked down at our teacups and thought things about each other. Probably nothing else would have happened if it hadn't been for the interruption.

"Oh, pardon me!" I heard Miss Venable say in a voice that would have froze bootleg gin.

I looked, and there was Katie standing by the table.

"Certainly," Katie said. "I don't blame you. But I'm not so sure about *him*"—and she pointed straight at me.

Her Irish was up, I could tell that.

"I waited on the corner half an hour for you," she said to me, "and here you were drinking tea! I told you I wouldn't stand for any more of this, and I took a couple of hours off from the five-and-ten and come out to see for myself."

HONEST, Judge, she looked pretty as a picture with her cheeks all flaming and her eyes bright. I felt small enough to walk around under the table. "Wait a minute, Katie," I said, "and I'll explain—"

"Pardon me!" Miss Venable said again.

Katie gave her a look that made the looks of Biff and me seem like loving glances. "I already pardoned you once," she said. "That ought to be enough."

"I'm sure," said Miss Venable, standing up beside her chair, "that you must have made a mistake."

"I beg your pardon," said Katie, "but I haven't. But I'm going to in a minute. I'll scratch your eyes out if you ever go playing around my man again."

At this Biff got up. So did I.

"Can't you see," said Biff in a high-hat way to Katie and me, "that all this is annoying Miss Venable?"

Nobody could blame me for getting sore. I said to him, "That'll be about enough out of you, Anton Grabowski. I haven't forgot that scrap in Murphy's alley when you tried to trip me, you big Polack!"

No fooling, Judge, that was all I said.

"Is that so?" he said. "You Neanderthalic bum, you!"

Now, I wouldn't stand for nobody calling me that. You can see what I

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mean, Judge, when I tell you tea and archery and influences like that were to blame—if it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't of known what the word meant. But I wasn't going to have a person telling me I was prehistoric and a missing link and all that. So just to prove to him he was wrong I jumped over the table and poked him in the eye!

It was the prettiest fight anybody ever watched while it lasted. I wish you could of seen it, Judge!

There wasn't any gloves, any bell, any referee, any ring. There was just Biff and me—and a lot of scared millionaires scrambling to get out of the way.

BIFF landed me under my left ear, and I hit the table behind me, splashing tea all over the lawn. I give Biff a little body punishment, then got in two lefts to the jaw.

"Wait! Wait!" I could hear Slick yelling. "You're giving 'em ten thousand dollars' worth free!"

"Here's five hundred dollars!" I thought to myself, and I let Biff have it on the beak. He come back with one to the midriff that made me wish I'd done more gym work.

"The big brutes!" Miss Venable said. "I'll never speak to them again. Take me away; I'm going to faint."

"I'm not!" Katie said. "I'm not going to miss this because my boy is going to win and marry me tomorrow."

The minute I heard that Biff Moore didn't have a chance in the world. I let out a yell and started a haymaker. It exploded under Biff's jaw like a ton of dynamite, and he went down. There wasn't any count, but I know that anybody could say the whole multiplication table before he'd get up again.

And that's how this assault and battery was committed, Your Honor.

It was Biff's fault and influences like tea and archery—I don't see how I could be blamed for it. If it happened in the ring, I'd of got a big purse and my picture in the papers. The cops said so too when they come out and arrested me. They told me they come because Mr. Wigstaffe had sent in a riot call to the station.

Katie got me bailed out in an hour or two. She kissed me and said, "After this I guess I'm going to be your manager. It's less tea and archery and more gym work for you, big boy! You and I are going down to the City Hall and get a license, because we always planned to get married the day after you beat Biff Moore."

Now, Judge, that explains it all, and you can see I wasn't to blame. I hope you won't be too hard on me—

Thanks, Your Honor! I appreciate your giving me the minimum fine, and I wish I could do something for you some time. Maybe I can give you a little tip that'll make you some money. Just remember when this fight comes off at the Charity Show—and Biff has got to fight or else lose his five thousand forfeit—to lay a little money on Kid Blotto. It's a cinch, Judge. I got onto his left while I was committing assault and battery, and he's going to be duck soup for me.

Now I got to meet Katie and go get married. She's the most wonderful girl you ever met, and I wish you could see her eyes—

All right, Your Honor. I see what you mean. Guess I'd better be going and not take any more of your time. See you again. Good-by, Judge, and don't forget that tip I give you!

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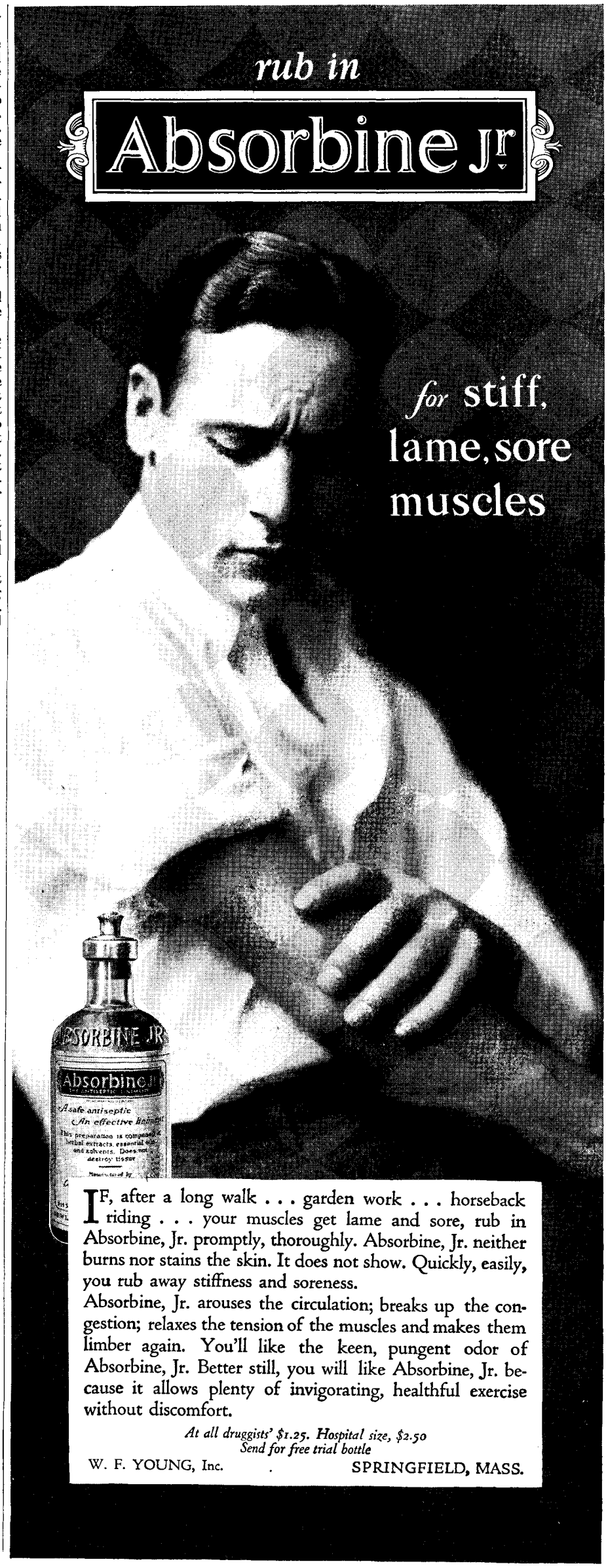

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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Swat the Scandalmongers

DON'T believe the current slanderous whispers concerning Presidential candidates.

Scandalmongering is being used to hurt candidates for both the Republican and Democratic nominations.

The distributors of innuendoes and of irresponsible charges are peculiarly reckless this year. They appear to think that the American public is base enough to swallow any damaging story.

Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith at this writing, the leading candidates of the two parties, are especially the targets of scandalmongers. Their eminence arouses hostility and unscrupulous attacks.

Herbert Hoover is accused of various infamies he never committed. He is charged by the whispering gallery with having made millions exploiting the Chinese and other peoples.

Lies, pure and simple. Secretary Hoover is not a millionaire in the first place and according to the testimony of those associated in business with him, he did not make what he has by hornswoggling the Chinese or anybody.

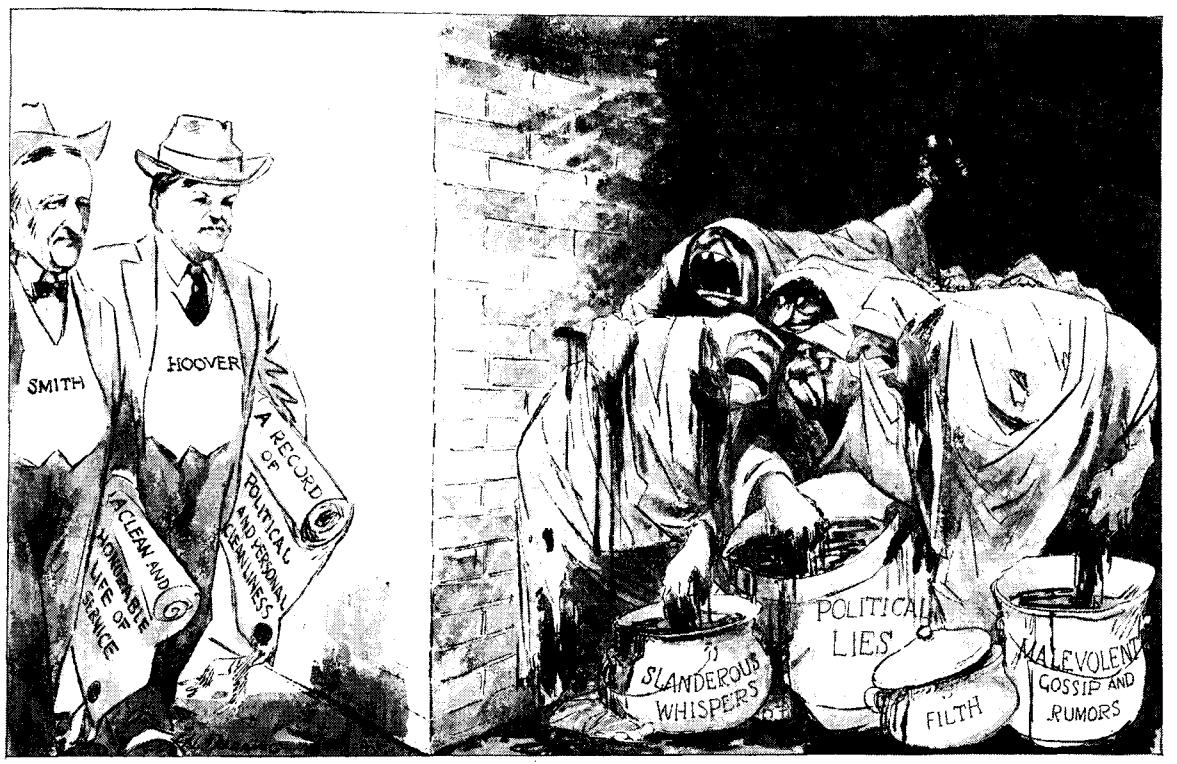
Governor Smith, according to the slanderers, is a drunkard and a man of low character. Nothing could be further from the truth. Smith is an abstemious person and a man of the highest standards of personal conduct.

Reasons, and persuasive reasons, can be found for opposing the nominations of both Secretary Hoover and Governor Smith but they have nothing to do with the rumors loosed by the whispering claques.

Discount the gossip you hear concerning this year's candidates by your knowledge of the false charges made against other Presidential candidates and even against other Presidents.

Woodrow Wilson, a man of inflexible character, was called a person of loose morals and a profligate in 1916 when he was running for the Presidency. It was nonsense of course but the busy little liars went on just the same and many folks believed them.

Similarly, Roosevelt was accused of being a drunkard. Finally, you remember, came the famous trial which proved that the ex-President was not addicted to alcoholic excesses.



The mud-slingers discover their 1928 targets

Every President Has Suffered

PRESIDENT HARDING, too, was a victim of malicious slander. His ancestry was attacked and even since his death strange and untrue stories have been told of his financial relationships.

Every President has been the object of such scurrility and it has almost seemed that the better the man the worse the libel.

George Washington was attacked more bitterly than any other President. If the scandalmongers were to be believed, the Father of his Country ought to have been put in jail.

Nothing was too fantastically untrue to be said of Jefferson or Jackson and the mildest criticism of President Lincoln compared him with a gorilla to the disadvantage of the latter.

So if anybody comes to you with wild stories showing the immorality or turpitude of one of the Presidential candidates remember what was said of their predecessors. Then ask the man or woman who is distributing that particular bit of gossip if the teller is willing to accept responsibility for its circulation.

Most important: remember that the scandals circulated about candidates have little to do with their fitness for office.

If you are against Herbert Hoover, you don't have to bolster up your opposition by swallowing a book of fairy tales about crimes he never committed.

Secretary Hoover is a strong man, standing definitely for certain political principles and policies. If you oppose his principles, or if you merely don't like the cut of his jib, you aren't compelled to justify your decision by listening to scandal concerning him.

So, too, with Governor Smith. His principles and purposes are well known. Some like them and others do not. If you are opposed to him and his ideas, say so but don't let your own attitude be contaminated by attending to irresponsible talebearers.

Instead of permitting this Presidential campaign to degenerate in a contest between slanderers and liars, let's keep the discussion on a plane of good temper and reality.

Both parties are offering men of unusual power and intelligence. Let's for once have a campaign in which the voters are as decent as the candidates.

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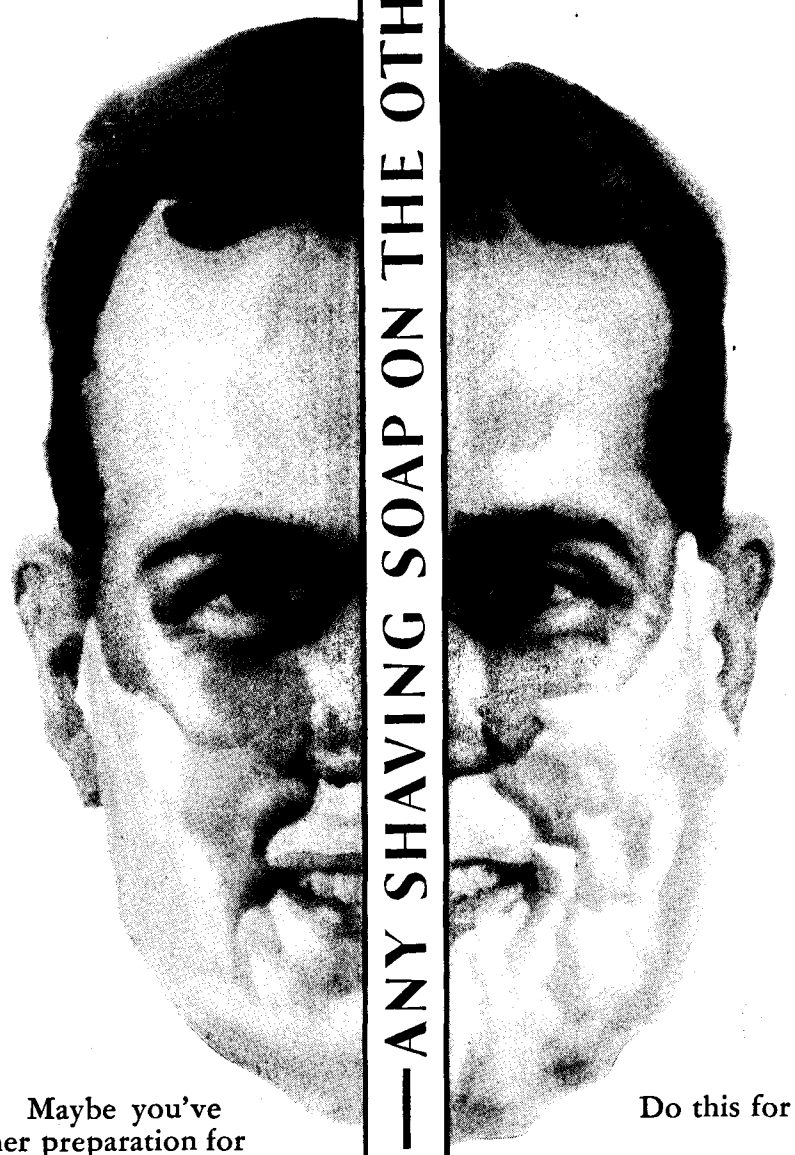
vs. the field



USE BARBASOL ON ONE SIDE—ANY SHAVING SOAP ON THE OTHER

You have your shaving hobby. Maybe you've stayed with the same soap or other preparation for years. Pretty hard to get you off it.

Yet you may be missing the shaving bet of your life by not playing BARBASOL. We *know* BARBASOL is *faster, smoother, cleaner, closer.*

Why not match BARBASOL against your pick of the field? All you have to do is

Use any shaving soap just the way soap has to be favored—lather up, rub in, hot towel, lather again, give Soap & Co. all the breaks—but *only on one side* of your face.

Now wet down *the other side*—with hot water or cold, so long as it's wet—and spread on a film of creamy, cooling BARBASOL. No brush. No lathering. No rub-in. Just shave! Like this:

—Wash the face {and leave it wet}
—Spread on Barbasol {but don't rub in}
—Shave!

Do this for three successive days, and—

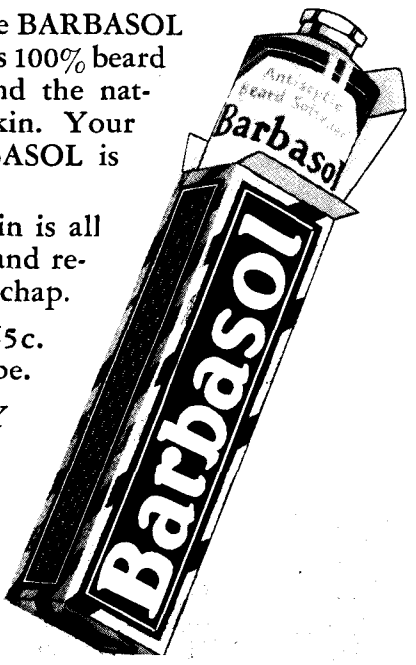
Notice how rough and harsh the soap side is—how the soapy alkali burns, and how the razor pulled and the beard fought back!

Feel how silky soft and cool the BARBASOL side is—because BARBASOL is 100% beard softener—no air bubbles—and the natural oils are left right in the skin. Your face will tell you that BARBASOL is *Faster, Smoother, Closer.*

Thanks to BARBASOL the skin is all cool and grateful. Protected and relieved from sunburn, windburn, chap.

At all druggists, 35c and 65c.
Send 10c for generous trial tube.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana



A tonic stimulant. After shaving—after bathing—any time. *65c at all druggists*

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WITH present low rubber prices, what's the use of worrying along with the ordinary tire? Never before has top quality cost so little—never so easy to pay for—and never has it meant so much to car owners. The fast get-away—the quick stop of today's motor cars demand General's Dual-Tread Proper-Size line.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

Built in Akron, Ohio, by the General Tire and Rubber Co.

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